Dec. 9, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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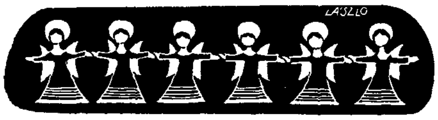
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Michel de Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE:** Thursday and Friday, Dec. 7-8, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF:** Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 11-12, at 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 8:30; and Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Birthday Party—Fun and most peculiar games in Harold Pinter's first full-length drama, written a decade ago. The assorted English people on display are not always portrayed with complete confidence by the American cast, and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is in and out. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Everything in the Garden—Edward Albee's rehash of a play by the late Giles Cooper demonstrates to what excesses some suburban matrons will go to get a superfluous dollar. An empty business in which several fine actors, among them Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Beatrice Straight, and Richard Thomas, are stuck. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Halfway up the Tree—English hippies being unexpectedly supported in their antics by a Blimpish general. An uncertain comedy by Peter Ustinov, which is best when he quits preaching and abandons himself to sheer farce. Anthony Quayle does well as the *Blimp, and there's a funny portrayal of a* vicar by Graham Jarvis. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jewish State Theatre of Poland—Final performances of a nine-week engagement of two plays presented in Yiddish and starring Ida Kaminska. Bertolt Brecht's **MOTHER COURAGE:** Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 7-9, at 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 10, at 3; and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 12-14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Jacob Gordin's **MIRELE EFROS:** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3. Simultaneous-translation earsets may be rented at each performance. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510.)

More Stately Mansions—A stark and windy melodrama put together by a number of hands from a script that Eugene O'Neill thought he had destroyed before he died. The fact that the cast is headed by Colleen Dewhurst, Ingrid Bergman, and Arthur Hill should, but doesn't, help matters much. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—Tom Stoppard's droll and highly ingenious account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern instead of upon Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead a fine cast that has been astutely directed by Derek Goldby. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Something Different—Carl Reiner's farce about a playwright trying to get his muse to strike again is slow to start, but not unamusing in its later scenes, particularly one with Claudia McNeil. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A labored farce about a middle-aged lecher entrapped by a nineteen-year-old who has her doubts about his carnal capabilities. Barbara Ferris, as the young lady, is a nuisance, but Gig Young and the others in the cast are tolerable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Kathleen Dabney—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass in Woody Allen's farce concerning a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—The ups and downs of a Negro team—a girl who has a lovely voice and a boy who has brains—in the course of more than half a century of struggling against a culture that gives them little heed. Arthur Laurents's book is drab, but there are some solid tunes by Jule Styne, with satisfactory lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Leslie Uggams, Robert Hooks, and Allen Case head an excellent cast, augmented delightfully by Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, Dec. 9, no performances until Monday, Dec. 18.)

Henry, Sweet Henry—Don Ameche as an avant-garde musician and womanizer whose amours are constantly interrupted by a couple of girlish admirers. The pursuers—Robin Wilson and Neva Small—sing pleasantly, but overall this is a very dull venture. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri is charming in this musical adaptation of the film "Never on Sunday," but it has little else to recommend it. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **I DO! I DO!:** Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae have just replaced Mary Martin and Robert Preston in this version of "The Fourposter." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

How Now, Dow Jones—A musical with a book by Max Shulman, music by Elmer Bernstein, and lyrics by Carolyn Leigh. The cast includes Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, Brenda Vaccaro, and Hiram Sherman. Directed by George Abbott. Opens Thursday, Dec. 7. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Spofford—Melvyn Douglas in a comedy derived by Herman Shumlin from Peter De Vries' novel "Reuben, Reuben." Mr. Shumlin is the director. Previews on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 12-13. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 14. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Light Opera Company—A three-week holiday revival of **BRIGADOON,** with Bill Hayes, Margot Moser, Karen Morrow, Russell Nype, and Edward Villella. Preview Tuesday, Dec. 12. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 7:30, and will run

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Sunday, Dec. 31. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lillian Hellman's THE LITTLE FOXES, with Anne Bancroft, Richard A. Dysart, Margaret Leighton, E. G. Marshall, Austin Pendleton, William Prince, Beah Richards, George C. Scott, Maria Tucci, and Andre Womble. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—*Presentations of* TOSCA. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 7-8, at 8:30: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 4 and 8:30: IOLANTHE. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 10, at 3 and 7:30: THE GONDOLIERS. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 12-13, at 8:30: PATIENCE. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 14-15, at 8:30: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 4 and 8:30: THE MIKADO. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Allons, enfants de la patrie. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hair—This musical about tousled young hopheads in this city is the first winter offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. Galt MacDermot's score (as performed by a rock quintet), Ming Cho Lee's setting, and the book and lyrics by Gerome Ragni and James Rado all rate high. The company, under Gerald Freedman's direction, is as attractive *a bunch as you're likely to meet.* Even though the hippie atmosphere grows tiresome after a while, the show is still one of the most original in town. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

I Must Be Talking to My Friends—Micheál Mac Liammóir, who is probably Ireland's foremost actor, tells the story of Irish literature, acting out copious illustrations from the work *of its wits, poets, dramatists, and other writers.* The result is a most stimulating and often moving evening. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Final performances Sunday, Dec. 10.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Irene Papas is magnificent as the defiant, anguished Clytemnestra, and Jenny Leigh is very touching as her daughter who willingly allows herself to be sacrificed for what she believes to be the honor of Greece. The men of the company are not quite as strong. Michael Cacoyannis has directed Euripides' tragedy of the pre-Trojan war. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Man of La Mancha—David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Now Is the Time for All Good Men—A musical by a new team—Gretchen Cryer (words) and Nancy Ford (music)—about a teacher who has been court-martialled in Vietnam. The setting is a small town in Indiana. The tunes are appealing, the company is attractive and spirited, and the numbers work well, but the words—full of message and heavily ironic—get very obtrusive. David Cryer is extremely good as the young teacher. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Peddler and the Dodo Bird—A pair of plays by Emanuel Fried, with an all-male cast. Preview Thursday, Dec. 7. Opens officially on Friday, Dec. 8, at 7:15. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 2.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trials of Brother Jero and **The Strong Breed**—These one-acters introduce a fine Nigerian playwright named Wole Soyinka. The first is a satiric comedy about a self-described "prophet," the second a tragedy about a self-deceived schoolteacher who becomes the *scapegoat for a New Year's ritual in a jungle* village. The production is the first for a new Negro repertory company, under Cynthia Belgrave's direction, and it makes a triumphant beginning. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MADSEN
FIRE DEPT.
EICKE

Walking to Waldheim and **Happiness**—A pair of tiresome ethnic items by Mayo Simon, but Aline MacMahon gives a good performance as an all-purpose Jewish mother in the first, and Jacob Ben-Ami gives an extraordinary *performance as a cranky old man on the brink* of senility in the second. (The Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 16.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of THE NUTCRACKER are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:15; Friday, Dec. 8, at 4:15 and 8:15; Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 10, at 1:15 and 5:15; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 12-15, at 6:15; and Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30: "Danses Concertantes," "At Midnight," "The Catherine Wheel" (première), and "Helen of Troy.". . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Dark Elegies," "The Catherine Wheel," and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:30: "Les Patineurs," "Billy the Kid," and "Helen of Troy.". . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30: "Danses Concertantes," "Undertow," "Sargasso," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2:30: "Peter and the Wolf," "Concerto," and "Rodeo.". . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 10, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Echoing of Trumpets," "Las Hermanas," and "Concerto." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Helen McGehee—In a dance recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Designs with Strings," "Arena," "The Flower Festival at Genzano Pas de Deux," and "Just Songs." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

ANTA Program—"Double Play," two one-act plays by Anna Marie Barlow (starring Salome Jens), presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the second program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Dec. 11, at 8:40, and Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 2.)

Princeton Triangle Show—Benefit performances of a musical, "Enter, Venus," this year's undergraduate production. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6400.)

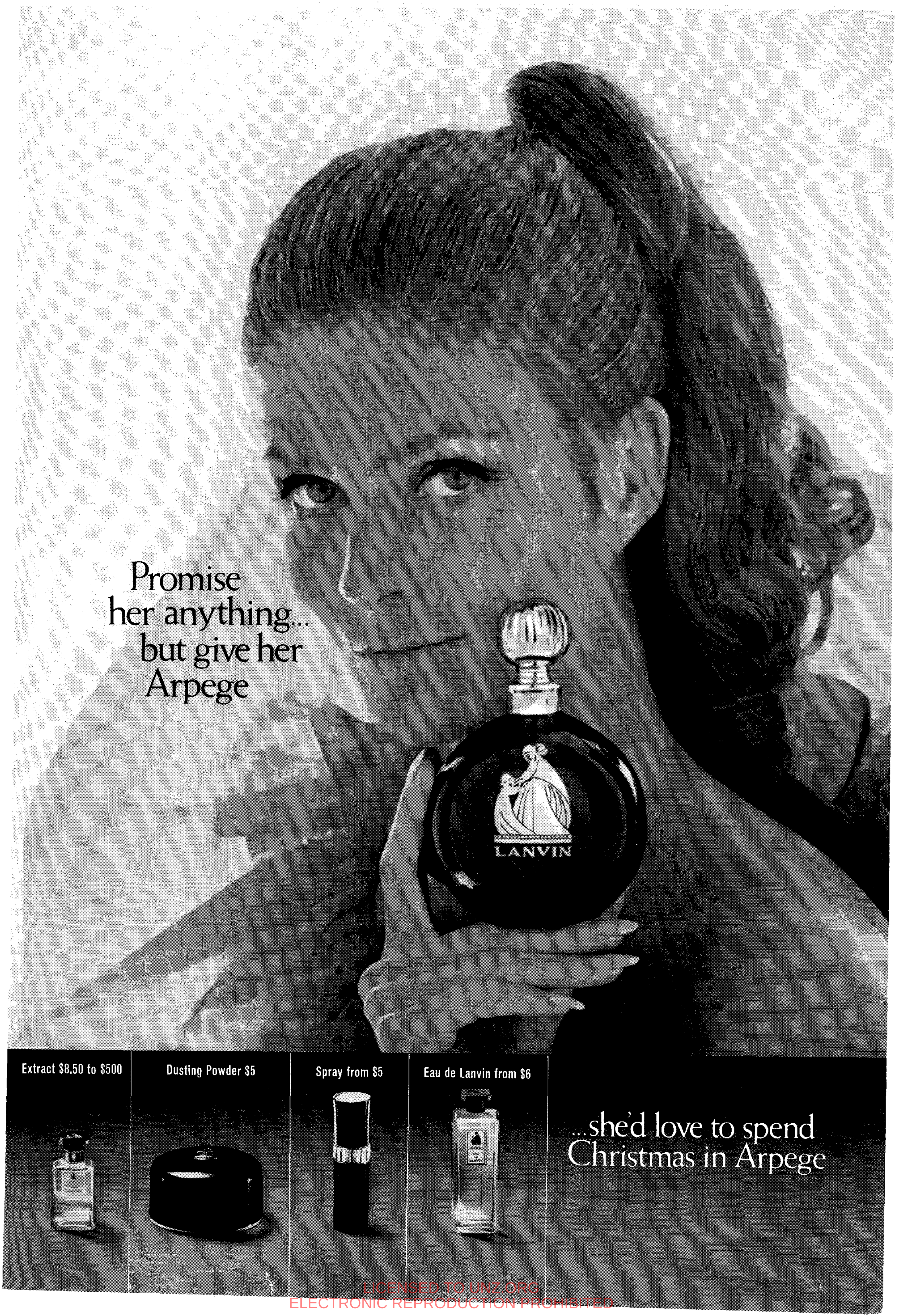
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—George Kirby, who makes a jolly, roly-poly Falstaff come to life twice a night in the Royal Box with his expansive conversation and antics, is supplemented by the songs (pretty good ones) of Mary Lou Collins. They appear at dinner and supper. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which likes to sound like itself instead of like every other band, carries on all evening. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—This interesting geographical phenomenon (it's on the corner where Broadway crosses Sutton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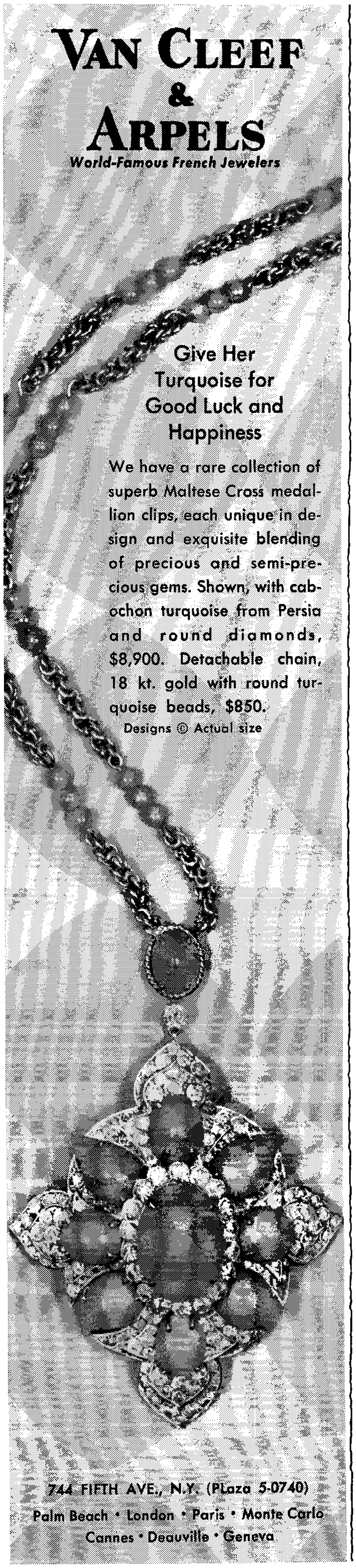
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Place) gets its kinetic energy from the small band of Pir Marini, which works out from nine until two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Ernie Warren, who was doing dance music back in the era of let's-stay-up-all-night, now stables his crew in the restaurant, where he keeps more sedate hours—from eight to one through the week, and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays and Mondays are silent nights.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—History was made at night in this barony, and the rooms in which decisions were reached that proved turning points in the nation's progress (shouldn't the footmen's livery have a little more mauve?) are thrown open to the general public. Lester Lanin himself, and not on tape, runs one band, a bundle of Latins run another, and their office hours are eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There is no squaring of the social circle that lies within the Café Pierre. The society notes are turned out by the hand-picked men of Ben Cutler's best band, which is spelled, between sets, by the songs and piano of Ellen Harwicke, who knows what she's about. Business as usual every night of the week, except that Miss H. has Mondays off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—No tragic muse, or news, takes part in the arias intoned by Vikki Carr, a tanager of bright plumage. when she shows up for her dinner and supper sets in the Persian Room. In between, the well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen collected by Mark Monte do their best. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine, except Sundays, in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Palm Court, thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when Gunnar Hansen, violin at the ready, ascends the throne at eight. He does not abdicate until one. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Bob Crosby and his Bobcats descend from the top branches of this Tree of Life on Saturday, Dec. 9, and on Monday, Dec. 11, Jonah Jones (high wind from the South) and his followers make the climb. These ringleaders commence at nine; a foursome begins at seven, and never the twain shall quit before two. Sundays are silent.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Doc Severinsen's band, a parish of the Johnny Carson empire, returns to real life every evening, eight until two, as far as Saturday, Dec. 9. All quiet next night, as usual, but on Monday, Dec. 11, Count Basie's band resumes its testing of the sound barrier between the same hours.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The ambiance of the hallowed castle keep is now rather more laissez-faire than Vanity Fair; on the other hand, the Maisonette does afford Patachou, a true chatelaine of the city of Paris, singing in a manner and an argot that is not at all Berlitz. She performs during dinner and supper, between a plenitude of dance sets, every night but Sunday.

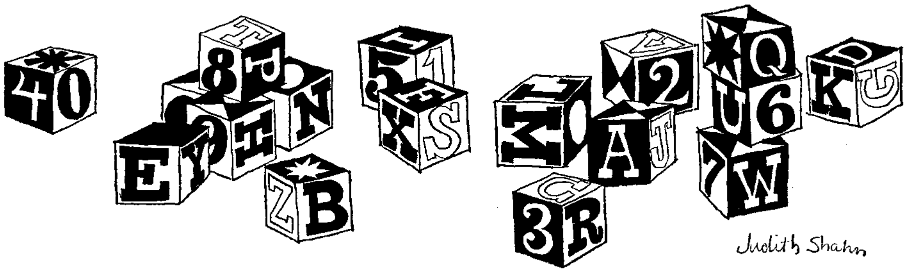
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room just about manages to contain the animated Phyllis Diller, who—airily discussing the ways and means by which she came to be the all-mixed-up way she is—turns out to be her own very candid camera. The tenor who precedes her on her rounds (at ten the first part of the week; at nine-thirty and eleven-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays) must surely be an oversight. Charles Turecamo's orchestra, a reasonably cheerful lot, is there all the time. No Sunday activities. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley has a less spectacular but unceasing career, which is enlivened (Monday through Friday) by cocktail and dinner piano, plus the dance triad of Horace Diaz (Wednesday through Saturday from eight to one, Sunday from five to ten).

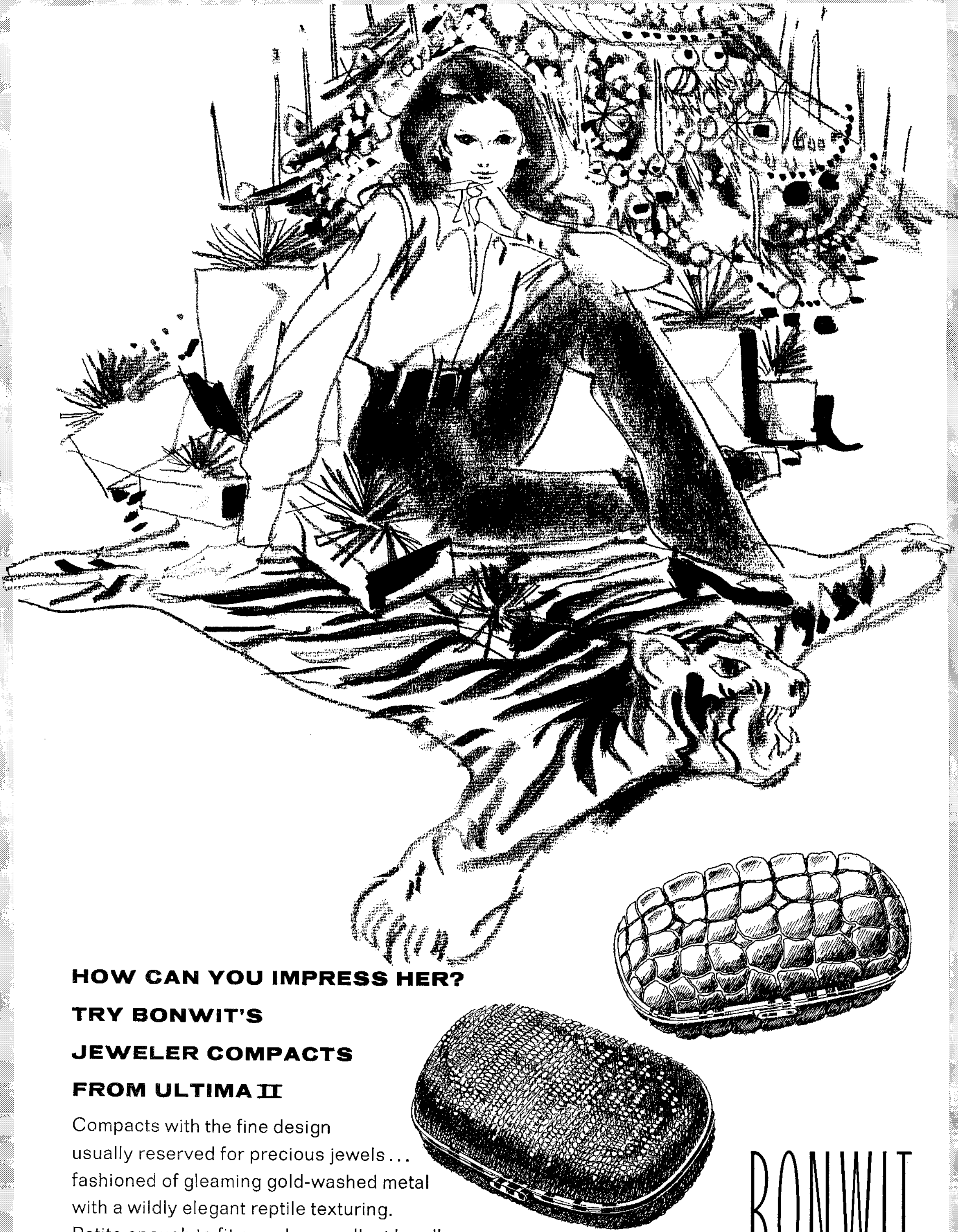
Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the fox-trot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Francis Thorne, who has been writing suites in Rome the past ten years, is back at his old show-tunes piano once more, five-thirty until eight-thirty, after which Colonel Louis Golson Hawkins, prop., and Wayne Sanders take over, sometimes singly and sometimes doubly in spades, on the keyboards, and always merry as old King Cole. Closed Sundays. . . . **waverly lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Now and then, everybody who remembers the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander (sometimes Lord Inventor, sometimes Lord Superior) begins chanting those Basic English ditties of the West Indies between eight and nine during the week, and calls a halt between one and two. Sundays, he operates only from seven to twelve. . . . **chucks' composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **la chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A closeup view of Budapest from St. Margaret's Island—gypsies and all, bending over their hot fiddles and zimbalons. There is dancing (Béla Babai's band) and singing (Tibor Rakossy), and never a silent moment. Closed Mondays. . . . **tamburlaine**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Outer Mongolian landscape, but from eight-thirty until about one-thirty you *can* hear dance music—a bit rugged, it is true, except on Mondays, when Billy Rubenstein's trio has the floor. From six to eight, Monday through Friday every week, Allan Haig contributes well-tempered, well-chosen piano études. Sundays, everyone is at rest. . . . **new york hilton**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Roman Pub, there is footwork on the small floor from five-thirty until seven-thirty and from nine-





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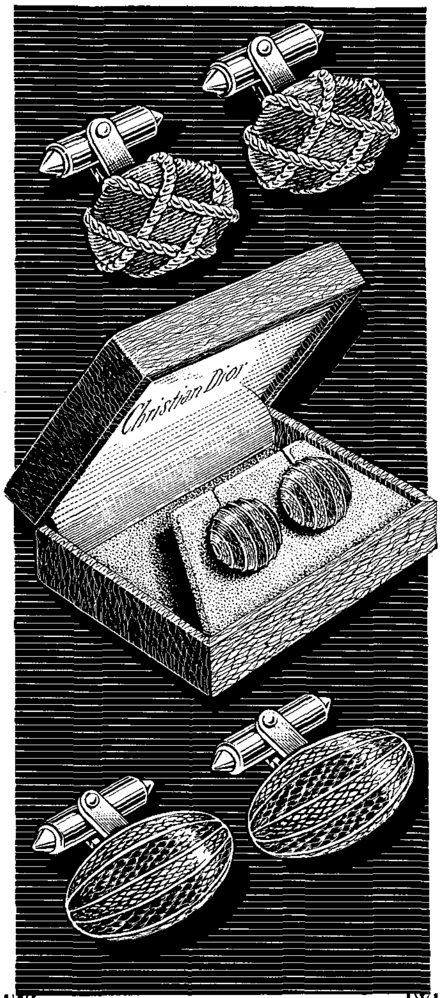

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thirty until one-thirty, but the early-bird dance set is omitted on Saturdays. The wherewithal is provided by a soft-spoken trio led by Joan St. James, whose piano has a neat, meticulous, Juilliard sound. The dining is no more than snack. All quiet Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every man jack of the staff has an ambition (and a by no means secret one) to burst into song as the next Caruso or Gigli. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the drawbridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap from dinner until late every night but Sunday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is closing time. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The workweek of the zimbalon and violin that ply their dreamy trade from six to nine-thirty begins on Wednesday and ends on Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, which is all that the phrase Park Avenue implies, a piano runs its leisured course between five-thirty and half past midnight every single evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its town-house days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant, but not on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy has the use of the mannerly piano in one corner of the Hotel Westbury's Polo Bar, the main-floor restaurant. His stint is nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): Up the beanstalk (though just for one floor) into another world—Ottoman, Byzantine, or Erewhon? The piano in one of the dining alcoves is, though, as American as Rodgers and Hart. It operates six to one; the emporium operates daily except Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Felipe Gayo picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, in the hotel of the same name, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer is in his countinghouse parlor and at his parlor piano and his parlor political chats. Eight-thirty until two is his beat, which never includes Sunday.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): A well-couched password is just about requisite. Possessors of it may witness, on the tiny dance floor, a remarkable exhibition of don't-follow-the-leader—a sport urged on with music bearing (and made by) strange devices as well as by living folk, such as the Fuzzy Bunnies. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The citizenry here is rather more senior than is customary in the trade. This statement does not apply, though, to the disc jockey (crisp and pungent is his tape measure) or to Kai Winding's quartet, whose jazz is gentle, docile, and not inclined to take chances. A set of full-time chefs works behind the scene. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): A form of social security bolstered not by our tax structure but by an arcane system of checks (certified, naturally) and balances. Within this Roman villa, young ladies who will be dazzlers if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): A mass meeting of minds with but a single thought: curfew shall not ring tonight. It does, of course, but only when the athletes, boy and girl alike, have truly spent themselves. The clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. The barkeep believes that a soft drink turneth away wrath. . . . **WHEELS**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The wheels within Wheels revolve inscrutably on their sidewall pinions, the turntables spew forth inscrutable rhymes and rhythms; live ammunition is supplied by the Chicago Loop, one of the newest pieces of human equipment for turning on the human soul. Its time-outs come Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): It could be the hippiest night of your life, and it already is one of the most entertaining of anyone's. Dancing or just watching, from eight-thirty until three or four; the spirits must be your own high ones, for the place is *alkoholfrei*. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is null and void.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Lana Cantrell, a singer (fairly flamboyant) who drifts over from Australia now and then, is the showpiece of the current outpouring, which is the customary four-course dinner and supper—soprano, wit, production singer, and *corps de ballet*. Dancing for the customers, and no nights off. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The cockamamie viewing of La Ville Lumière known as "Maid in Paris" ends its career on Tuesday, Dec. 12, removing from our ken (let it be hoped not forever) a classic cluster of lithe young ladies. The plan is to replace it next evening with another extravaganza, this one led by Allan Jones, that dauntless tenor.

CABARETS

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): 'Tis never folly to be as wise as the words of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's new tribute to the art form known as revue. The serpents' tongues that speak these words (as though they were death sentences to all sorts of human and inhuman faults) belong in the main to Mary Louise Wilson and Liz Sheridan, but in sturdy degree, too, to Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Alex Wipf. The exuberant pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; Baldwin Bergersen is the eclectic interlude pianist. Nine and eleven-thirty are the hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The campfires of Los Chavales de España, Iberia's most mobile army, burn high and warm as they run through their musical maneuvers. Though, as loyal Spaniards, they believe in male supremacy, they come equipped with a set of activist ballerinas. Dancing, too, for the patrons, who are a match for nearly any pro. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Alejandro Manzana and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The main event is Joan Rivers, or Why Analysts Leave Home and Senses. Her ululations on the human condition usually do not begin earlier than ten, and she believes that Sunday is the day

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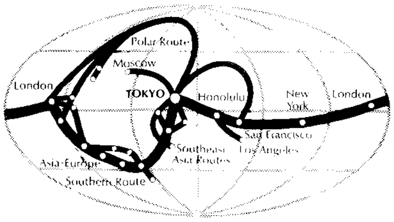
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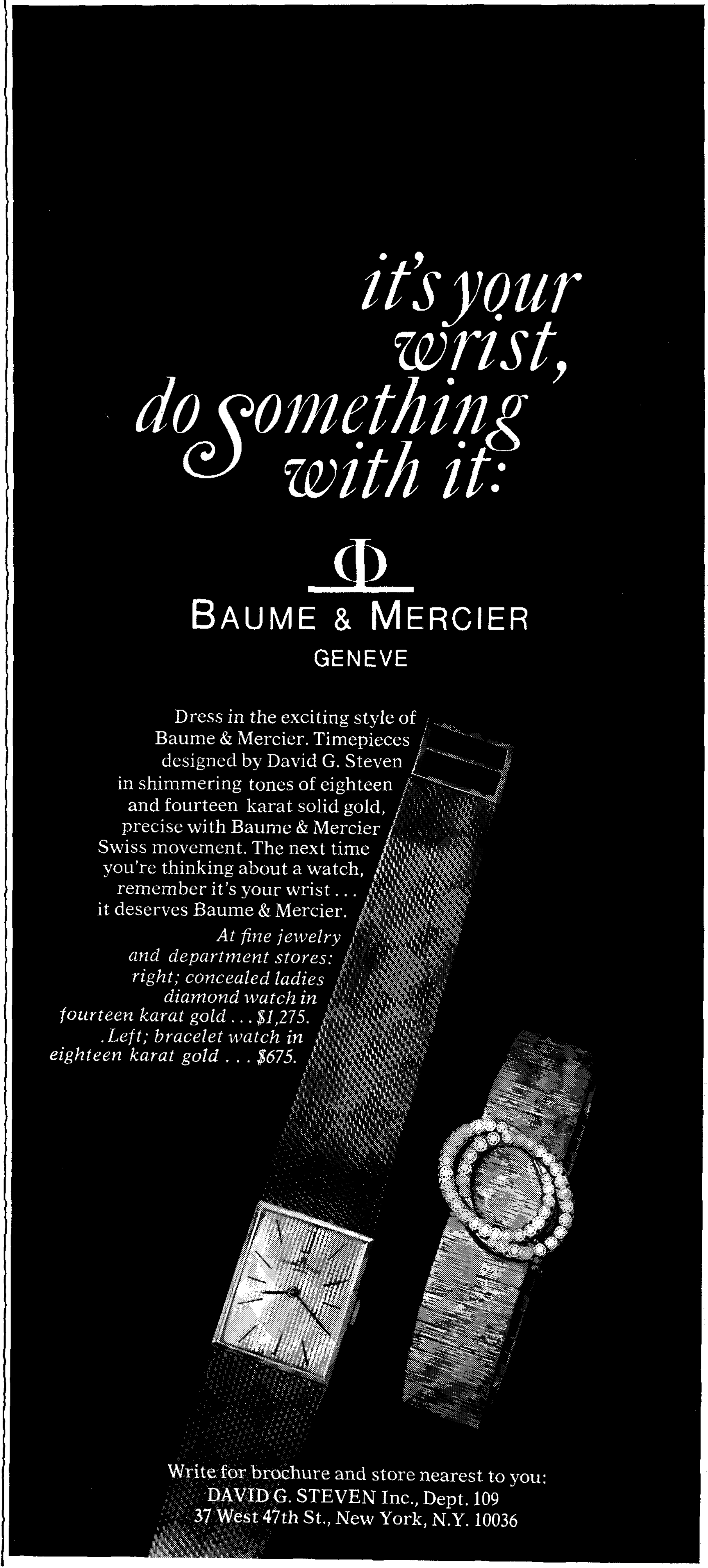
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of rest. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Half a dozen players are involved in "Dark Horses," a canapé-size revue that is having its fling at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Roland Kirk, who will blow himself to smithereens if ever he chokes on a couple of all the instruments he is intent upon playing, is in charge of a quartet. He and it lay off Mondays, which are always assigned to the sixteen-man squadron of Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Belowstairs, the jubilation happens largely weekends, such as: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9, the skittery musings of Ahmad Jamal's trio and the resonant chest tones of Gloria Lynne; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, Dick Gregory and his trenchant treatises on internal combustion, plus the quartet run by Charles Lloyd. Mondays are awarded the collection of Latin musicians compiled by Symphony Sid. . . . ¶ On the ground floor, there is Mose Allison's trio, forward-looking as ever, every evening but Monday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, leading what sounds like his best trio of all, does the levitating here, lifting his piano a good three inches off the ground when he really gets going. Between sets, Fran Thompson inherits the instrument. Dining. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the heart of the low-rent district, but what matters is the intent listening of the junior-grade audience and the effort at music of the moment—to wit: Freddie Hubbard's Jazz Communicators, with which Joe Henderson and Louis Hayes are concerned. They all move out on Sunday, Dec. 10, and Sun Ra's crew of ten undercover operatives takes over next evening; on Tuesday, Dec. 12, McCoy Tyner unveils his brand-new quintet. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The prize sight is Elvin Jones, surrounded by the tools of the drummer's trade, reaping his own mighty and complex whirlwind at the head of a group in which Jaki Byard is thoroughly involved. Fridays and Saturdays, Thad Jones is added to his brother's contingent. The band is in session every night but Monday. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Enormous sit-ins take place on the premises Friday through Monday every week; i.e., Howard McGhee's seventeen-man band. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Permanent Fourth of July, with all the concomitant explosives—washboard, tuba, and such. Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, Ruth Crews' blockbuster voice is added. There's also a Sunday session (by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band), four-thirty to nine. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny timpani, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night, and from as early as five on Sundays. . . . **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): Tal Farlow, who has hidden himself and his guitar all these years (presumably in a niche of the Hall of Fame), is in action again, with a trio including Johnny Knapp and Lyn Christie. They tee off



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at nine. Dining of fair proportions, and portions. The trio may stay on after Monday, Dec. 11, or it may not. No music Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Carl Andre—Sculptures in aluminum, slate, and metal; through Jan. 3. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957)—Seven large hollow-metal figurative reliefs in hammered copper, done in the thirties and forties; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

François and Bernard Baschet—Musical sculptures (ding, dong) by brothers working together; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Beauchamp—Paintings and drawings; through Jan. 13. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oscar Bluemner (1867-1938)—Paintings by an artist who participated in the 1913 Armory Show; through Dec. 30. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Alexander Calder—Drawings, recently unearthed, mostly from 1930-31, and twelve wire sculptures by the famous mobile-maker; through Dec. 23. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Congdon—Abstract landscapes; through Dec. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cook—Metal sculptures of Abstract figures in active poses; through Dec. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Dobbs—Paintings and drawings of social satire and commentary; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Gouaches and drawings on the theme of "Paris Circus;" through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Garel—Landscapes in the Expressionist vein; through Dec. 30. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cleve Gray—A series of large Abstract Expressionist paintings, all titled "Ceres;" through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jacob Grossberg—Eighteen Abstract sculptures in welded steel; through Friday, Dec. 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irene Hamar—Abstract sculptures in luminous materials such as Plexiglas and Lucite; through Dec. 23. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

John Hoyland—Big canvases stained or painted by a British adherent of color-field painting; through Dec. 21. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Pop-style paintings of friends, family, and flowers; through Jan. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Outdoor sculptures by a witty figurative artist; through Dec. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonid—Elegant landscapes by the Russian-born pioneer of Neo-Romanticism; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henri Matisse—Forty pencil, pen-and-ink, and charcoal drawings by the French master; through Dec. 30. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Meadows—Recent brass sculptures on Abstract figurative themes; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Joan Miró—Paintings, gouaches, and two bronzes, all of birds; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings by America's most-publicized primitive; through Dec. 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Three monumental sculptures; through Jan. 27. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

William Pachner—Abstract landscapes; through Dec. 30. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Eduardo Paolozzi—Stainless-steel sculptures and silk-screen prints by a British artist; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Pasmore—Constructions and paintings done in the past two years by a leading British Abstractionist; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fairfield Porter—Drawings from the past ten years, done as studies for paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Reid—Numbers and symbols in landscape settings; through Thursday, Dec. 14. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Peter Saul—Paintings and color lithographs by a Pop artist attacking the U.S. campaign in Vietnam; through Jan. 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Scholl—Carvings by a Pennsylvania folk artist, who died in 1917; through Dec. 30. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Audrey Skaling—A series of painted wood sculptures entitled Decoys, accenting primitive forms; through Dec. 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eric Sloane—Cloud studies and rural scenes; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Frank Stella—Monumental shaped canvases by a leading color painter; through Dec. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reuben Tam—Northern landscapes; through Dec. 30. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pavel Tchelitchew (1898-1957)—Thirty studies for "Hide and Seek;" through Dec. 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nearly a hundred works covering two hundred years of American painting; through Jan. 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Over fifty paintings of the Adirondacks by nineteenth-century artists, among them Homer D. Martin, James M. Hart, and David Johnson; through Friday, Dec. 15.... **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by twentieth-century artists such as Marin, Sloan, Prendergast, Hartley, Glackens, Demuth, and Benton; through Dec. 22.... **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors by William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, and Hans Moller; through Saturday, Dec. 16.... **new school**, 66 W. 12th St.: Thirty-six posters by Chagall, Albers, Johns, Baskin, and other painters, commissioned under the List Art Poster Program; through Friday, Dec. 8.... **peridot**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: A twentieth-anniversary show of paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Paintings by ten artists active for half a century, including Albers, Dickinson, Lindner, Holtey, Tobey, and MacDonald-Wright; through Dec. 22. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **cordier & ekstrom**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures of parrots by Noguchi, Lindner, Dechar, Baruchello, and other gallery artists; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: About sixty sculptures, oils, prints, watercolors, and drawings owned by the gallery, by, among others, Chamberlain, Nevelson, Francis, Jenkins, Gorky, and Lester Johnson; through Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Homage to Marilyn Monroe," a benefit exhibit by a large group of artists and photographers, most of them of international reputation; through Dec. 30.... **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Seventy paintings, sculptures, and drawings by first-line twentieth-century artists, from de Chirico and Calder to Dali and de Kooning, assembled around the concept of "Space and Dream;" through Dec. 29.... **spectrum**, 54 W. 57th St.: Eight paintings by well-known contemporaries; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings by Bertoia, Delvaux, Stephen Greene, Fritz Koenig, and Joan Ponç; through Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **borgenicht**,

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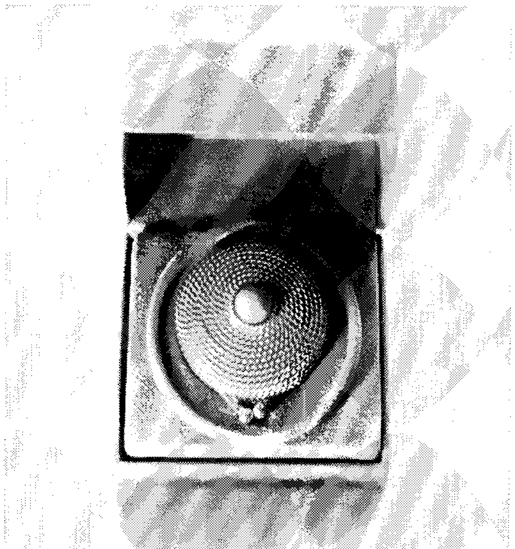
Estée Lauder
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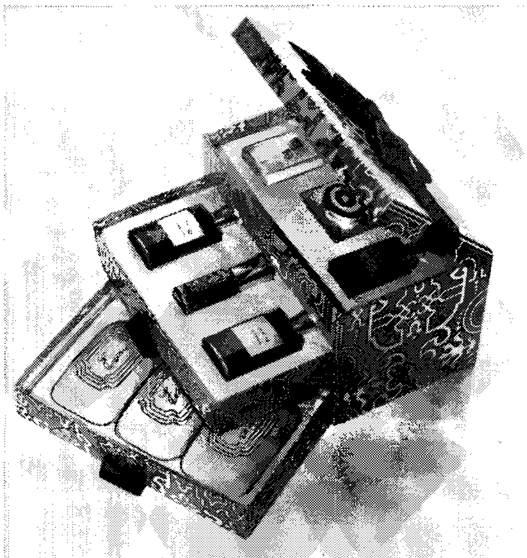
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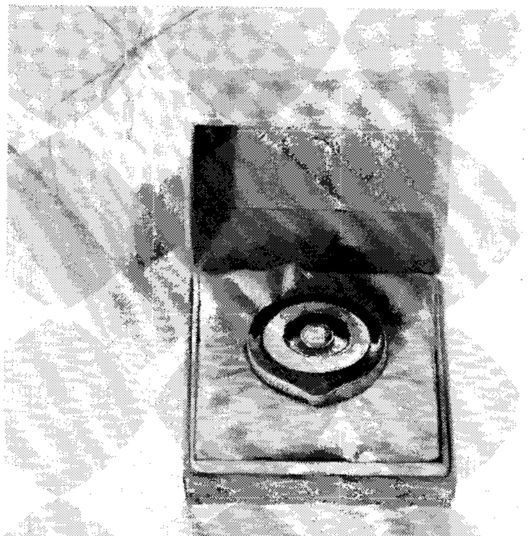
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: German Expressionist drawings and prints; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **DAVIS,** 231 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century English watercolors by West, Constable, Whistler, and others; through Dec. 22.... **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: "Concrete" paintings by a group of Zurich artists working in the tradition of Mondrian and van Doesburg; through Saturday, Dec. 9.... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a hundred and eight drawings, watercolors, and pastels, including six by Watteau, two by Degas, and examples by Turner, Cézanne, and Italian Old Masters, from the National Gallery of Ireland, in Dublin; through Dec. 30.

JAPANESE; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and prints of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; through Dec. 30. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeen important paintings and sculptures (on loan from the Guggenheim Museum) by twentieth-century European masters—Picasso, Mondrian, Kandinsky, Braque, Brancusi, Klee, and others; through April 30.... ¶ A review of feminine fashion, from an English robe of 1735 to a black patent-leather mini-dress of, needless to say, the moment; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first comprehensive survey of Picasso's sculpture presented in America, consisting of more than two hundred pieces in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, painted sheet metal, and ceramic, many from the artist's own collection; through Jan. 1.... ¶ Some fifty illustrations by artists such as de Kooning, Johns, Motherwell, Newman, and Rauschenberg, for a volume of poems by Frank O'Hara (1926-66); through Jan. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifth Guggenheim International Exhibition; this one, the first to be devoted entirely to sculpture, includes nearly a hundred examples, executed since 1960, by eighty artists from twenty nations. Through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The permanent collection will be the main show until the 1967 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting opens on Wednesday, Dec. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Realistic and Impressionist prints by twenty-five German artists from the middle of the nineteenth century to the First World War, for instance Max Liebermann, Adolph von Menzel, and Lovis Corinth; through Dec. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet... Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings and drawings by more than a hundred contemporary Americans and Canadians, among them Baskin, Peter Blume, Calder, Dickinson, Gabo, Gwathmey, and Leonid; through Feb. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—The first exhibition in America of Japanese art of the Heian period (794-1185), comprising paintings, sculptures, calligraphy, metalwork, and ceramics; through Dec. 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of Chinese sculptures (one, of a frog, is three thousand years old), vessels, plaques, pottery, and some paintings, representing animals and birds; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—"Art in Series," by such artists as Jensen, Johns, Kelly, Poons, and Rauschenberg; through Jan. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—The first major showing here of prints and drawings by Felicien Rops, a nineteenth-century Belgian artist who specialized in social themes; through Dec. 31.... ¶ Paintings by Leopoldo Presas, an Argentine artist who favors motifs that include women and religious episodes; through Dec. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition (of archeological findings, photomurals, charts, and maps) portraying the heroic resistance, to the death, of Jewish Zealots against the Romans at Masada in the first century A.D.; through Feb. 18.... ¶ Sixty master prints by artists from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth—Cranach, Dürer, Rembrandt, and van Leyden—interpreting passages from the Book of Genesis; through Jan. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

LOW MEMORIAL LIBRARY, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—Drawings, watercolors, oils, and sketchbooks by Arthur Rackham, in an exhibit celebrating the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Thursday, Dec. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A loan show of Swiss drawings, from the Holbein brothers of the sixteenth century to the Giacomettis, father and son, of the twentieth; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and carvings by nineteenth-century folk artists of the Greater New York area—James and John Bard, Erastus Salisbury Field, and John Bradley, to mention a few; through Sunday, Dec. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of items made with paper (furniture, flooring, festival and carnival decorations), gathered from all over the world; through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and twenty items of African tribal sculptures, including odd examples and rare types in addition to traditional styles; through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Dec. 7: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 8: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Joy Clements, Marcia Baldwin, Lili Chookasian, Paul Franke, and Ron Bottcher.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 9: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Mirella Freni, Teresa Stratas, Nancy Williams, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 9: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Lilian Sukis, John Reardon, Sherrill Milnes, John Macurdy, Ron Bottcher, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 11: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 12: "Die Zauberflöte," with Pilar Lorengar, Christine Deutekom, Patricia Welting, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Morley Meredith. ... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 13: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Lilian Sukis, Karan Armstrong, Karl Dönch, and William Walker.... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 14: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Lilian Sukis, John Reardon, Sherrill Milnes, John Macurdy, Ron Bottcher, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 15: A new production of Bizet's "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, Nicolai Gedda, and Justino Diaz. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)... ¶ Saturday matinée Dec. 16: "Falstaff," with Phyllis Curtin, Judith Raskin, Fedora Barbieri, Mildred Miller, Ezio Flagello, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 16: "Les Sylphides," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Lilian Sukis, Karan Armstrong, Karl Dönch, and William Walker. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC OPERA THEATRE—Puccini's "La Rondine," produced by John Brownlee, conducted by Anton Coppola, and staged by Carlton Gauld. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting and acting as piano soloist in a program duplicating the first concert ever given by the Philharmonic's progenitor, a hundred and twenty-five years ago. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Eileen Farrell and Reri Grist, sopranos; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; David Nadien, violin; William Lincer, viola; Lorne Munroe, cello; and Robert Brennand, double bass).... ¶ William Steinberg conducting on Monday, Dec. 11, at 7:30 (with Pina Carmirelli, violin); and Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 15, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 18, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Nadien).

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Howard Mitchell conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 3.)

BUFFALO PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA AND FREDONIA COLLEGE CHOIR—Lukas Foss directing an all-Mozart program, with Bethany Beardslee and Helen Boatwright, sopranos, and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Arthur Weisberg conducting the second in a series of four programs of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10, at 8:30, a varied program, with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano; and Saturday, Dec. 16, a Bach-Mozart program, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. All seats for the three concerts have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting the New York première of Janáček's opera "The Makropoulos Case" (in concert form), with Nadezda Kniplova, soprano; Ivo Zidek, tenor; Chester Ludgin, baritone; and Emile Renan, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)... ¶ The Society will hold a preview of "The Makropoulos Case" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2:30.

MANNES CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)... ¶ Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Monday, Dec. 18, at 6:30. No tickets necessary for either concert.

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Thomas Dunn directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Alexander's Feast," with Barbara Wallace, soprano; Richard Shadley, tenor; Raymond Gibbs, baritone; Leonard Raver, organ; and the Festival Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing performances of Handel's "Messiah." (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, and Saturday, Dec. 16, both at 8.... ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—A joint concert with the Women's Glee Club of Simmons College, E. Jon de Revere and Burton A. Cleaves directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Martin Josman directing a Bach-Mozart program, with Joan Marie Moynagh, soprano; Rosalind Hupp, alto; Richard Krause, tenor; and Richard

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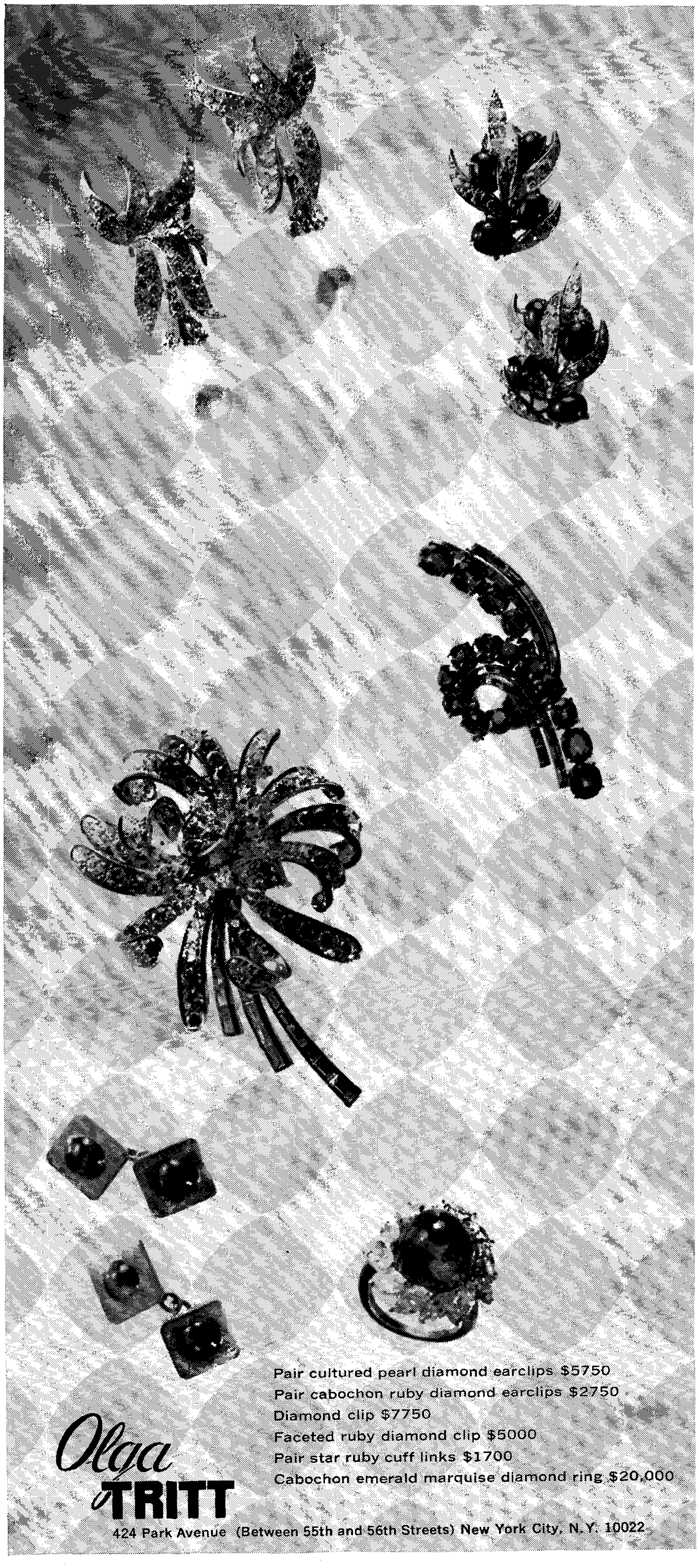

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Anderson, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

MANNES CHORUS—Harold Aks directing. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, Dec. 11, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

HOLIDAY GLEE CLUB FESTIVAL—The first three in a series of eight concerts. Princeton, Wednesday, Dec. 13; Yale, Friday, Dec. 15; and Brown, Saturday, Dec. 16. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. CO 5-6800. Evenings at 8:30.)

THE PLAY OF HEROD—The first of two twelfth-century musical dramas to be presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast of thirty-eight includes singers, players, and actors. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 9:15, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 14-16, at 7 and 9:15. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call 874-7711.)

BERLIN MOZART CHOIR—Erich Steffen directing a Christmas concert. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Tamara Knell directing a Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY BAND AND GLEE CLUB—A joint concert, with David S. Josephson and Bailey Harvey directing. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call 280-3093 or 280-3611.)

RECITALS

ALICIA DE LARROCHA—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30, an all-Granados program. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30, a varied program.)

ERNST HAEFLIGER—Tenor. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:40.)

TERESA BERGANZA—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

GUARNERI STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

SALZBURG STRING QUARTET—The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

YEHUDI AND HEPHZIBAH MENUHIN—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

YVONNE LORIOD AND OLIVIER MESSIAEN—A program of music by Mr. Messiaen for one and two pianos. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8:40.)

RAY LEV—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

AGI RADO—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8:40.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—A program of Bach cantatas, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

WELSH GUARDS AND SCOTS GUARDS—Final performances by the massed bands, drums, pipes, and dancers of the Welsh Guards and Scots Guards, which are providing all the proper oompah as the first attraction in the new Madison Square Garden Center. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 7-8, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call PL 7-8870.)

Benefit Concert—Mme. André Malraux, Isaac Stern, Diahann Carroll, Phyllis Curtin, Betty Comden, Adolph Green, Joel Grey, Tammy Grimes, Phyllis Newman, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Jazz/Folk/Rock/Pop—Janis Ian. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)...¶ Judy Collins. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:40.)...¶ Teddy Wilson's trio, with Ruby Braff. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)...¶ Spanky and Our Gang and the James Cotton Blues Band. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30 and 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Detroit....¶ Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 6:30: Seattle vs. Philadelphia and Knicks vs. St. Louis....¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:35: Knicks vs. San Diego.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 9.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Detroit Lions. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 1:30.)...¶ Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 7:05.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon; through Friday, Dec. 15. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 9, and the Sysonby Handicap, Friday, Dec. 15.... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Jan. 1.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 7:40; through Friday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "The Magic Flute," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the AMERICAN CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Saturdays and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call 787-4749.)... FLORSHEIM PRODUCTIONS: "Puss in Boots." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Saturdays and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call 565-8853.)... ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1....¶ "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... PROVINCETOWN CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Aladdin," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10, at 1 and 3....¶ "Rip van Winkle," Saturday, Dec. 16, at 1 and 3. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894.)... SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS: "The Silver Button." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.)... STORYLAND THEATRE: "Heidi," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10, at 2:30, and Saturday, Dec. 16, at 1:30....¶ "Daniel Boone," Saturday, Dec. 16, at 3:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.)... TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30....¶ "Peter Pan," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collection of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stars in the Christmas Sky." (Mondays at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"Born Free," with Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers; and "And Now Miguel," with Pat Cardi. A benefit performance. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 10. For information about tickets, call 586-8576.)

ET ALIA

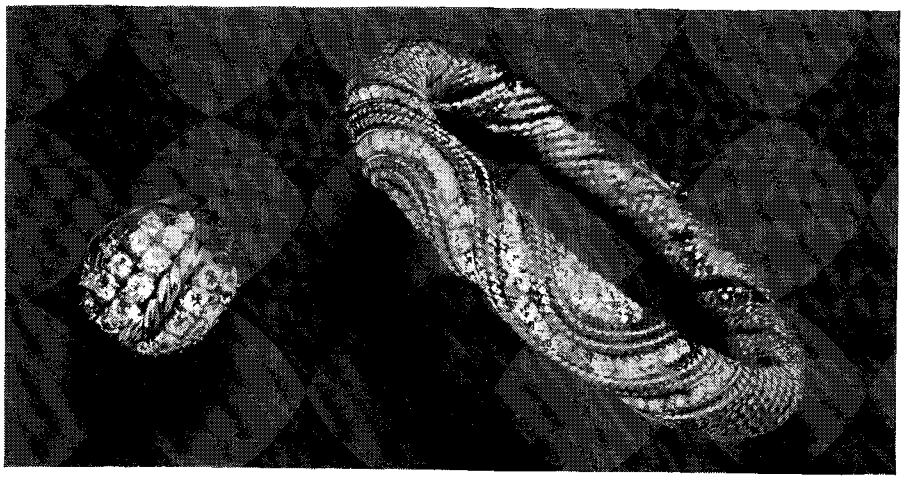
United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

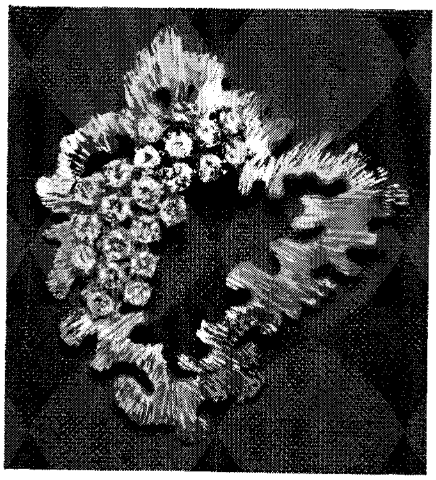
Poetry Readings—James Merrill and James Scully reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)... ¶ Robert Bly reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

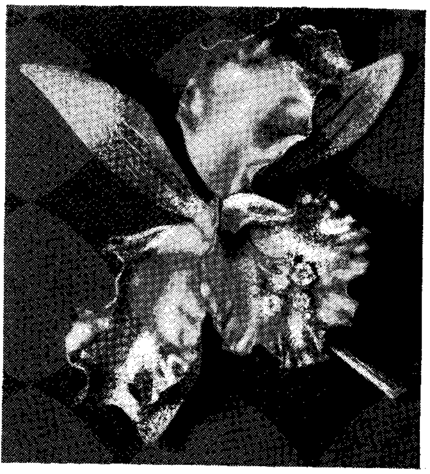
Coliseum Antiques Fair—Vestiges of the good old days: silver, glassware, china, furniture, paintings, toys and dolls, and hundreds of other objects. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, Dec. 9, through Sunday, Dec. 17. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Dec. 7, at 1:45: *Objets de vertu* by Carl Fabergé, belonging to the collection of the late Lansdell K. Christie.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9, at 1:45: Near Eastern and Oriental art, including early Islamic pottery and Indian and Nepalese sculptures, belonging to the Kevorkian Foundation.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 10:30: Currier & Ives prints, Art Nouveau posters, and modern prints, from various owners.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, among them works of the Barbizon school; from the estate of Michael Zagayski and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 9.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors by such artists as Pissarro, Modigliani, Chagall, and Matisse; collected by the late Elmer Rice and others. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 8.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 14, at 10:30 and 1:45, and Friday, Dec. 15, at 1:45: Oriental art, including Chinese snuff bottles, Chinese and Japanese woodcarvings and sculptures, and early dynastic bronzes; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 9.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Six programs in a series called "American Films from the Cinémathèque Française." Dec. 7 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Younger Generation" (1929), with Jean Hersholt.... Dec. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "The Man from Nowhere" (1915), directed by and with William S. Hart.... Dec. 9 at 3 and 5:30: "Paid to Love" (1927), with Virginia Valli.... Dec. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "Smouldering Fires" (1925), with Pauline Frederick.... Dec. 11-12, at 2 and 5:30: To be announced.... ¶ Dec. 9 at 11:30: "Films of Edwin S. Porter," including "The Great Train Robbery" (1903).... ¶ Dec. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "One Night" (1931), in Swedish, no English titles.... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—To be announced. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.)... **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.







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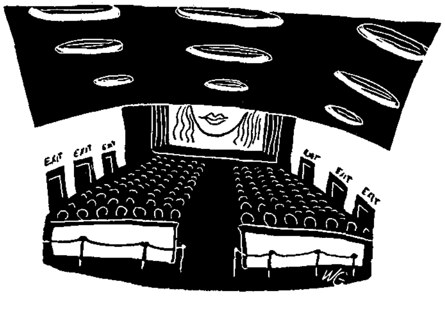
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE



The Battle of Algiers—An exciting account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. The large cast has but a single professional actor. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Dec. 11, last showing that day at 4:10.)

Bonnie and Clyde—Arthur Penn's lucidly observant story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway plays Bonnie, ex-waitress; Warren Beatty is the debonair Clyde Barrow. One of the very few genuinely thoughtful movies in the use it makes of photographed violence. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 12. Evening performances only on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10.)

Camelot—Vanessa Redgrave is very pretty and Richard Harris very handsome in this mindless dinosaur of a musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Chappaqua—Conrad Rooks is the director and star of this study of a young drug addict and his cure. Wonderfully photographed by Robert Frank. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Closely Watched Trains—A tragicomedy about a young lad who takes a job in a godforsaken railway station as a way of shirking service during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown this summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Cool Hand Luke—An inmate of a Southern prison (Paul Newman) reluctantly becomes a hero to his fellow-prisoners and so meets his doom. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. . . . ¶ Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through Dec. 13.)

Elvira Madigan—In which a beautiful young couple find that love is not all. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Family Way—Dulled film of a good stage play about the brutish jocularity of the North-of-England working class toward young marrieds. Hayley Mills is said to have grown up in this film, which is a lie, though she plays a bride. John Mills is at his crustiest, roaring sentimental songs at the piano like a Bible-bashing patriarch. The Boulting Brothers produced and directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th. AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 12.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch in a disastrous attempt to bring an aging literary classic to the screen. Directed by John Schlesinger and beautifully photographed by Nicolas Roeg. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How I Won the War—An all-out assault on the human race, told in comic terms that uncannily succeed in making us laugh. Directed by Richard Lester, and starring Michael Crawford. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

A Man for All Seasons—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. Robert Bolt, who wrote the play, is the author of the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann produced and directed. Others in the cast include Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye—A clumsy mistranslation of the McCullers novel, directed by John Huston. Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando make less than they should of the leading roles. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Rush to Judgment—A deliberately rough-looking brief-on-film for the posthumous defense of Oswald, with many eloquent and convincing witnesses making points that cannot be ignored. Directed by Emile de Antonio, who made "Point of Order!," the McCarthy feature. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 12.)

The Taming of the Shrew—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Dec. 13.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The War Game—A powerful tract against the Third World War, directed by Peter Watkins. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Any Wednesday (1966)—Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Rosemary Murphy, and Dean Jones in a movie version of the Broadway comedy. Written by Julius J. Epstein. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Dec. 13.)

Band of Outsiders (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 8-11.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 12-13.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western that makes sport of Westerns. With Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 12.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 13.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 12.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 9-10.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 11.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 7.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 12.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 8-11.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his best as a kindly uncle. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina and François Périer. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 8.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 12.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Dec. 8-11.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 9-10.)

A Shot in the Dark (1964)—Peter Sellers as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th, CO 5-1355; through Dec. 12.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 12-13.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Dec. 8-11.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 13.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—Some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 7.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Dec. 12.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Dec. 12.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Happiest Millionaire," Fred MacMurray, Tommy Steele.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
COOL HAND LUKE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
Through Dec. 12: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, revival; and "What's New Pussycat?," revival, Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.
From Dec. 13: "Clambake," Elvis Presley.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Dec. 10: "The Incident," Jan Sterling, Thelma Ritter.
From Dec. 11, at 8:30: "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner," Spencer Tracy, Sidney Poitier, Katharine Hepburn. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
HOW I WON THE WAR.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Dec. 13: "An Uncommon Thief" (in Russian).

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 12: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad," revival, Rosalind Russell, Robert Morse.
From Dec 13: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW**; and **ANY WEDNESDAY**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 12 (evening performances only on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10): **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and "The Happening," Anthony Quinn, George Maharis.
From Dec. 13: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 12: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW**; and **THE WRONG BOX**, revival.
From Dec. 13: "The Poppy Is Also a Flower."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Guilt" (in Swedish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CHAPPAQUA.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE AFRICAN QUEEN, revival.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 9: "The Incident," Jan Sterling, Thelma Ritter.
From Dec. 9, at 8:30: "Bedazzled," Peter Cook, Dudley Moore.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Guilt" (in Swedish).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Dec. 13: **COOL HAND LUKE.**

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
HOW I WON THE WAR.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 11 (last showing that day at 4:10): **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic).
From Dec. 11, at 9: "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner," Spencer Tracy, Sidney Poitier, Katharine Hepburn. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call LE 2-7360.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sound of Music," revival, Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE BANK DICK, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE FAMILY WAY.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 12: "The Bobo," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.
From Dec. 13: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 12: "The Girl and the General," Rod Steiger, Virna Lisi; and "Eye of the Devil," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.
From Dec. 13: "Our Mother's House," Dirk Bogarde; and another feature, to be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 7: "On the Bowery," "Come Back, Africa," and "Good Times, Wonderful Times" (all revivals and all semi-documentary films).
Dec. 8-11: **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival; and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 12: **RUSH TO JUDGMENT**; and **M** (in German), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 12: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From Dec. 13: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**, revival; and "Alfie," revival, Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 12: **THE FAMILY WAY.**
From Dec. 13: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French), revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 12: "The Girl and the General," Rod Steiger, Virna Lisi; and "Eye of the Devil," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.
From Dec. 13: "Our Mother's House," Dirk Bogarde; and another feature, to be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Dec. 12: "The Bobo," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.
From Dec. 13: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE WAR GAME; and **DR. STRANGELOVE**, revival.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Dec. 9: "Lemonade Joe," a Czechoslovakian film.
From Dec. 10, at 8: "North Vietnam," a documentary by Felix Greene. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. A limited number of opening-night tickets are available at the box office.)

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

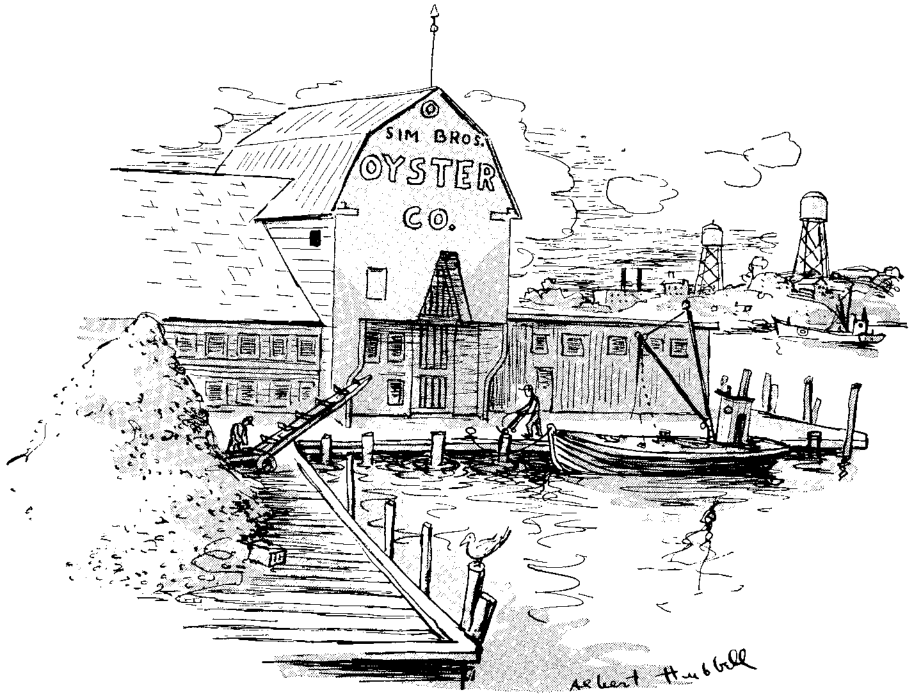
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"This Special Friendship" (in French). After 6 on Tuesday, Dec. 12, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 8: **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (in Italian), revival; and **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival.
Dec. 9-10: **SHANE**, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.
Dec. 11: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival; and "Studs Lonigan," revival, Christopher Knight.
Dec. 12-13: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 12: **CAT BALLOU**, revival; and "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.
From Dec. 13: **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**, revival; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 7: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival.
Dec. 8-11: **MASCULINE FEMININE** and **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** (both in French and both revivals).
From Dec. 12: **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival; and **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE FAMILY WAY.



PEOPLE HAVE GIVEN SCOTCH FOR CENTURIES. BUT FOR THE WRONG REASONS.

The Scots gave Scotch because it was the only whisky they had to give.

The English gave Scotch for reasons of state.

Today, many Americans give Scotch because it's the thing to do.

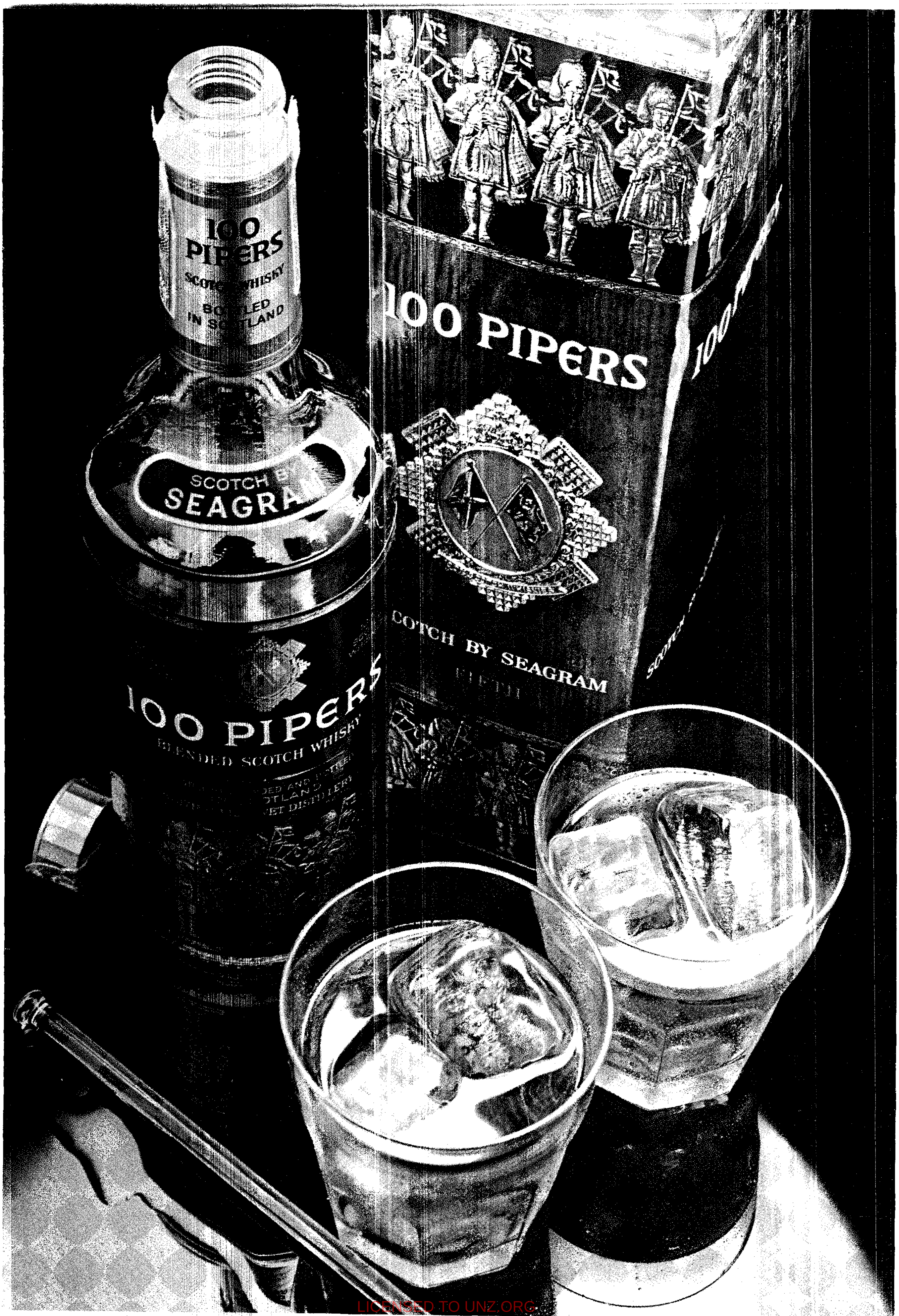
Yet some of your Scotch-drinking friends can't drink Scotch without a secret little shudder. (Whether they admit it or not, they don't really like the taste.)

This year why not treat them to a Scotch that's different. A Scotch that actually tastes good. 100 Pipers Scotch by Seagram.

See for yourself.

Now you can stop giving Scotch because it's a habit. And start giving it because it's a pleasure.

EVERY DROP BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND AT 86 PROOF · SELECTED AND IMPORTED BY SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY


100 PIPERS
SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SCOTCH BY SEAGRAM
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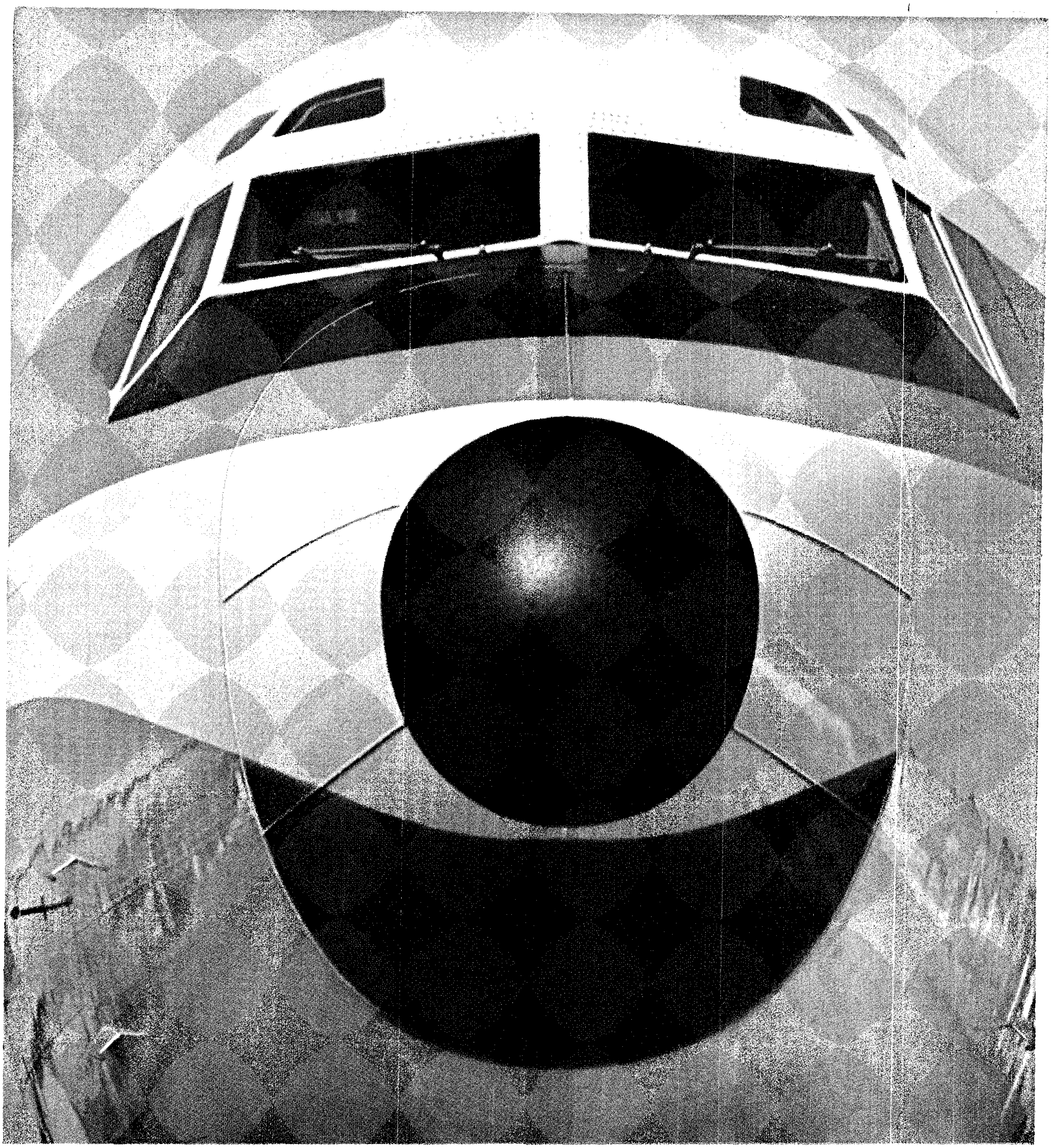
100 PIPERS
SCOTCH BY SEAGRAM
FIFTH



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This is it. The trip to make up for all your ships that never came in, all your dreams that never took wing. Just imagine all the places you were going to see "someday," all the things you were going to see "someday." They're all yours—London, Frankfurt, Istanbul, Ankara, Beirut, Teheran, Karachi, New Delhi, Calcutta, Rangoon, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Honolulu and more. Start out any day. Go east or west. A Pan Am® Jet Economy ticket all the way 'round the world, including connection to and from any city in the U.S., is under $1300. Leave all the details to a Pan Am Travel Agent. And leave it to us to give you a whole lifetime of smiles.

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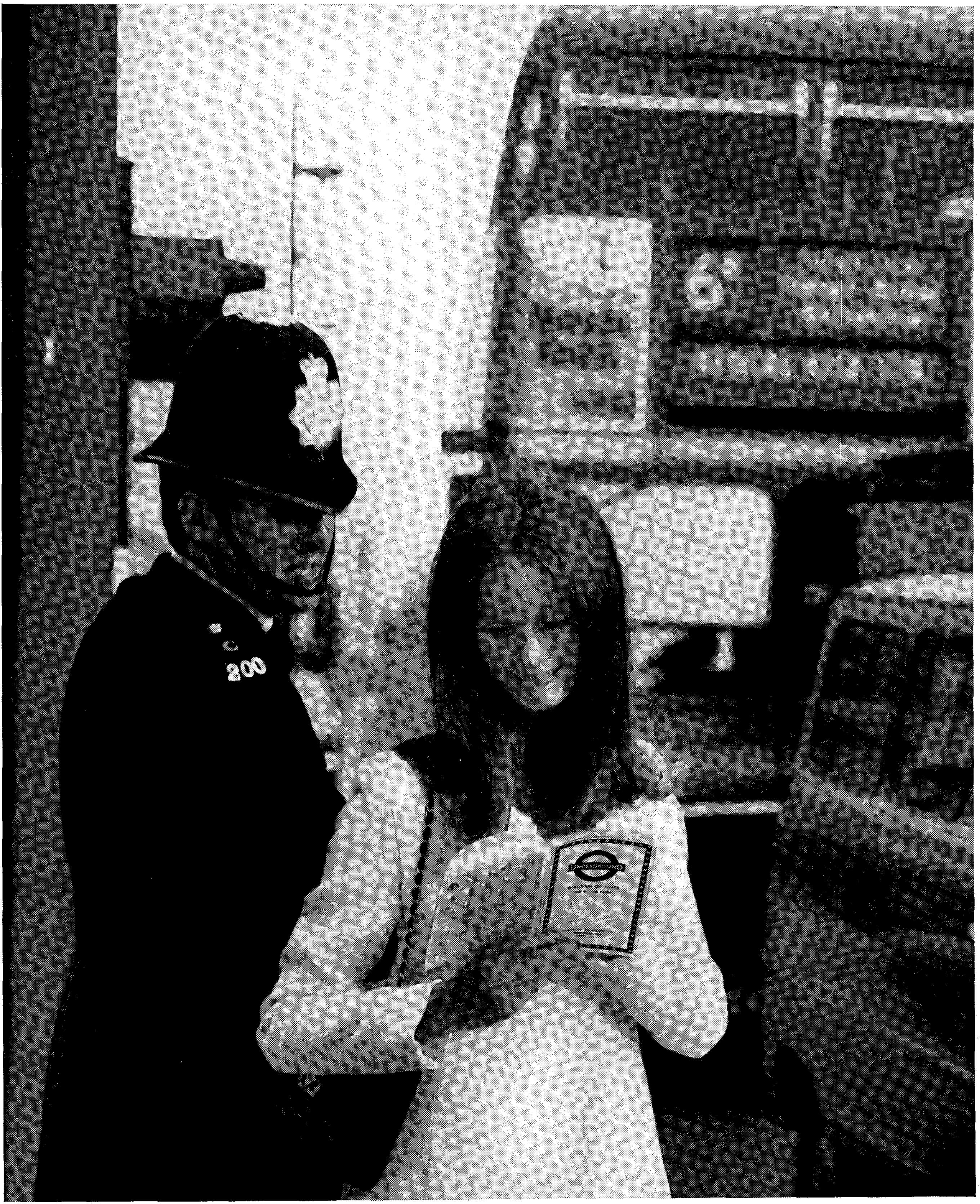

“Aren't you wearing Tweed ( )?”

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We're blushing.

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dian [illegible] quet [illegible] with [illegible] brand-new Château Champlain, an exquisite hotel that soars like some elegant live-in obelisk thirty-eight stories above the Place du Canada.

The public rooms of Le Château Champlain have been fitted into a giant box that occupies most of the square plot, but the guest rooms rise within the trim shaft, the window arches mounted one above the other in an artful pattern. In the fittings it has placed in its guest rooms, in the attention to rich detail, in the places of public assembly, and in the general air of *raffinement* which suffuses the lobby, it is far and away the most elegant inn I have visited in Canada and one of the most handsome in the Americas.

The place is built to last, in the fashion of such fine old inns as the Plaza in New York, Claridge's in London, the Bristol and the Plaza-Athenée in Paris. The bar, called Les Mariniers, is deep in old-club wood, brass, and leather. Off the main lobby, Le Tournebroche, into which I stumbled one night, is a marvelous creation of the French provinces—whole hams roasting in chains, waiters in white cook's coats, and bakers rolling out dough for bread served individually to each table.

Sleek, slender, and lofty as it is, Le Château Champlain is [illegible] highest of the new [illegible]

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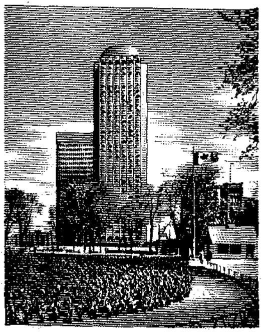
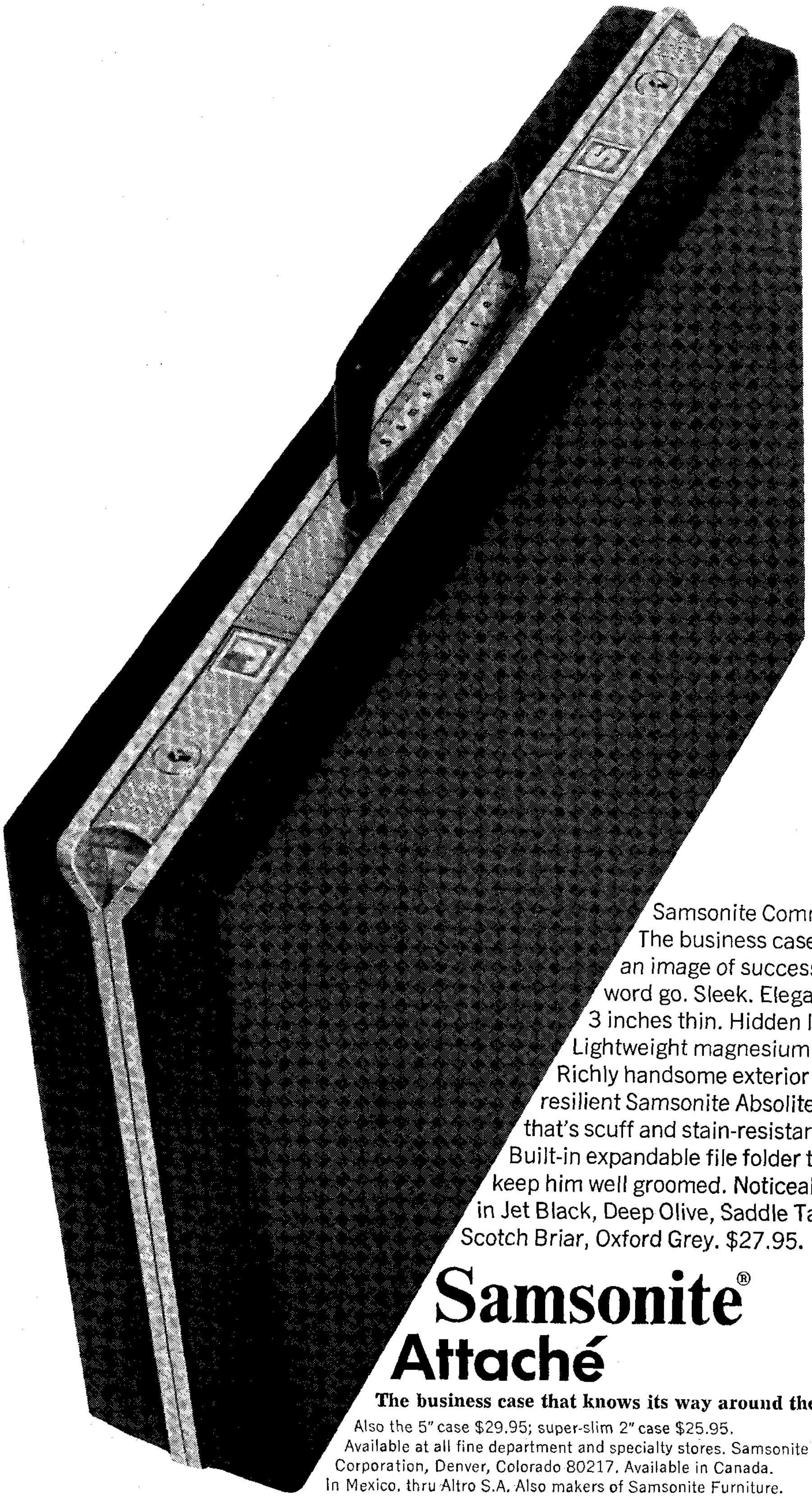
Horace Sutton, Travel Editor, Saturday Review



LE CHATEAU CHAMPLAIN
PLACE DU CANADA-MONTREAL
A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL

It's worth a trip to Montreal.

obviously, the gift for executives



Samsonite Commuter Attaché. The business case that projects an image of success from the word go. Sleek. Elegant. 3 inches thin. Hidden locks. Lightweight magnesium frame. Richly handsome exterior of resilient Samsonite Absolite® that's scuff and stain-resistant. Built-in expandable file folder to keep him well groomed. Noticeable in Jet Black, Deep Olive, Saddle Tan, Scotch Briar, Oxford Grey. $27.95.

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For every occasion there is a superb Corbin trousering. You can select from such exclusive Corbin fabrics as Country Harvest, Buggy Whip Worsted, Hardy Homespun, Paddock Worsted and Hunting Twills. There is an abundance of patterns and colours, too.

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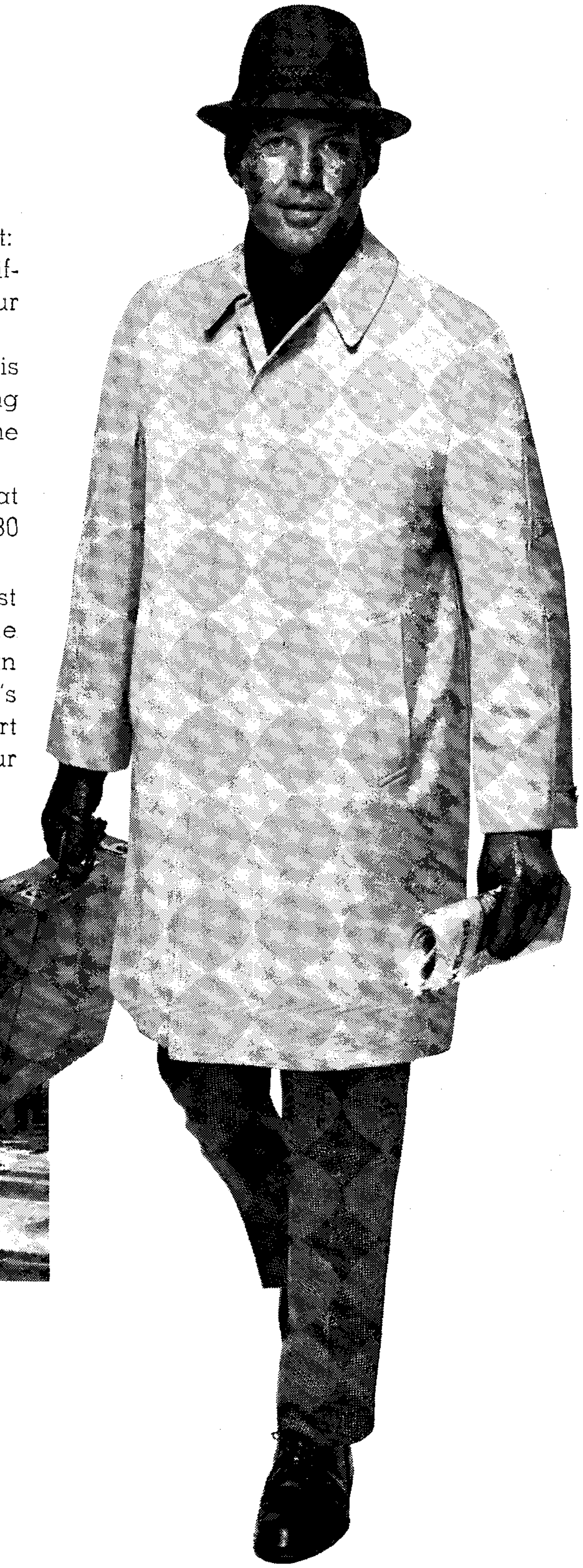
AFTER SHAVE, SOAP, EAU DE VETIVER, COLOGNE MIST, VETIVER EXTRAIT.

If you wear your Gleneagles raincoat over a sport jacket and slacks is it your overcoat?



Looks like it, doesn't it?

Which should certainly prove a point: How silly this business is of buying a different coat for every different event in your life.

When what you should be buying is the one coat that is perfect for everything you do. Formal or informal. Whatever the weather.

And the one coat we think does all that better than any other is any one of the 30 Gleneagles raincoats.

And if you're still not convinced, just wear your Gleneagles raincoat in the suburbs and tell people it's your "Suburban Coat." Or to the stadium and tell them it's your "Stadium Coat." Or over a sport jacket and slacks and tell them it's your "Overcoat."

Bet you get away with it.

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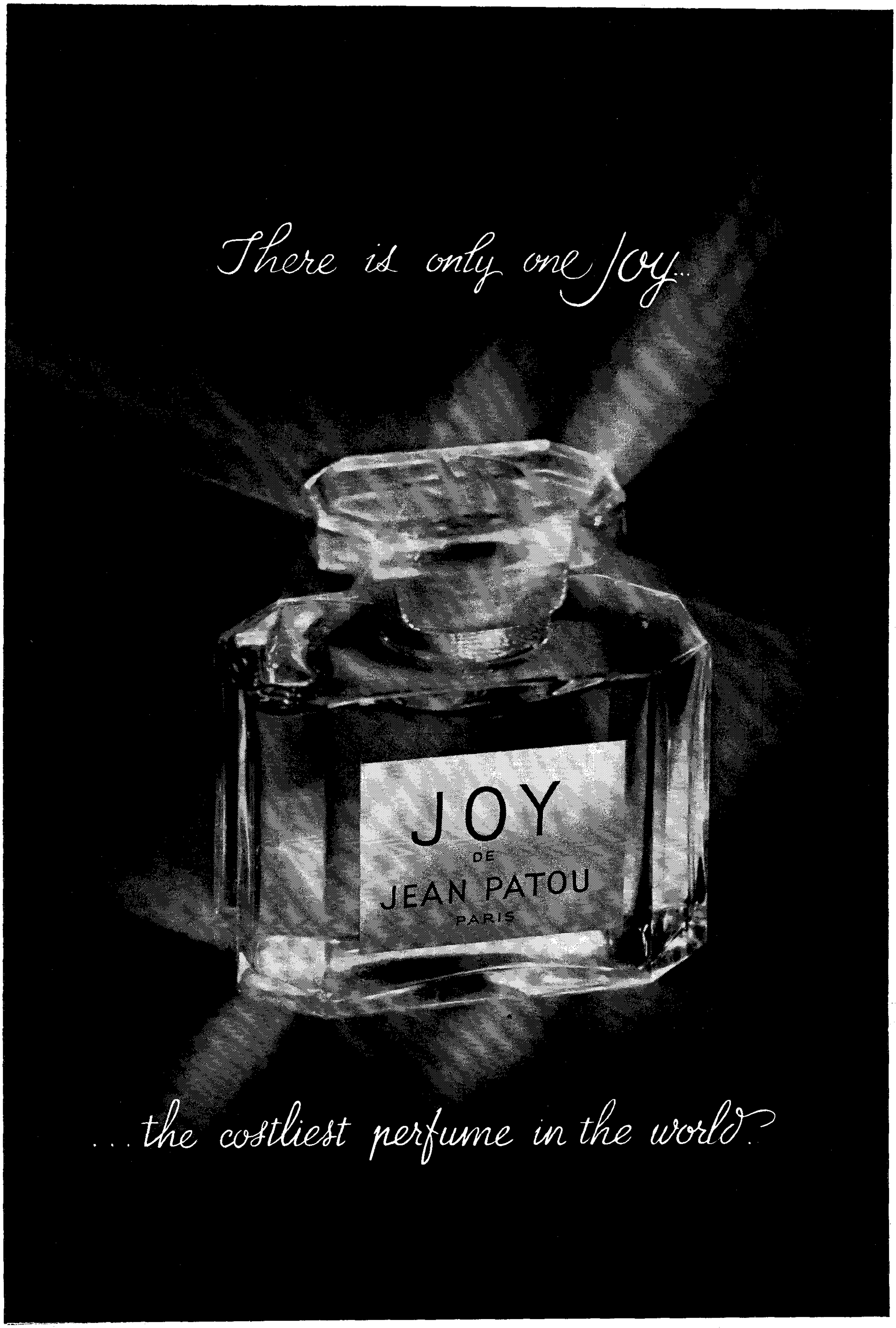
One of the world's great raincoats.

The Glenkirk. $75. 100% worsted gabardine with all wool zip-out liner. Completely weatherproof. In Sand, British Tan, Clay, Navy, Black, Black Olive
Gleneagles raincoats for men and women at well informed stores, or write Gleneagles Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y.C.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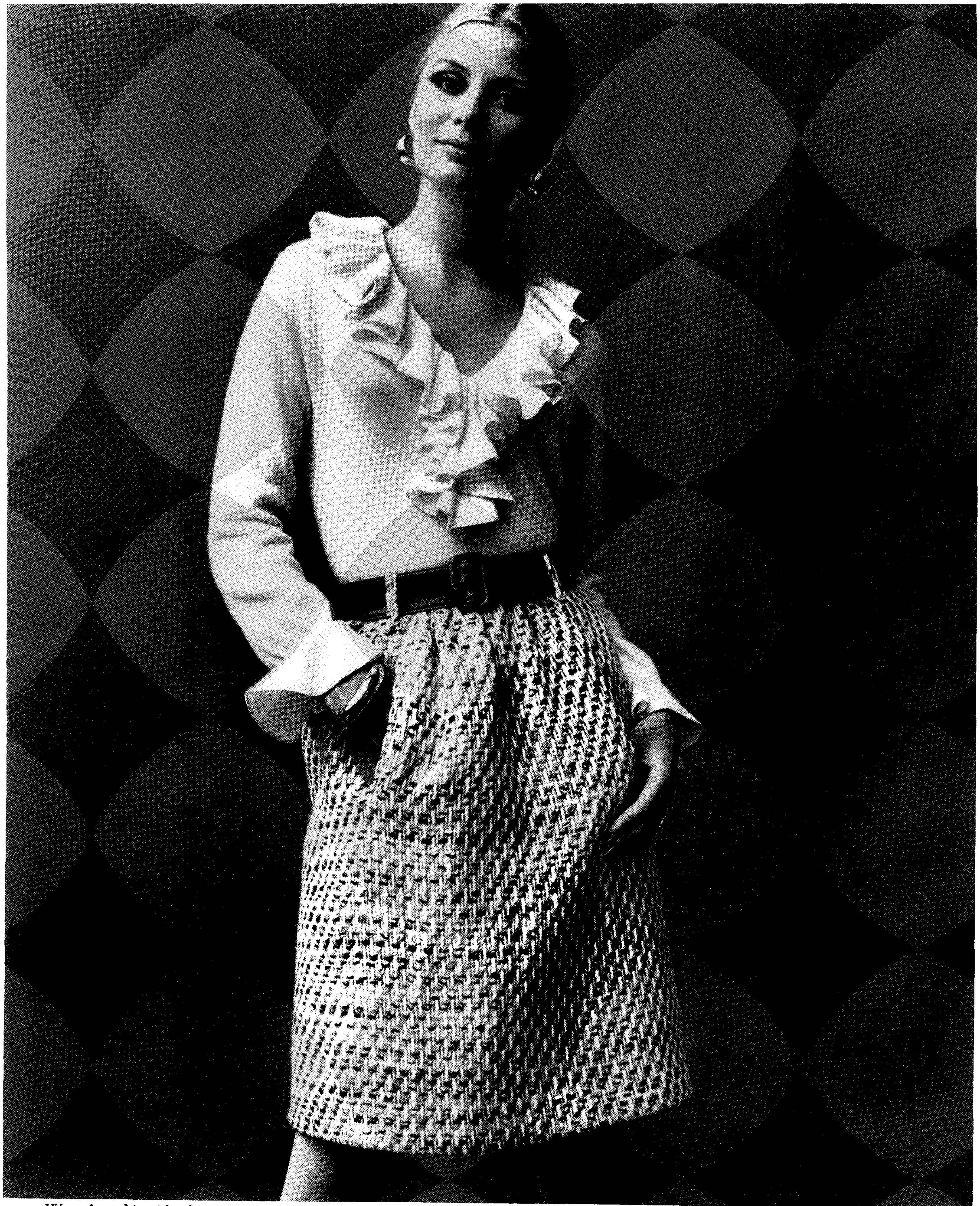

We softened it with white cashmere. Then teamed it with the unexpected: a belted camel and white skirt. It's the kind of refinement that an interesting woman wears quite naturally. The Hadley Corporation, 1407 Broadway, New York City, N.Y. 10018.

Hadley. We give the latest rage just the right amount of neglect.

The dunhill myth.

(Old english tobacconists sell nothing but tobacco.)

dunhill
MIXTURE
965

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Our unique boutiques offer a surprising selection of scarves, handbags, umbrellas, elegant purse accessories.

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Our shops are cognoscenti utopias filled with pewter mugs, crested glassware, clocks, toiletries, lighters, even goatskin bars.

And you thought Dunhill sold only tobacco. Some myth.

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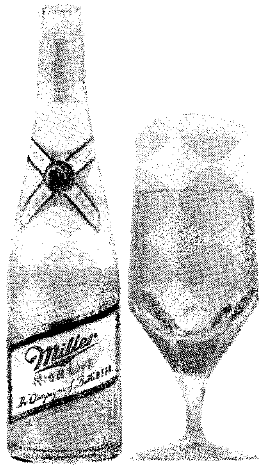
Miller High Life Miller HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



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Give him "The Beautiful Smoke" by Gold Label

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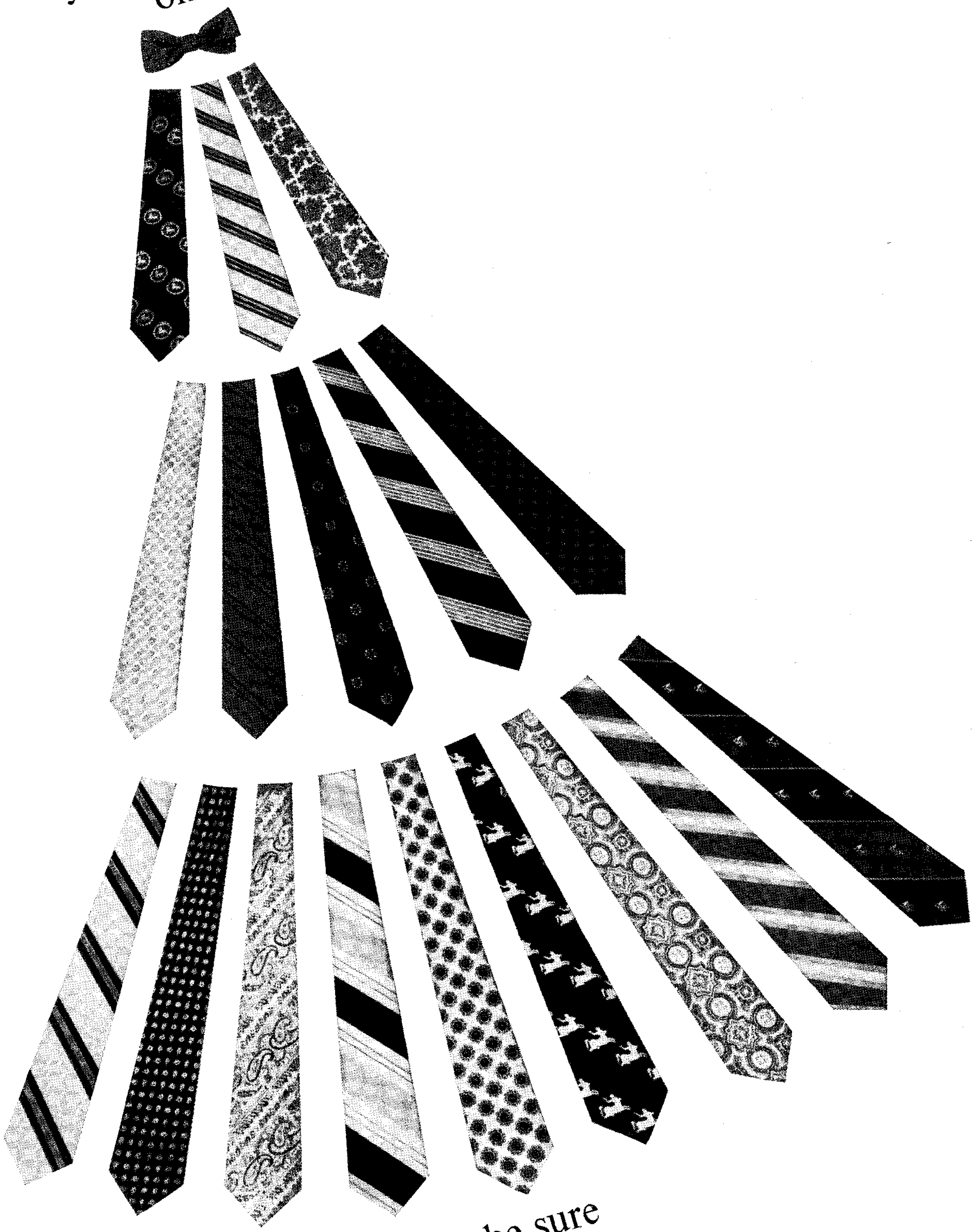
you tie them
on



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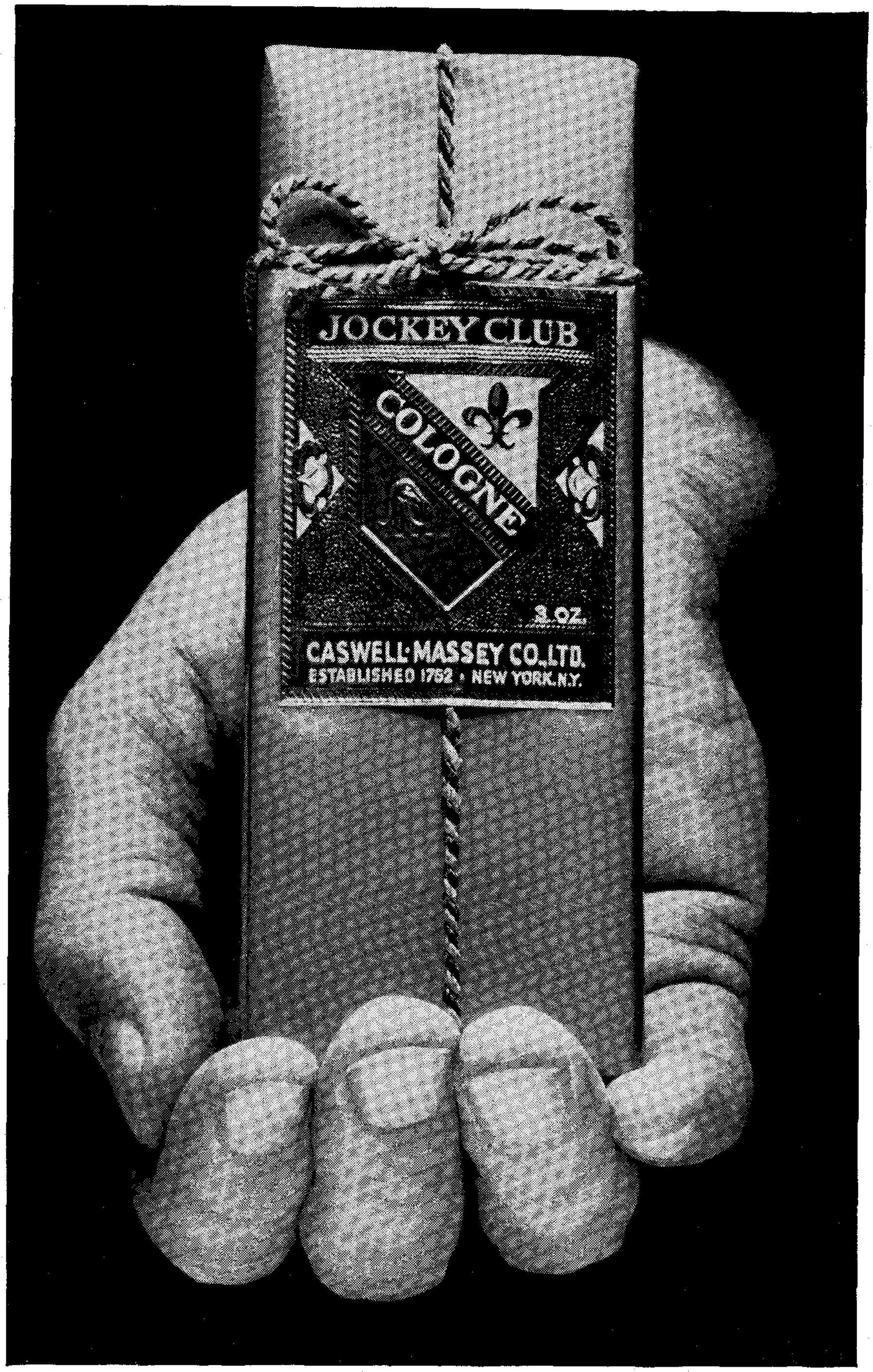
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AND ALL ACCESSORIES FROM HATS TO SHOES.
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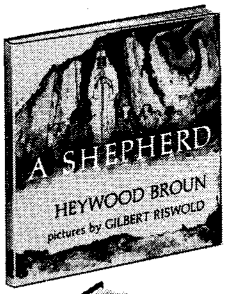
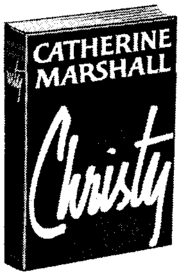
Imported linen blend piped with navy, about $55. Jamison, 498 Seventh Ave., New York

Still time? Yes, there's still


A SHEPHERD
HEYWOOD BROUN
pictures by GILBERT RISWOLD


CATHERINE MARSHALL
Christy

1R. A SHEPHERD. *Heywood Broun. Illus. Gilbert Riswold.* A beautifully lyrical tale of Amos—the Shepherd who would not go to Bethlehem with the others on Christmas Eve. Destined to become a classic. All ages. 8⅞ x 8. Prentice-Hall. $4.95

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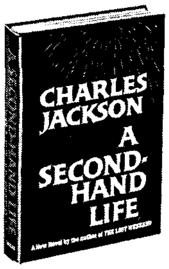
CHARLES JACKSON
A SECOND-HAND LIFE

4V. TIBET. *Giuseppe Tucci.* Here at last is a feast for the eyes—the ancient land, seen by so few outsiders, over which the Dalai Lama once ruled. A vivid, fascinating book. Illus. 8 x 11. Stein & Day. After 12/31/67, $15. Now, only $12.50

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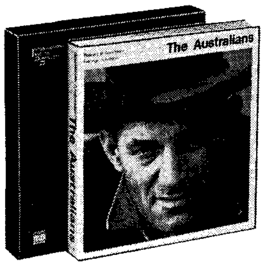
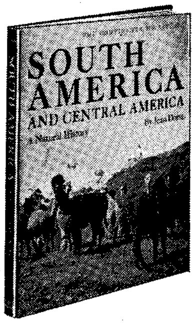
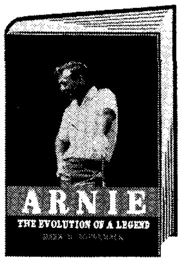
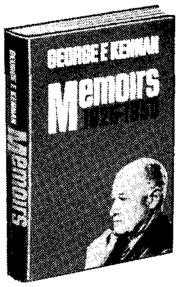

The Australians


SOUTH AMERICA AND CENTRAL AMERICA
A Natural History


ARNIE
THE EVOLUTION OF A LEGEND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Memoirs
1925-1950

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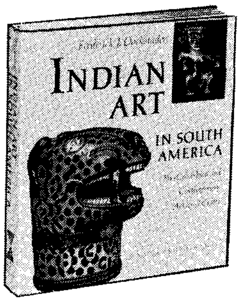
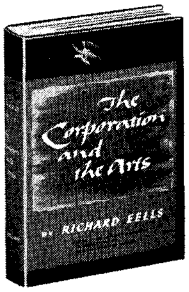

INDIAN ART IN SOUTH AMERICA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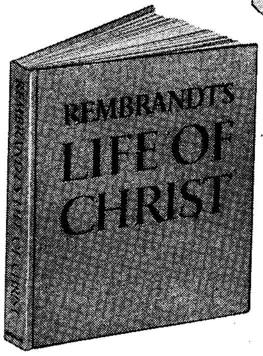
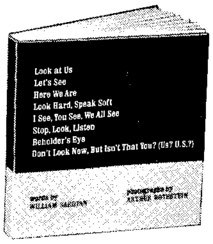
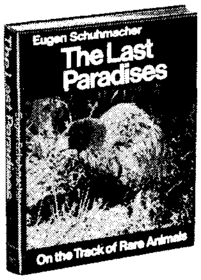
11M. LOOK AT US; LET'S SEE; HERE WE ARE; LOOK HARD, SPEAK SOFT; I SEE, YOU SEE, WE ALL SEE; STOP, LOOK, LISTEN; BEHOLDER'S EYE; DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT ISN'T THAT YOU? (US? U.S.?) *William Saroyan. Arthur Rothstein.* 101 best pictures of the prize-winning *Look* photographer—with 1001 sweet-and-sour comments by the Pulitzer Prize winning author. Cowles. $12.50


REMBRANDT'S LIFE OF CHRIST


Look at Us
Let's See
Here We Are
Look Hard, Speak Soft
I See, You See, We All See
Stop, Look, Listen
Beholder's Eye
Don't Look Now, But Isn't That You? (Us? U.S.?)


Eugen Schuhmacher
The Last Paradises
On the Track of Rare Animals

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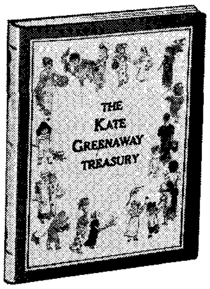
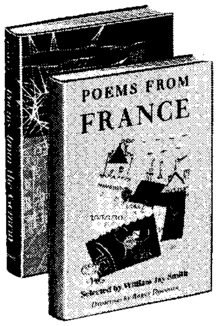

THE KATE GREENAWAY TREASURY


POEMS FROM FRANCE

35M. POEMS FROM FRANCE. *Ed.: William Jay Smith. Illus.: Roger Duvoisin.* **35MM. POEMS FROM THE GERMAN.** *Ed.: Helen Plotz. Illus.: Ismar David.* Both from Crowell's *New Poems of the World,* these handsome bilingual anthologies were chosen especially for young adults. Crowell. Ea., $4.50

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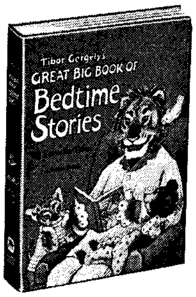
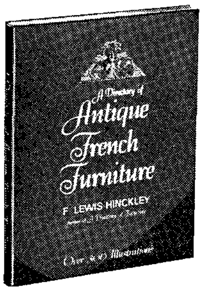

Tibor Gergely's
GREAT BIG BOOK OF
Bedtime Stories

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND
CYRIL RITCHARD

time enough to wrap up your

MUSTANG
The MUSTANG the Forbidden Kingdom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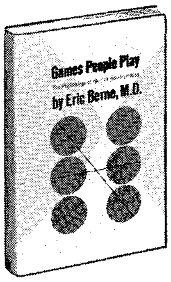
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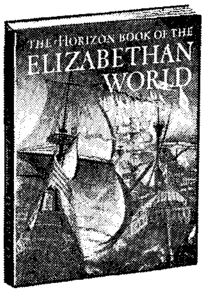
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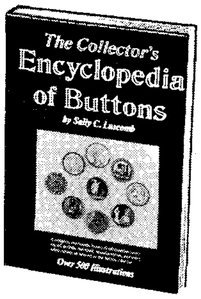
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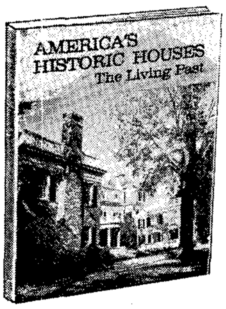
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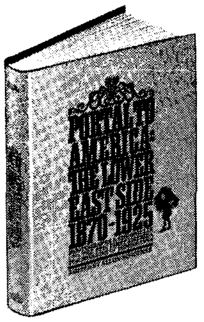
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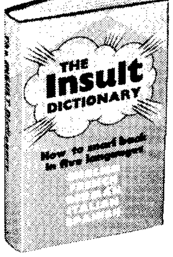
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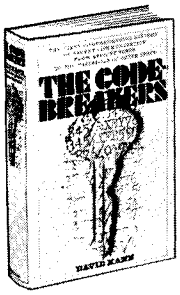
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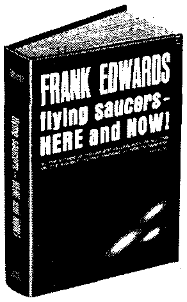
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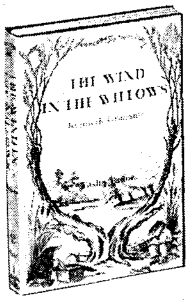
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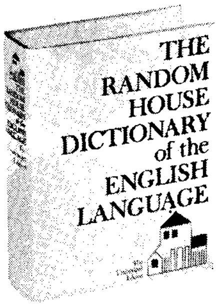
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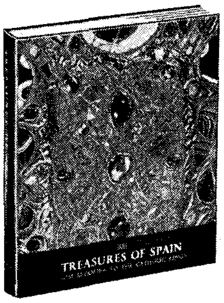
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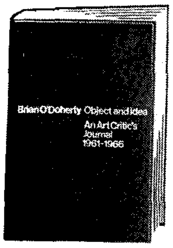
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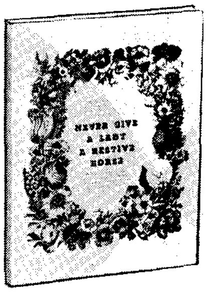
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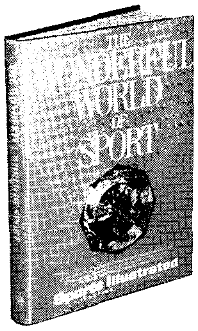
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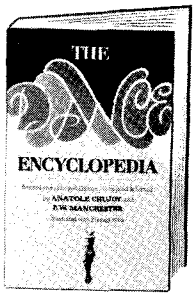
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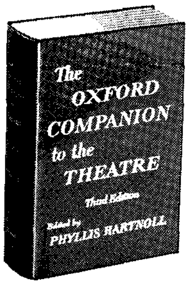
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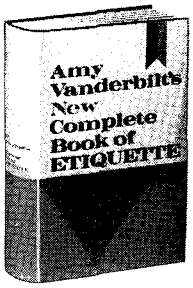
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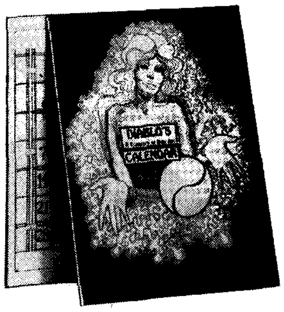
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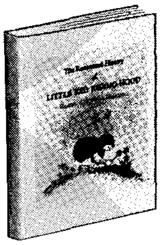
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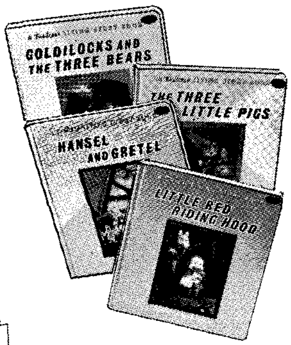
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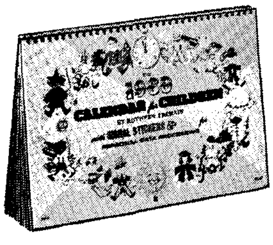
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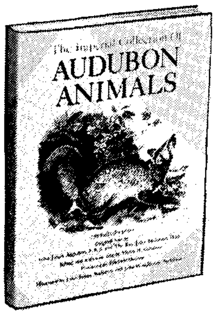
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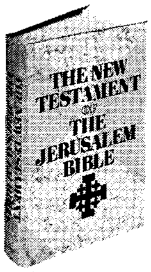

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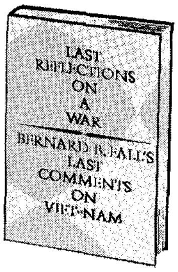
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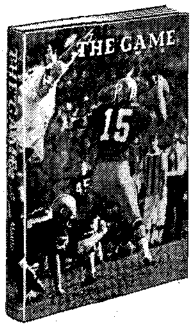

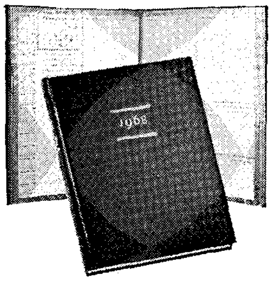

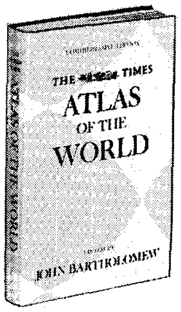

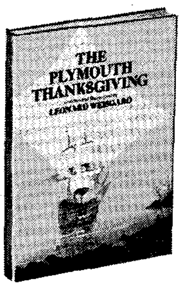

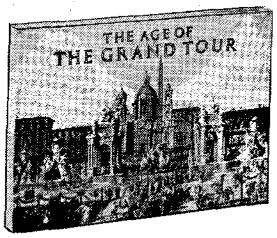

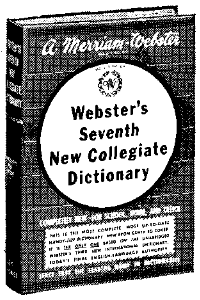

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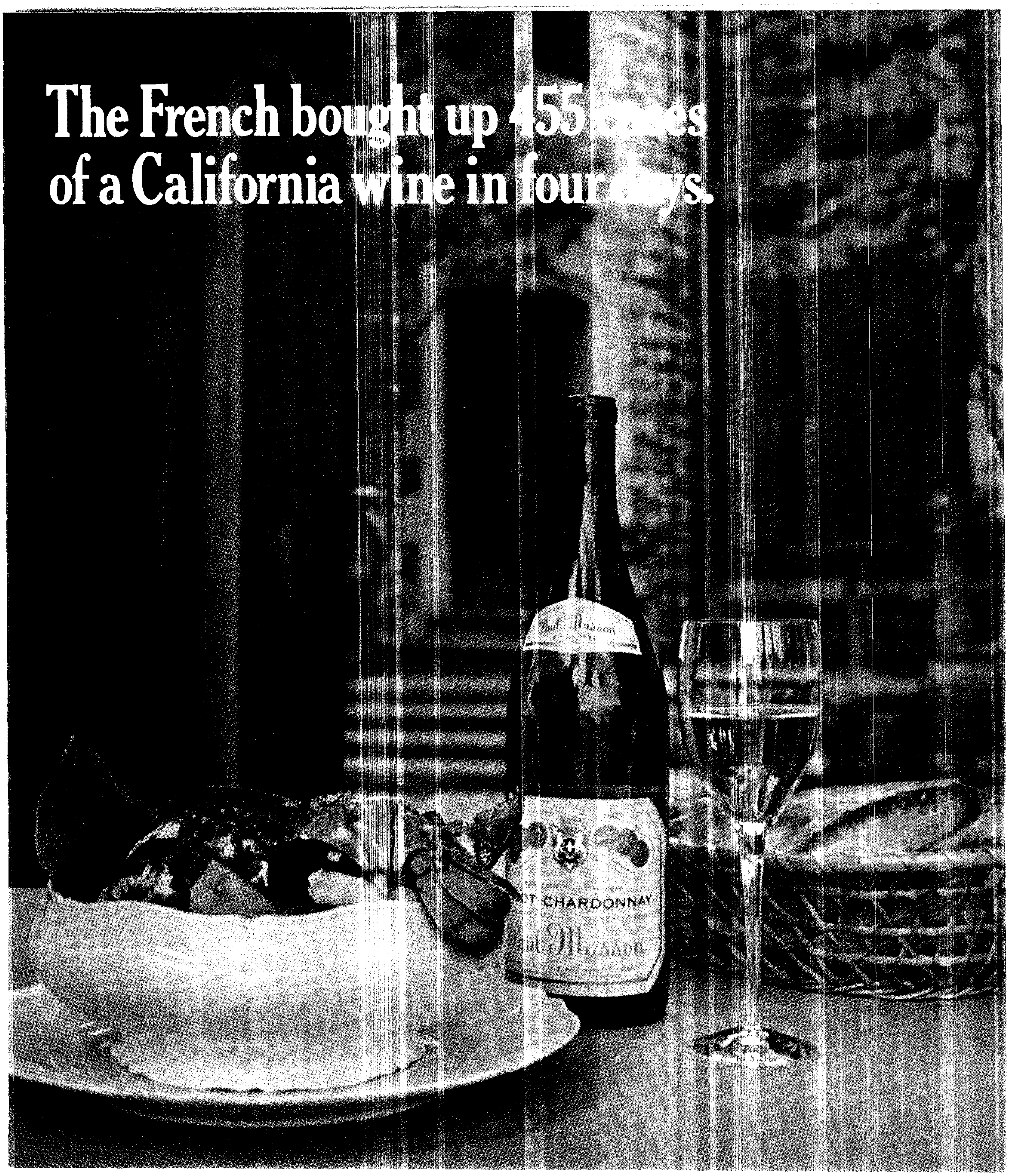

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(Normally that's not permitted.)

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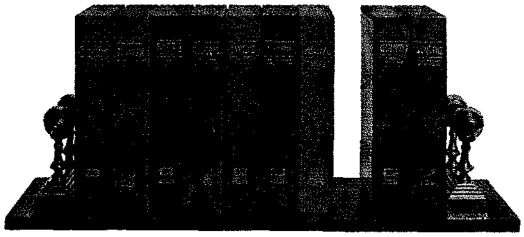
PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1967



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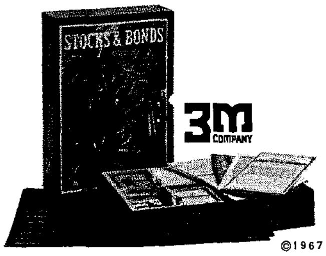

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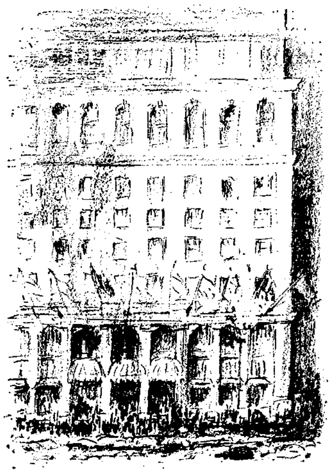

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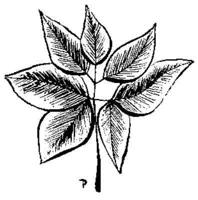
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE used to think that only the vagueness and enchantment of distance could create mythical figures; now, after reading Josiah Thompson's "micro-study" of the Kennedy assassination, entitled "Six Seconds in Dallas," we conclude that closeness of scrutiny is also mythopoeic. For example, "the umbrella man": though the day was clear and blowy, he can be detected, in photographs, standing on the curb just about where the assassination would in a few seconds occur, holding a black umbrella above him; seconds later he is again photographed, walking away, gazing tranquilly at the scramble of horrified spectators. His umbrella is now furled. Who was he? Where is he now? And would any crowd, caught in the matrix of interlocking photographs taken in those few momentous seconds in Dealey Plaza, yield a figure or two equally anomalous and ominous? He dangles around history's neck like a fetish. And what of the other substanceless figures sifted from the clouds of witnesses: "the tan-coated man," seen now running away from the Texas School Book Depository Building, now riding in a gray Rambler driven by a Negro; and "the Secret Service agent," who identified himself to Patrolman Smith behind the stockade fence, though all Secret Service men had gone to Parkland Hospital; and—eeriest of all—the blurry figure visible, in some frames of Robert Hughes' 8-mm. movie film, in the window *beside* the pair of windows from which the shots, or some of the shots, were fired? We wonder whether a genuine mystery is being concealed here or whether any similar scrutiny of a minute section of time and space would yield similar strangenesses—gaps, inconsistencies, warps, and bubbles in the surface of circumstance. Perhaps, as with the elements of matter, investigation passes a threshold of common sense and enters a sub-atomic realm where laws are mocked, where persons have the life-span of beta particles and the transparency of neutrinos, and where a rough kind of averaging out must substitute for the absolute truth. The truth about those seconds in Dallas is especially elusive; the search for it seems to demonstrate how perilously empiricism verges on magic.

WE mourn the death in Dublin last week of Patrick Kavanagh, the premier poet of Ireland. Poetry is a hard trade, because it imposes on its practitioners the burden of an almost continuous idleness. Poets must find a place and assume a stance that will invite a peculiar lightning to strike them, and between lightnings they are expected to disimprove the hours and days with as little physical damage to themselves as possible. (It is usually the poet's stomach that suffers in order that the health of his eye and ear may be preserved. Kavanagh's friend Dylan Thomas was described by one of the doctors who attended him as having died of "a massive insult to the brain," but Thomas took care on other occasions to deliver many an insult to many a lesser organ.) Of poets it can be truly said that they also serve who only sit and wait, and if Ireland is a good place to grow poets in, it may be because the art of doing nothing is practiced there without notoriety. You can lounge all day in a pub and give no offense save by your tongue, and in Ireland to give offense by that means is a form of giving pleasure, perhaps even to your victims.



For a long time, Kavanagh made the seat of his strenuous non-endeavors a Dublin pub called McDaid's. He would shuffle in soon after ten in the morning and sit slumped and unmoving, a sackful of rumpled clothes, for an hour or so, uttering at intervals a muffled "Oh, dear God! Oh, dear God!," as if he were simultaneously taking the measure of how awful he felt as a consequence of the night before and making his pious ejaculations serve as a kind of thank offering that he had survived the night at all. By noon, having coughed and blown his nose and cleared his throat and tossed back several packets of anti-dyspeptic bread soda and a few small Scotches, he would be moved to coherent speech. Mild enough at first, his words would gain strength and malice as he continued. It was as if his powers of invective accumulated all the faster for being spent, and because he was a great hater of cant he never lacked for targets—local, national, or over the sea. Nor did he fear to lacerate himself for however and whenever he had played the fool with his talent. Teatime and suppertime would come and go, and Kavanagh would rumble and grumble on. His audience would see to it that there was a drop of something in the glass that rested all but invisible in the big chunk of his raw farmboy fist, and this continuously reinforced hospitality was the proof of his distinction: an Irishman has no difficulty earning free drinks by the sound of his voice in London or New York, which are in want of good talkers, but to earn them in Dublin! There Kavanagh was among his peers, and it was they who chose to keep him fortified and in eruption. Not that he would ever consent to be purchased by mere gawking hangers-on, or to be badgered by leeterary admirers who believed themselves to be making some sort of pilgrimage to some sort of shrine. Though he never roared and threatened the fabric of a building like that bull of Bashan, Brendan Behan, he shared Behan's superb vocabulary of scatological abuse, and, soiled and ramshackle though his coign of vantage might be, he kept it free of vermin.

A few years ago, Kavanagh gave a talk over the Irish TV, and in reading a copy of the talk one hears again the low, harsh voice, with its edge of savage indignation that an earlier Irish poet may have taught him how to sharpen and draw blood with: "My father, being a shoemaker, was probably less poor than the small-farmer classes. What was called the 'dropping shilling' kept coming in. But as for the *scraidins* of farmers with their watery little hills that would physic a snipe, I don't know where they got any money. . . . In those days [1946] in Dublin, the big thing besides being Irish was peasant quality. They were all trying to be peasants. They had been at it for years, but I hadn't heard. And I was installed as the authentic peasant, and what an idea that was among rascals pretending to have an interest in poetry. Although the literal idea of the peasant is a farm-labouring person, in fact a peasant is all that mass of mankind which lives below a certain level of consciousness. They live in the dark cave of the unconscious and they scream when they see the light."

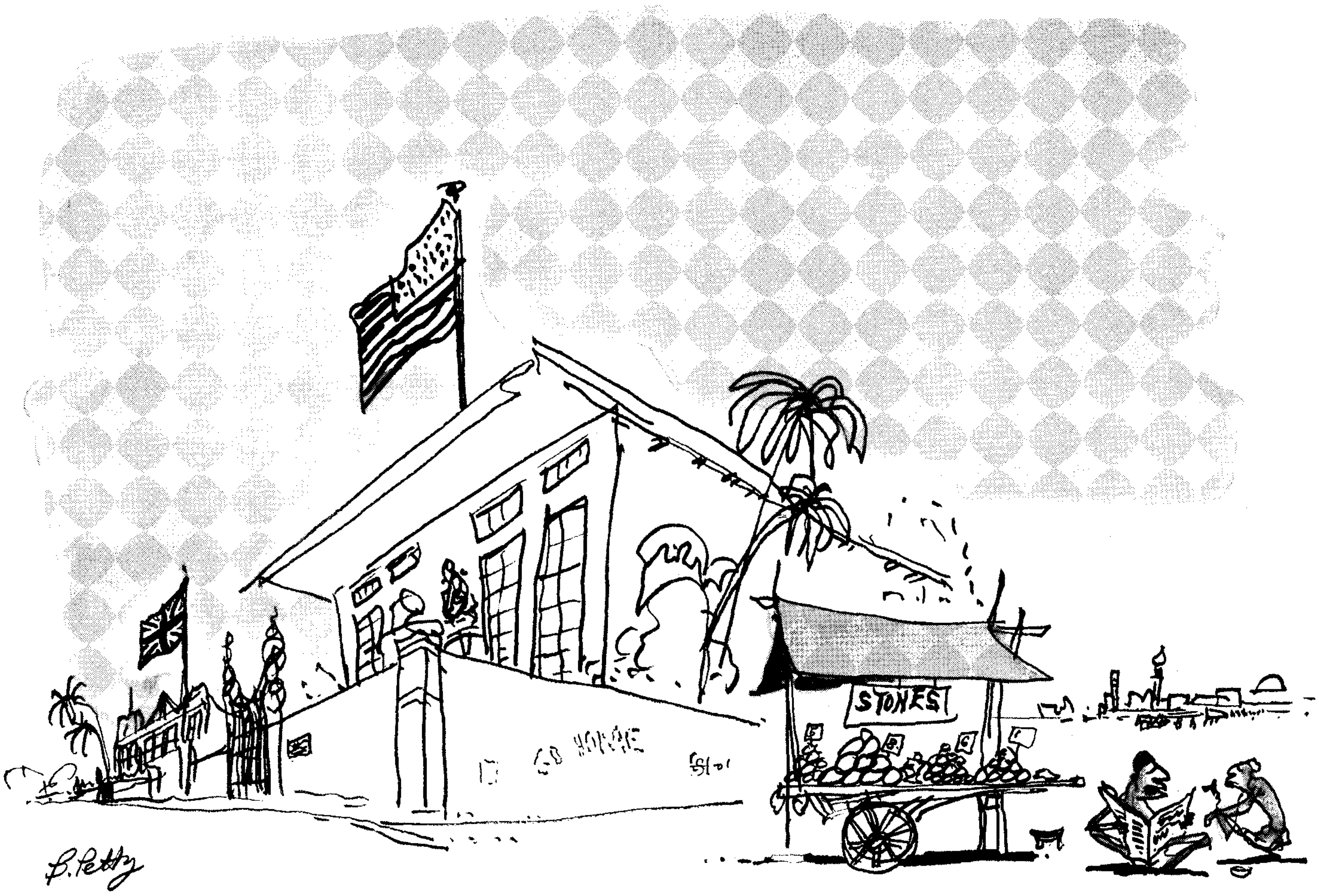
We had met Kavanagh at McDaid's, and once, on one of his rare visits to America, we asked him to have a drink with us at the Algonquin. It was an exceptionally hot summer's day, and Kavanagh arrived in the lobby of the hotel with his year-round old heavy tweeds steaming. Vapor rose from his wrinkled face and up through the little green-plastic-visored cloth cap that he had on. A waiter explained that he would be unable to serve Kavanagh, because he wasn't wearing a necktie; however, the hotel would be glad to provide him with a temporary one. We expected Kavanagh to blow up, but not at all; he appeared charmed, and when the waiter returned with a nondescript brown tie of considerable age and degree of wear Kavanagh slipped it on with pleasure. An hour or so later, as we were leaving the hotel, the waiter hurried up and asked Kavanagh to surrender the pro-tem tie. Kavanagh looked stricken. He unknotted the tie and handed it over to the waiter with a sad shake of the head. "Oh, God, that's a lovely tie, that tie is," he said. "I was hoping to pull off a swipe."

In Orbit

A WEEK ago Tuesday, we dropped by the Waldorf-Astoria to look in on a conference that was sponsored by the American Astronautical Society and had been organized with the help of the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation. Some two hundred astronautical engineers were gathered in and about the hotel's lobby, and were dimly illuminated by the Waldorf's Christmas decorations, which blinked and twinkled like an armada of satellites. The title of the conference was Astronautics International, and its avowed theme was International Coöperation in Space, but it looked to us as if the American spacemen outnumbered the foreigners ten to one. A Russian delegation had failed to appear, and, as for the other nations, their space programs are scarcely off the drawing boards. There were *some* foreign spacemen present, however. We met J. Bertrand, a Frenchman who is assistant director for technical plans of the European Space Research Organization, or ESRO. ESRO, the European version of NASA, is a coöperative enterprise of ten European countries. In spite of this grand alliance, M. Bertrand, who was wearing a dark-blue suit, seemed far from cheerful. He said glumly that ESRO had prepared a number of satellites but that none were in orbit. We asked what had happened to them, and learned that a small satellite, Esro II, was supposed to have been launched last May at the test range in Lompoc, California, but that the launch had failed. Curiously, Esro II had been scheduled for launching ahead of Esro I, which should have gone up in October but never made it, because one of the experiments it was to carry was late in arriving.

We wished M. Bertrand luck with his Esros and moved on to another Frenchman, Jean d'Arcy, a wiry man with a lively Gallic face, who is director of the Radio and Visual Services Division of the United Nations. M. d'Arcy said that he wanted the United States to launch a communications satellite for the United Nations, adding that the U.N. would, however, settle for access to an already existing communications satellite, such as Comsat. "We need satellites for our operations throughout the world," M. d'Arcy said. "Telephones are no longer adequate. For situations like the recent crisis in Cyprus, we need *instant* communication. We could have used satellites to advantage during our operations in the Congo and the Middle East." A United Nations communications satellite, he continued, could be used in non-critical times for broadcasting United Nations meetings to remote parts of the world.

A little way off, we met Kevin Corrigan, a young man in an immaculate blue suit with red pinstripes, who is a consultant in New York on international communications. We asked if he knew M. d'Arcy. Mr. Corrigan nodded, and said that the United States could do more than it has done to foster international communication by satellite. The problem, he explained, is that the most efficient communications satellites have to be in what is called synchronous geostationary orbit over the earth—that is, in an orbit exactly twenty-two thousand three hundred miles above the equator, where a satellite can stay in the same position over the earth, provided that the satellite's velocity is approximately nineteen times that of the earth—and that, because they might interfere with one another electronically, only a limited number of them can be parked in synchronous geostationary orbit at any one time. Mr. Corrigan believes that this orbit is a resource that belongs to the world, and not to any one country, though at the moment certain communications interests in the United States are requesting communications satellites solely for domestic purposes. "Within the United States, communication by satellite is a redundancy, and a dangerous one," Mr. Corrigan said. "It could lead to the Balkanization of space, with each country having its own domestic satellite over the equator. Yet just three synchronized satellites, properly spaced, can cover the entire world." There is a sixty-nation partnership, called Intelsat, for worldwide communication by satellite, and Mr. Corrigan hinted that the corporations that own the transoceanic cables are not enthusiastic about it. The largest underwater telephone cable has

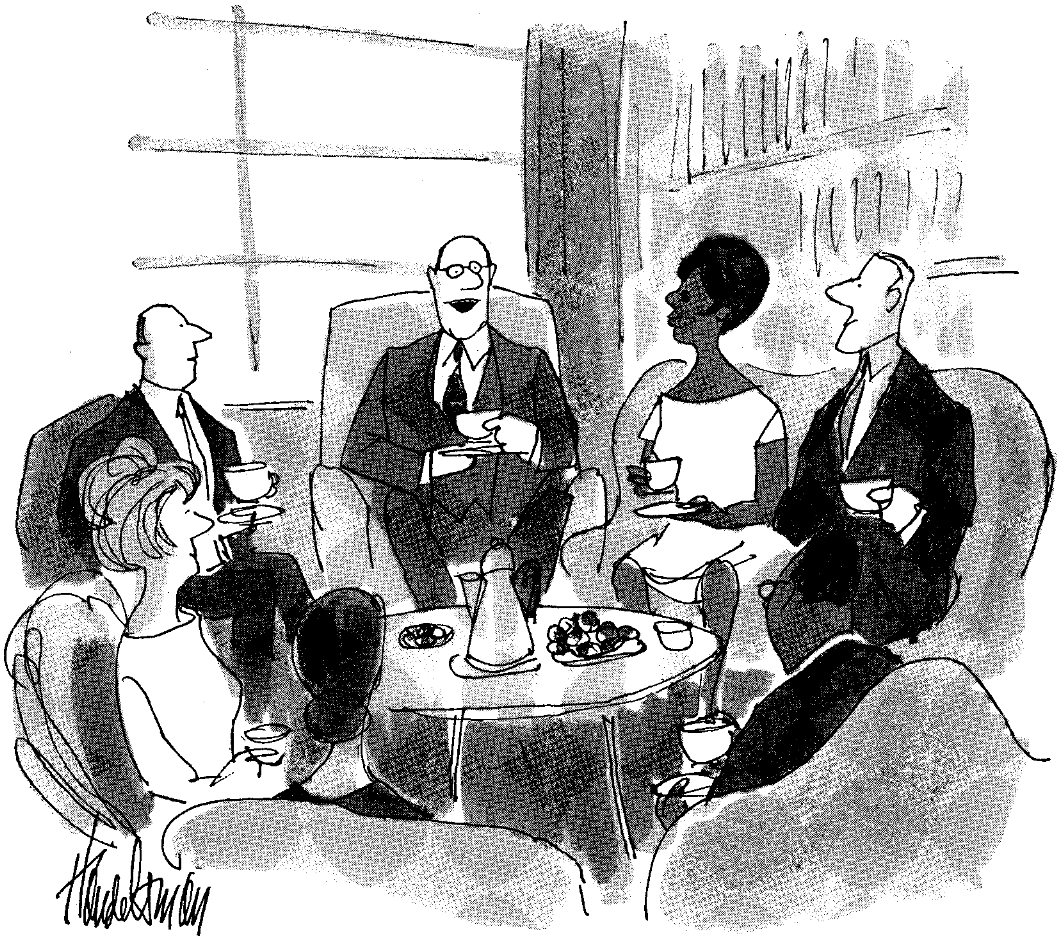


less than two hundred circuits, whereas Intelsat III, a global satellite system scheduled for launching next year, will have twelve hundred circuits, and a future Intelsat system could have up to ten thousand circuits.

Leaving the internationalists, we went in search of some domesticity, and we found it in the person of Eric Rule, of Lockheed, who said he was trying to sell Agena spacecraft, which his firm manufactures. Agenas are often used as the final stages of larger rockets, and last year an Agena was the target vehicle for the docking of a Gemini spacecraft. "We make a good many more Agenas than we sell," Mr. Rule confessed. "I haven't sold any today. I can't understand why. Agenas are reliable. You never have any trouble with an Agena." From Mr. Rule we moved on to Mr. Paul Weinschel, of the Kollsman Instrument Corporation, on Long Island. Kollsman Instrument, Mr. Weinschel said, had made the extremely delicate star-trackers for the Orbiting Astronomical Observatory. We had been present when the 1966 O.A.O. was lost in orbit shortly after its launching, and we recalled that the star-trackers, which could aim the telescopes inside the spacecraft to within one minute of an arc, had worked perfectly. Mr. Weinschel said his firm is working on equipment for the next O.A.O., including a thirty-six-inch-aperture telescope, which may be the largest telescope in space.

A moment or two later, we met Paul Calcanes, an engineer with Grumman, who is looking into the feasibility of studying earth resources from space. It was time that space turned a profit, he said, and satellites could be profitable. "In oceanography, for instance, satellites could be used to track schools of fish in real time," he went on. "Fishermen want to know where the fish are *now*, not where they were a week ago." We asked Mr. Calcanes to tell us more about real-time fish tracking, and learned that schools of fish are apt to leave oil slicks behind them in the water, which it may be possible to detect by satellite, as is true of the constantly fluctuating currents and temperature zones in which different fish live. A satellite that issued fishing bulletins could be very useful.

We moved on to Colin A. Harrison, a young scientist who is the regional director in Houston, Texas, for the Martin Marietta Corporation, of New York, which is also interested in space profits. "We're working on the Apollo Applications Program, which is a study of how to make use of some of the hardware left over from the Apollo Project," Mr. Harrison said. "For instance, Sixteen Uprated Saturn 1 rockets were ordered, of which four have definitely been allocated to the Apollo Applications Program. Any of the remaining twelve not used for the moon shot will also go to the Program. We're looking into the possibility of using some of this hardware to send up temporary manned space stations. From space, observers could look for forest fires on earth, and with certain instruments they could follow the paths of rapidly spreading plant diseases. If an inspector on the ground has to look at every ear of corn, he can never keep pace with a fast-moving epidemic." Mr. Harrison added that the Apollo Applications Program's space station would be a precursor of bigger and more nearly permanent orbiting space stations. He referred us to Donald A. Imgram, a tall, pleasant-looking Grumman engineer, who is working on plans for such a station. Mr. Imgram said, "We're looking beyond Apollo Applications to the day when we can build a community of from nine to twelve men in orbit. Men will live there for a year or more at a time. They will get up in the morning, shower, go to work from eight to five, and be in the space station in the evening and all night. Our major problem right now is the development of a closed-cycle life-support



"Here we all sit, perfectly relaxed and natural. By God, I wish Rap Brown could look in on this little scene!"

• •

system. For such long periods, we'll have to be able to convert carbon dioxide back into oxygen, for breathing, and also extract water from wastes. All this has been done in the laboratory, but, so far, not on a large scale. Our space station will be a forerunner of trips to Mars, which will take from seven hundred to nine hundred days. We can't do *that* until we do *this*."

•

BUTTONS (CONTINUED): A world-travelling friend tells us that he can't shake loose from his mind a sign he noticed on the emergency telephone in an elevator of the Prince Hotel, in Tokyo, which read:

> HOW TO USE THE TELEPHONE
>
> Please push a white button of the receiver after you took off it, and you can tell.

Cowboys

A BRITISH schoolteacher of our acquaintance writes that she devoted a generous portion of last term's session to a study of the American cowboy, and when she felt that her youthful unit had been sufficiently instructed in the ways of the Wild West, she suggested that its components put their heads together and write a joint composition. The following resulted:

> RANCHES IN THE OLDEN DAYS
>
> DAN: You see that cow standing over there. It needs branding.
> MAC: I shall go and brand it for you.
> SAM: I have already branded the untamed beast.
> DAVE: Come along, you chaps, it's time for tea.
> DAN: So it is.
> MAC: Someone had better count all the cattle and see they are all there.
> DAN: I have already tended to that.
> DAVE: Go and get the pot and get the stove ready for tea.
> DAN: I have the turnips, too.
> DAVE: Will you boil the turnips, Mac?
> MAC: I will boil the turnips.
> DAN: That was smashing tea.
> DAVE: And smashing jam.
> MAC: That was good after a hard day's work on the range.
> DAVE: We must carefully pack all the tea things away.
> DAN: Right you are! And then we will ring for the doggies.

A Rackham Hour

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY last week opened an exhibition of original illustrations by Arthur Rackham, the Englishman whose elves, fairies, woodland creatures, and humanized trees, earlier in this century, enlivened the pages of "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Peter Pan," "Rip Van Winkle," "Aesop's Fables," "Gulliver's Travels," "Cinderella," "The Romance of King Arthur," and "The Wind in the Willows," and also the writings of Poe, Dickens, Shakespeare, Hawthorne, Milton, Browning, Kipling, Burns, and a seemingly unending list of other authors. The exhibition, which is in the Faculty Room of the Low Memorial Library, is being held in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Rackham's birth and has been taken from Columbia's collection of more than four hundred drawings, sketches, watercolors, and paintings, all contributed over the last decade by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Berol, of East Sixty-first Street. Shortly after we arrived at the opening, we sought out Mr. Berol, who is chairman of the board of the Eagle Pencil Company. He proved to be a tall, ruddy, white-haired man with a closely trimmed white mustache and steel-rimmed glasses, and we asked him what he had been doing lately, aside from performing his chairmanly duties. "I gave a Galileo letter to Harvard this year," he said. "A thank-you note. Very effusive. Did you know that Arthur Rackham's daughter, Barbara Edwards, is here? She came from England to see the exhibition." Mr. Berol nodded in the direction of a lady who was being posed by a photographer in front of a glass case containing illustrations for an English edition of the librettos of Wagner's "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre."

Blinking slightly after the flash of the camera's bulb, Mrs. Edwards turned to meet us with a smile. She is a trim, tranquil woman with gray hair and quick blue eyes, and she was wearing a beaded black dress, a small hat of purple feathers, purple gloves, and a large white orchid. After introducing her husband, Dr. John Ffoulkes Edwards, who is a psychiatrist with a sandy mustache, she said, "We live in Hampshire—in a place called Basingstoke, not far from Winchester. We're delighted with this exhibition. Columbia has the largest single collection of my father's work, as far as I know. I find it hard to choose which of his work I like best, but I've always been extremely fond of 'Peter Pan.' My father was in his forties when I was born, and I was his only child. I used to sit for him. He would say, 'Come here. Sit *still.*' Some of the gnomes you see here were me."

Mrs. Edwards was then whisked away by some Columbia dignitaries. Dr. Edwards patted his mustache and said, "Her father was a quiet, modest man who always had a sparkle in his eyes. He had tremendous accuracy. He lived to be seventy-two, and at the end of his life, when he was sadly ill and very weak, the proofs came back for 'The Wind in the Willows.' He looked at the proof of an illustration with a boat in it and saw that the oars had been forgotten. 'I must put them in!' he said. He was determined to do it, though he was exceedingly feeble."

Dr. Edwards was soon enveloped by a group of well-wishers, and we noticed that the room was becoming crowded. Almost two hundred guests were sipping drinks and moving from exhibit to exhibit. One of them, a man with a long, bushy beard, told us he was Professor André Racz, chairman of the Department of Painting and Sculpture in the Columbia School of the Arts. "Rackham was technically superb," he said.

We congratulated Professor Racz on his impressive beard.

"I've had it for twenty-five years," he said. "Originally, it was flaming red and avant-garde. Now it's gray and academic."

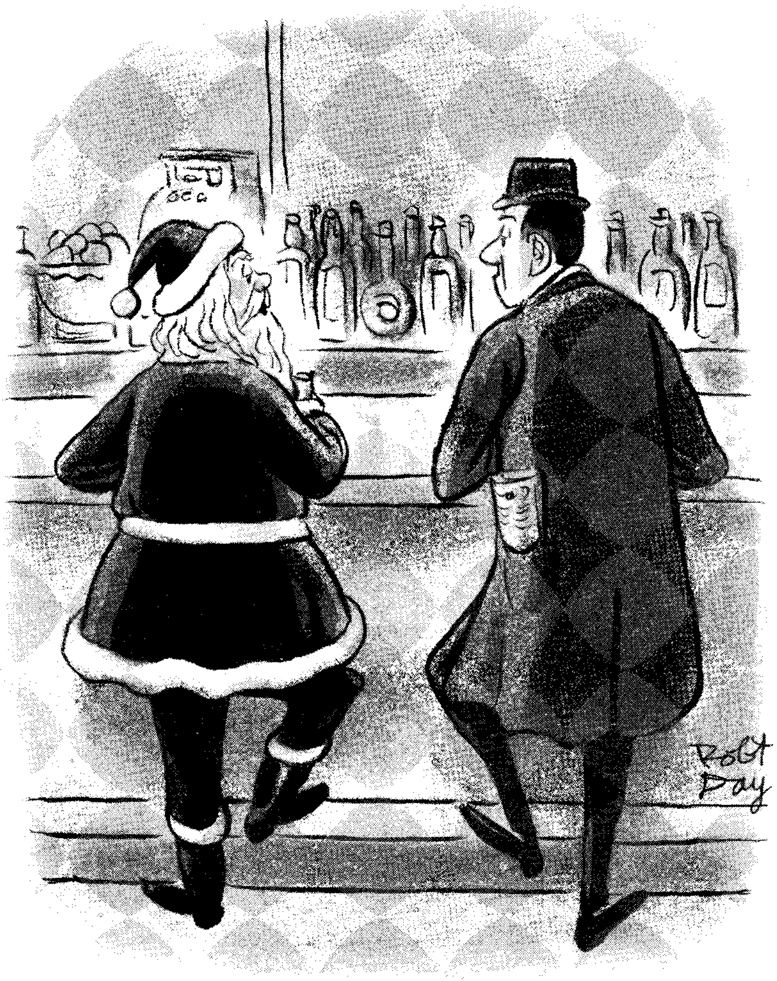
We moved on to a glass cabinet containing some Rackham costume designs, executed in watercolor, for a Basil Dean production of Humperdinck's opera "Hänsel und Gretel" in London in 1933—six years before Rackham died. Below each design Rackham had pencilled instructions ("One red witch, very malevolent. Silk stockings and slim") in a small, larky script. As we wandered about, we observed three empty armchairs, upholstered in blue leather and trimmed with brass studs, drawn together in a conversation circle in the northwest corner of the room. A small brass nameplate on the back of each of the chairs identified them, severally, as Mr. McGuire, Dr. Merritt, and Mr. Watt. In the southwest corner we discovered three more empty chairs—Mr. Gossett, Mr. Hogan, and Mr. Proffitt. "They're mostly trustees," said a voice behind us, which belonged to Mr. Kenneth A. Lohf, Assistant Librarian of Special Collections. "We pulled them in to make the room more homey."

Suddenly, someone began tapping loudly on a glass, and the murmuring crowd fell silent. Dr. Morris H. Saffron, chairman of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries, stepped forward and made a short speech welcoming the guests and paying tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Berol and Mrs. Edwards. Mr. Berol then presented to Dr. Grayson Kirk, the president of Columbia, a bound catalogue of the collection, written by the late Roland Baughman, who was head of the Columbia libraries' Special Collections until his death, in October. We borrowed an unbound copy from a guest and read parts of Baughman's introductory essay: "Arthur Rackham . . . set his stamp indelibly on a wide range of English and American classics. . . . Rackham had a genuine fondness for the grotesque and, finding something 'unrealistic' in every aspect of life around him, he revelled in its depiction. . . . One is inescapably forced to the conviction that this is how Rackham *saw* the world—that he *expected* a frog to carry a wardrobe trunk on his shoulders and a beetle to wear heavy-rimmed glasses to read a book, and that to him it was no less than obvious that a toadstool is really an elf in embryo."

We hunted up Mrs. Edwards again and asked her whether, when she was a gnome, her father had taught her to draw.

"Yes," she said. "He was wonderful about that. I took it for granted—it was part of growing up—that he would teach me, and that he would talk to me while he was working. Later, I realized that some artists simply won't be bothered. I am a painter, but it's hardly worth mentioning. Housewives' sort of thing—on Sundays."

Mrs. Edwards paused to autograph several catalogues, and then continued. "I once went with my father to Denmark when he was illustrating Hans Christian Andersen. We were taken by some Danish people—they didn't speak English, and we didn't speak Danish—to Andersen's grave. They handed my father a large wreath and indicated that he should lay it on the grave. As he laid it, he remarked to me, 'An Englishman is very bad at this sort of thing.' To which the Danes responded 'Amen.' They thought he had said a prayer."



"Let me put it this way. He's the type of man I wouldn't buy a used sleigh from."

•

OVERHEARD on the Long Island Rail Road:

PASSENGER: I waited on the platform one hour for this train. What's wrong?

CONDUCTOR: It's late.

OLDIES BUT GOODIES

THE old are gradually taking over the world. Statistics indicate that by 1970 more than fifty per cent of Americans of voting age will be old—or will feel old. What are the characteristics of the so-called "oldies" who are causing such consternation among the young? I have just spent a week among them in California, wearing their clothes, talking their jargon, trying to reach them. The old, I found, have a different way of looking at things. They're tired of the straightforwardness of youth. They want hypocrisy—now. Even their political candidates have a different flavor. They like candidates who have crinkly necks, like Governor Reagan, and who are hip to the past. "Land sakes," said a harlequin-glassed oldie at Retirement City, using the jargon her generation seems to favor, "Ronnie just thinks like we do. Or like we did, anyway."

Oldies dress differently. The men wear suits, ties, and other wigged-out gear. Most favored are J. C. Penney worsteds, Gallen Kamps wing tips, and maroon ties with striped shirts. Black clocked socks, worn sagging over the ankle, are also big. I asked about the significance of clocks. I was interviewing four or five oldies in Clifton's Cafeteria, one of their hangouts. (In downtown Los Angeles, Broadway is their street—where they "do their thing.")

"Clocks?" one of them said, in the slow, inarticulate, tripped-out way they have of talking. "It's, well— Look, it's just clocks, that's all, son. You tell him, Ezra."

"It means," said Ezra, rotating his hand like David Susskind making a point, "to turn the clock back. To the good old days."

"You mean," I replied, "to the good old days of child labor, and lynching, and—"

"You see," said Ezra, nodding his head to the table at large and then glaring at me. "You can't trust anyone under sixty."

I asked the men about their hair. Why did they wear it that way, clipped so close on the sides? Was it a deliberately defiant sign of conformity? An oldie named Uriah, wearing an "Art Linkletter Lives" button, answered, "Why, it's just the way we wear it, that's all. As far as its being gray, why, great men for centuries have had gray hair. Look at Thomas Edison, Warren G. Harding, Judge Hardy. Jumping Jehoshaphat! Then people say they don't like our music. 'A-one-and-a-two-and-a-three-and . . .' It's got beat. It says things to us. It's ours. That's why we cotton to it."

One of their "causes" is the war in Vietnam. (They also support the Warren Report and prayers in the schools.) "I don't know exactly why, but the war is a thing with us oldies," said one blue-rinsed woman, who was wearing a calf-length floral print and Enna Jettick shoes. "We all support it. War gives a country something to do. Besides, it gives us a warm, comfy feeling when we all go out together and attack a peace march."

Another oldie, wearing a brown chalk-striped suit and a Texas shoestring tie, sported an enigmatic button reading, "Original Sin." "Anyway," he said, "why should young people get out of a war? We didn't. What do they want to do—live forever?"

Oldies' "highs" are usually achieved with ethyl alcohol, a mind-altering substance the use of which they regard as an almost religious experience. I asked them if they were not worried about the possibility that alcohol may be dangerous. There have been reports from Fifth and Main of a number of bad trips. "Of *course* it rots the insides," said an oldie wearing a T-shirt with the legend "Nuke the Chink." "Drink like Helen B. Merry, I say! Do you want to live forever?" Their favorite high is from blackberry wine, which they call "black." To get "tiddly on black" is what we would call taking a trip. After getting "tiddly," they lie down and "nap," which is the same as crashing.

I then asked them about stories going around of sex scandals among oldies. Many oldie couples are believed to be actually married although claiming to be single, so that they can collect separate Social Security checks. "It's the way we live," said one oldie. "We happen to like being sneaky. Why can't they leave us alone?" Oldie women, called "mamas," often attend "square" dances and dance indiscriminately with different partners. "Mamas" can sometimes be seen riding on the back of their "Daddies'" electric golf carts.

No matter what becomes of the oldies, it is generally agreed they have changed the world—for better or worse. A few philosophic youths, however, believe that the movement is just something that will blow over. A sixteen-year-old hippie sitting in Canter's delicatessen, on Fairfax, put it this way: "Every generation of old people has gone through this sort of bag, baby. But I believe, up front, they'll eventually settle down, like all old people have done, and die." Another longhair also felt oldies are a passing thing. "Look at their clothes," he said. "There's no sense in going around looking like that, giving off bad vibes. They just do it deliberately, because they know it gets us up-tight. If we pay no attention, they'll stop."

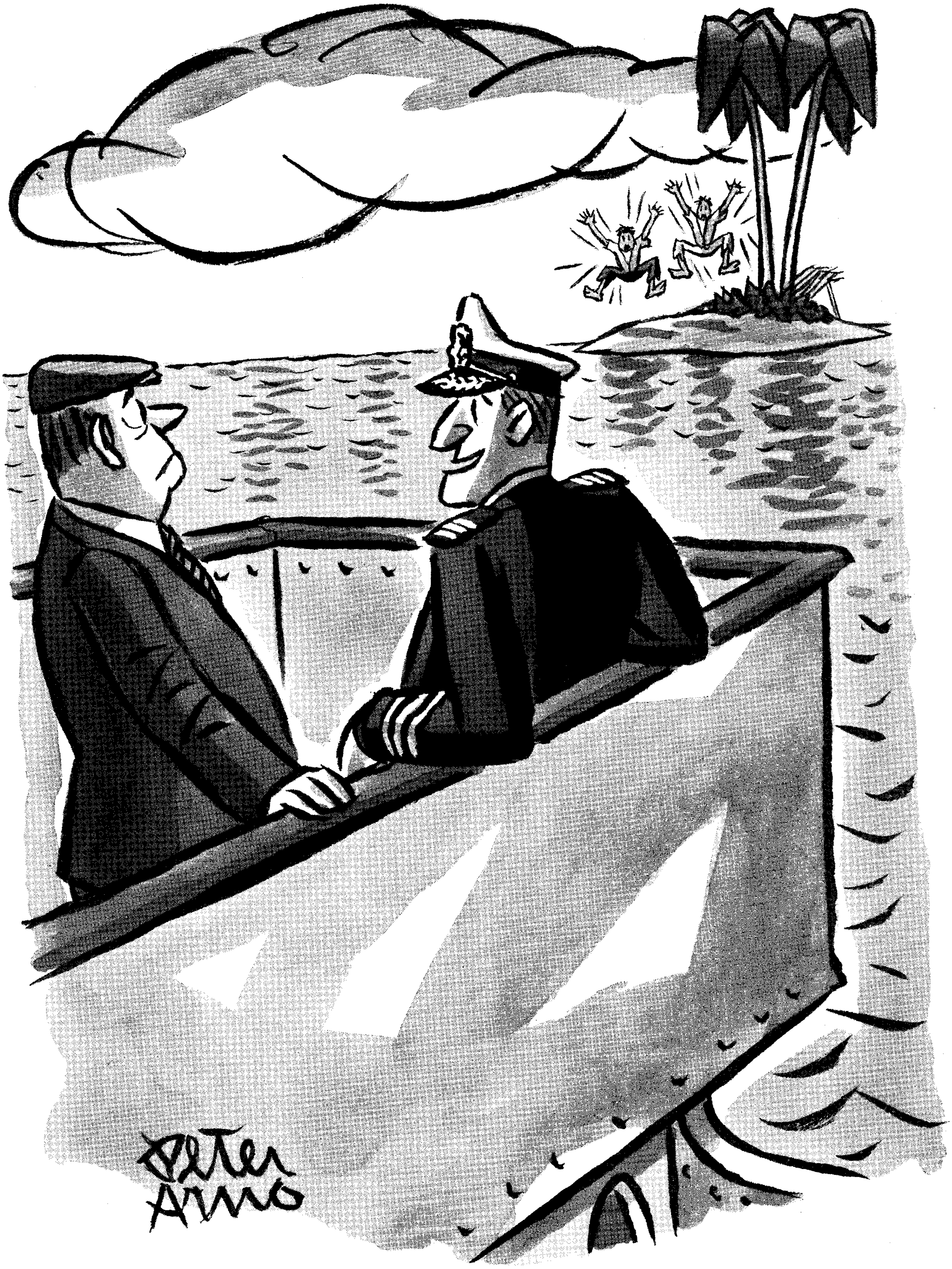
Not all oldies are old. "It isn't just age that makes you old," said nineteen-year-old Furman Spurrier, a member of the Fullerton, California, chapter of the John Birch Society. "It's thinking old. I think old, so *I'm* an oldie." Many less tolerant young people, however, are worried about an increasing trend among oldies to "drop in." This takes the form of an endless round of activities—square dancing, bingo, checkers, lawn bowling, Tanner tours to studios, Wallace-for-President rallies, and so forth. As one youngster put it, "Dropping in is essentially unhealthy and self-defeating. It doesn't give you any time to—well, drop out. But try to tell them that! They just won't listen. They turn off their hearing aids."

Call them what you will—oldies, the Crabgrass Generation, the Plastic Hydrangea People—there is no doubt they are a force to be reckoned with today. —F. P. TULLIUS

●

I am provoked to these rather pedagogic expositions by a compact little book called "The Wit of Music," by Leslie Ayre, published by Leslie Frewin at 16s. Most times it is only a collection of jokes, not, of course, because Mr Ayre doesn't recognise wit when he comes upon it. Wit is not bandied about wholesale nowadays. It is the product or harvesting of a leisurely civilisation. Mr Ayre has not missed many of the best-known specimens of musicians' wit. He reproduces one of the finest of all. Alfred Einstein was an enthusiastic amateur violinist. He enjoyed playing violin and piano recitals at home, with Schnabel. One evening he got rather badly out of time. From the piano Schnabel grunted, "Alfred, can't you count?"—*Neville Cardus in the Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

Anyway, Schnabel never forgot a face.



"Couple of kooks, I guess. They carry on like that every time we pass here."

FOUR POEMS

FINGERNAIL SUNRISE

The salt wave sings
Before, beyond, and under time, and along the long sand falls,
Dinted with brilliant things
Coiled or broken, deaf to the wild birds' calls.

Pause and look down.
The flash we saw in the distance now becomes for us a shell,
Spun from the loom of waters to its own
Stillness and inward music; mark it, where it fell.

Stilled at the core
Of sky and water, skimmed by shag and oystercatchers flown,
Leaving the print of talons on the shore
Of daylight, and the shore of all that's known,

Thought ends in this.
A hundred footprints now arrive at this fine skin of horn
Divining daybreak here by artifice,
Fingernail sunrise, rifted sky reborn.

Should a man die,
Leaving a fingered skein, though never of this workmanship,
Certain and cold, and be outlasted by
Such art, who then might hear the speaking lip,

Unseen, confess,
"*Here, in the heart of color, in the tidewrack of the sea,*
This mask of mine, for winds to dry and waters to caress,
Shuts history out, till turned by its own key"?

The half is written,
Split like a shell, silvered with pearl, now death has overlaid it,
Secret, beautiful, and forgotten,
Mute, remembered alone by him who made it.

A DRY PROPHET

Except for the unreclaimed land
Of wild creatures, birds
And children, he had no planned
Conquest, no territorial dreams.
Cities he did not understand,
Or ways of indulgent thought;
So he picked wry themes,
And finding himself caught
In a cage of fury, he would pluck
The wires, not
For the lyric note struck
But to expose the plot
Of time he tenanted; words were cords
For flagellation, not strings.
How could it be otherwise?
It is in freedom the lark sings.
With his eye for wronged things,
Greed, hypocrisy, lies,
Bitterness fed his words.

Time smoldered in his eyes' furnace
Watching the corruption of days,
A dry prophet, observant—
While the hourglass ran—
Of every false direction
In which life moved.
Say of this man
He was sure in his affection
For the things he loved,
But did not commit his tongue to praise.
Excess of words galled
His instinct. Rather he called
Reticence a truer servant,
More likely to lead to grace.

To judge others
Is to judge ourselves; but he,
Alert to that law
Of merciless scrutiny,
Judged himself first, and saw
Clearly, in a landscape exposed to scorn,
The lines of life on his brothers'
Faces, and his own
Lineaments in theirs, melancholy
Marked there, lines of distress
Leading to judgment slowly,
Traced before he was born.

THE MANY-PEOPLED NIGHT

Calm of the sea, imagined rest—
Untrue to life, yet true to love.
How secretly, in every breast,
The moonlit waters move.

And who could have foretold this calm
When all was storm and rage before?
That hurricane which felled the palm
Has vanished from the shore.

One silhouette the low sun flings,
Printed against the darkening air:
A hawk, beneath whose quivering wings
The landscape is laid bare.

Now the hawk drops, the moon steals clear,
Brightening the waters far around.
Small fieldmice through the grass in fear
Scurry, exposed, to ground.

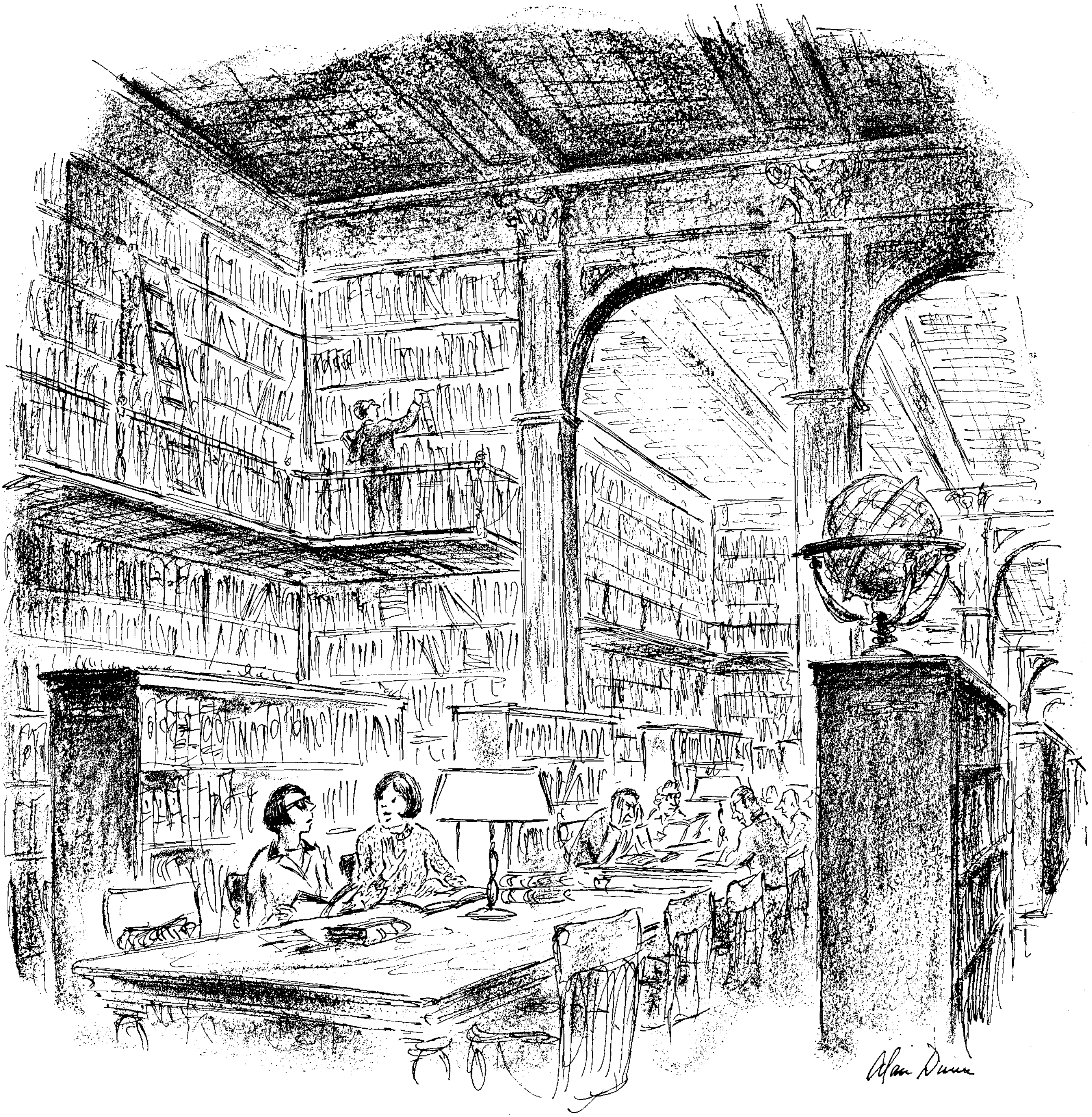
Cities and streets the body knows,
Hunter and hunted, hawk and prey.
The limbs interpret in repose
The strength and speed of day.

The athletic body spans the wave,
Braced on firm bones against the storm.
Its runner's mark is in the grave,
And passion gives it form.

Its fingered notes translate the word
The many-peopled night has known,
Low on the breathing waters heard
And locked in every stone.

How dense the inscribed night scroll, yet none
Can sound the fathoms where we lie.
So packed a score must be undone
To make the morning sky.

And dark, where lives and places drift,
Stretches away the midnight sea,



"*Really! What I don't know about history would fill a library!*"

• •

Patterned on lids we dare not lift
For losing what we see.

FISHERMAN

I learn, as my fingers mend the net, what none without nets can know.
The sun of that knowledge flickers within. It is not the knotting of cords;
It is not the silent pull on the net, the pull of the sea, when the flow
Carries the weight of an unknown tide, when the heart is laden with words.

How many tides have ebbed and flowed where pebble and broken shell
Shine in a tumbled spangle of weed! O little weights of the mind,
O little floats to carry me up in a moment none can foretell,
We are taken, each, by the task we choose, by the net our hands designed.

There are silver fish that flash before day, in the fragile moment of dawn.
I have seen them shiver before my eyes, then vanish before light shone.
I know the weight of unspoken words, of speech that cannot be drawn.
I crouch, and my life returns to the sea. It trembles, then it is gone.

—Vernon Watkins (1906-1967)

THE SETTING-IN OF WINTER

I

IT was the afternoon of October 27th, a Saturday, and Harvey Youman was raking up the late-autumn leaves on the lawn of his house on Piggott's Road, or at least he was trying to. Piggott's Road is on the outskirts of the town of Bolton, on the New York State side of the Berkshires; it is actually a sort of ridge—or sidehill—road, climbing fairly steeply along a long spur approaching the summit of Bolton Mountain (a climb that can be a menace to the motorist in winter) and with, most of the way, the ground dropping off so sharply on the eastern, or downhill, side that there is no room for houses on that part of it.

This, of course, guarantees an excellent view for people who are located on the western side of the road, and the Youmans had one such site in perfection; from their lawn or their front porch, they could look out, straight out, over a vista that literally overrode a twenty-mile-wide valley, profuse with woods, meadows, plowed fields and pastures, scattered barns and houses, church steeples, bridged-over streams, and glimpses of highways—all the attributes of a panorama that was closed off, eventually, or closed in, by the hilly highlands of the real Berkshires, an amiable rampart whose higher reaches were frost-tipped now but, Harvey knew, would soon be snow-topped.

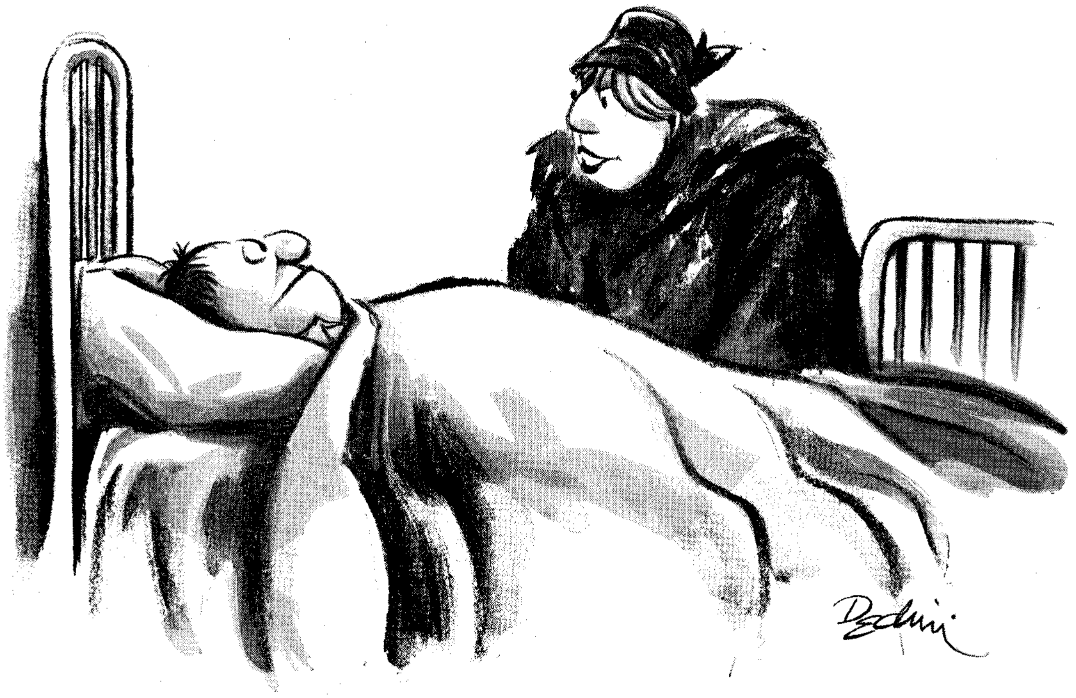
The location of the Youman home, though, is also the reason it seems better to say that Harvey was *trying* to rake up his leaves than that he was actually doing so. For if such a road presupposes a view, it also indicates a breeze, and Piggott's is no exception. There was one such in action spasmodically at the moment—a miniature squally affair that kept sending in gusts, as if in deliberate malice, just in time to plunder a pile that Harvey had methodically collected and send half the leaves in it swirling off where they had come from.

Youman went on raking and piling, however, partly out of stubbornness and partly because the work was mainly recreational. As a matter of fact, if he had wanted, he could have left the whole job for Freddie Lemoine to do. Freddie was a wiry little French Canadian of indeterminate age who lived over on the other side of Bolton and "worked out," as the local saying went, as a kind of general handyman for four or five families round about, the Youmans among them. Lean, lank-cheeked, almost gaunt of face and figure, but cheerfully, twinklingly so, he was—or so Harvey always maintained—intrinsically one of the most intelligent men Harvey had ever encountered, and he was also one of the most superlatively undependable. He would promise you a "day," but you could never count on it; all you could truly count on was that he would turn up sometime that week or the week following—black-eyed, black-haired, startlingly black-stubble-bearded against a white, white skin—pouring out unapologetically a flood of reasons why he had been delayed. It had been the Catantos, who had needed him to clean up after the carpenters working on their siding. Or the Hustons. Or the Blounts, or the Taitts, with some extra demands or other.

The Youmans knew the last three couples. Ralph Huston was a former dean of freshmen at an upstate college, Batavia; Ted Blount was a free-lance writer; and the Barclay Taitts were merely rich, and on inquiry it would like as not turn out that they had been waiting on Freddie's arrival too. But there was no use bothering about it and certainly no use catechizing him. Freddie probably had gone off visiting some relatives he had in Massachusetts, or had simply holed in for a few days, reading—which he often did—and in any case there was nothing you could do about it. You had to take Freddie as he was, and Harvey Youman, for one, was quite ready to do so.

Harvey was a shortish man, squat and solidly built, in his forties now. He was a musician—a composer, indeed, or he had started as one, studying piano as well as harmony and counterpoint under Arthur Hague at the Yale Music School; he had even had hopes of becoming a concert pianist. But he had never had money enough, or the determination, either, to see the thing through, and meanwhile he had drifted into working as an accompanist (which he detested), then briefly—and married by now—into teaching at Juilliard, and now, finally, as a musicologist and arranger at WMBC in New York. Though he couldn't help feeling that his career had been a series of frustrations and failed hopes, and he woke at times in the mornings in a mood of deepest, but always concealed, melancholy, he could not deny, even to himself, that the present job, which he had every reason to believe would be permanent, was extremely congenial to him; for one thing—and a great thing it was too—it left him free for long weekends in the country, and the kind of puttering, outdoorsy chores of which the leaf-raking was an example.

But why are we spending so much time over Harvey Youman, who, apart from the fairly unimportant fact that he was one of Freddie Lemoine's employers, hardly figures in



"George, you must stop resisting the antibiotics."

"Mr. Baum—Mr. Peck. I feel you two have a lot in common."

our story at all? Is it, possibly, because there is a pleasant sort of simple symbolism about him as we see him raking his leaves, and watching them blow away, quite uncomplainingly on the lawn in front of his house on Piggott's Road, in the sunset?

And what a sunset! Or the afterglow, really. . . . Because of the way the land lay, rising steeply to the ridge at the west, dropping off across the valley in the opposite direction, what one frequently saw was a kind of false sunset, reflected in the eastern sky: the reds fading into pinks and the pinks into yellows, and all ribboning, wavering, as the cloud masses lolling along the horizon received them, and all only mirroring the true sunset, already vanishing behind the hills to the west. For some sly, small reason of his own, never analyzed, Harvey enjoyed those false sunsets almost more than he did the real ones.

"Bunny, darling," Harvey heard his wife calling to him. His middle name was Bunts, which had somehow turned into the diminutive in childhood. "Hadn't you better stop all that?"

He heard her, but he didn't answer at once. His wife, Tot, had appeared on the porch, and was looking down at him amusedly. Tot was darker than he (black hair, nearly black-pupiled eyes, white skin—a true brunette), and the prettiest woman in the whole town, county, and state, he thought. Smartest too, he admitted, and inclined at times to make a point of it. All the same, he adored her.

"You must realize you're getting nowhere fast, don't you, darling?" she asked tolerantly. Tot was used to his deliberate way of answering. "With this wind? And we're due at the Hustons' at five-thirty, you know. And they're the kind of people who mean it."

"I know," Harvey said in his mind. But he didn't say it aloud just yet. Partly this was due to a mild streak of stubbornness that he had, but mainly it was because he had been woolgathering, beguiled by the rhythm of raking—so far lost in it that he found it difficult, now, to recall what he *had* been thinking of, if only to dismiss it from his mind. Had it been something about names?

"I know," he did say vaguely, some seconds later, looking up at her and straightening—knowing, too, that straightening his back after all that bending would hurt. It did. "Lovely sky, though, isn't it? But you're right. I am certainly getting nowhere this way. What I've got to do is get out the power mower and mulch these leaves. They'll stay put better and be better for the lawn too, next spring."

"But not now, though, honey! Not now!"

"Good God, no. I wouldn't think of it! Little Freddie is the only one who can make the damned thing run, in the first place. And, incidentally, where is Freddie, anyway? Wasn't he supposed to come here and work, today?"

This was the afternoon of October 27th, a Saturday, and it was true that Freddie, Freddie Lemoine, the spry, wry, wiry little French Canadian (but there, I have already described him), had been due, in the ordinary course of events, at the Youmans' place that day. It was to be some time before Harvey learned what had prevented him. All he said now, though, was "I hope nothing has happened to him."

"Oh, honey, what could? You just hurry up and put away those tools, and go in and get ready for the Hustons."

"Well, Freddie's getting pretty old, you know."

"Yes, but still . . ."

NEXT day, October 28th, a Sunday: "I happen to know how old Freddie is, you know."

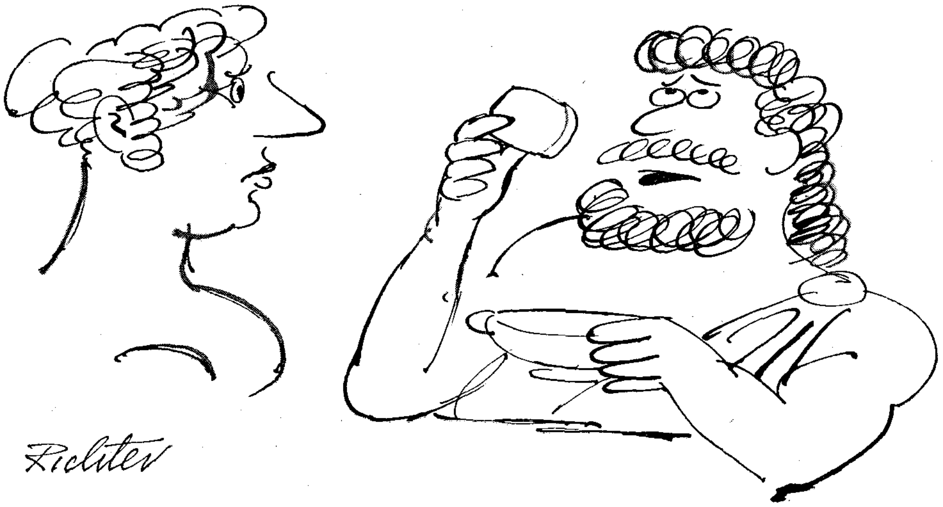
Bert Whitten and Ted Blount. Ted now speaking: "You do?"

"Yes, I do, and it came about in a curious fashion." Bert was New Hampshire-born, and he still had a slight Down East twang in his voice. He spoke, too, with confidence, for he had seniority. He was one of the oldest "outside" residents in Bolton, having had a summer place there for over twenty years. "This was away back—oh, about eight or nine years ago, so I expect I know only approximately. But in those days Freddie lived in a little house on the Pisanos' farm, a made-over outbuilding of some sort, really, made over but still pretty tumbledown. But since the Pisanos fronted on the East Trumbull Road, it was considerably more accessible than that hideaway he has now, and I used often to drive over to get him and then drive him home again, stopping at the store for him to do his shopping on the way too. I had more *time* then, somehow.

"And even then I thought of him as old . . . well, anyway, one time we got to talking about Social Security? And you know how Freddie has a way—I suppose it's his French-Canadian, sort of Gallic way—of tailoring his opinions, his expressed opinions anyway, to yours? It's a way of feeling you out, I think, with that alert little mind of his busy working in the background. And the way he has of raising his voice and sort of thickening it, almost to a shout, in emphasis?

"Well, he did that now, shouting that he wouldn't take that government money, whatever. They couldn't buy *his* votes that way, and *you* know, and so on. . . . And I remember telling him that if he'd been listening to some of the old reactionaries around here, he had better be assured that for all their ranting they were nonetheless milking the government for every cent they could. 'It's your money, Freddie,' I remember telling him. 'You've paid for it, in taxes and all sorts of things.' And I asked him, 'Are you eligible?' And at that, and looking a mite shamefaced about it, he told me he'd been eligible for well over a year.

"So if he was sixty-six or seven at



"It's good ambrosia, but it's not great ambrosia."

• •

that time, it would make him about seventy-five or so now."

Ted Blount: "My Lord, think of it! And still working!"

"Still working. But I've noticed he paces himself more than he used to in the amount of work he does. Which makes me think he must finally have put in for it, after all. What I said may have figured as just the assurance he wanted, and if so he may now be taking care to space out his work—enough so he doesn't earn more than whatever is the maximum specified."

"Well, I must say he deserves it."

"You can say that again."

"Well, I must say he deserves it."

"Ted, you want to know something? You're a regular card. But I do wonder a bit about the old codger, when he disappears for so long. Trouble is, once you drive *in* to his place there's nowhere to turn around for miles."

OCTOBER 26th, a Friday: "Oh, I wouldn't worry about him. He's probably gone off somewhere on one of those little excursions of his, doesn't he have some relatives over near Boston somewhere? You know what a fanatic he is about the Boston Red Sox. If he doesn't turn up next week, though . . . "

"He'll turn up, don't worry. Anyway, this time of year, there isn't anything much for him to do that can't wait."

(Meantime, can I fit Barclay Taitt's dream in here? No, I guess it had best come later. But Barclay Taitt and his wife were one of the happiest couples in the community of Bolton. They had unlimited amounts of money, of course, and an adored son, Richie; Wiley and Barbara Shoup had neither, yet the Shoups were happy too. Just the same, the dream should come later, if at all.)

A FRIDAY again: To Frank Packard, arriving at Bolton on the train was always a matter of mixed but vivid impressions. It brought a strange, disturbing feeling of dislocation in space and time. There they'd been, on the train, rocking along for the last hour or so, ticking off the stations one by one—Tyre, Gardner's Falls, West Loring, Bridgeton—each a darkening huddle of houses, silent, and the darkness pricked by the off-and-on, off-and-on, off-and-on of the crossing light by the station, and the silence interrupted by the crossing-light bell, the scene lit capriciously by the headlights of the lined-up cars at the crossing. At each stop, a few people had dropped off—six, ten, four, a dozen—and had fanned off to the waiting cars.

Inside, as the train's population dropped, the atmosphere, in the yellow illumination of the old-fashioned light bulbs, grew cozier. The trainmen, by now, with the end of the line approaching, had stashed away, somewhere, their uniform jackets and visored caps; they had changed into mufti, so to speak—sheepskin coats or overcoats, earflapped caps or plain fedoras. Previously, in their kindness, they had moved all luggage up to the front car, the smoking car, the only one accessible to the short platform at East Bolton, the terminus, and there they sat, and everyone else sat, in the warm yellowish light, rocking, rocking along. . . . It was cozy.

So, by contrast, arrival—Frank's own arrival, his own turn to plunge into the blinking and clanging, the headlights spotting the darkness and the darkness receding—was all confusion. For a moment, standing in the car vestibule, looking out over the small huddle of half-distinguishable figures scattered in the scatteredly lit darkness, looking for his wife, his dear wife, Suzy, he had a feeling almost of panic; he couldn't find her, he couldn't find her! She just wasn't there!

Then he saw her thrusting toward him. Old John Cicotte, the conductor, standing at the foot of the steps waiting for him, saw her too. "Well," said John. "Got *your* transportation, anyway, haven't you?"

"Oh, that girl of mine, she's Old Faithful itself," Frank Packard said. "Never misses. Can we give you a lift, though, John?"

"No, my son's home on leave, he'll come over to get me. Thanks anyway."

Up ahead, the diesel had already disconnected, and, with a sudden staccato from the exhaust, moved off. A donkey engine, Frank knew, would haul the cars off to a siding.

AND, same time, same day, same station, but a little later, we have Tod Broderick sitting at the bar of the Candee House, East Bolton's better hotel and drinking parlor, and thinking. The saloon, Tod was thinking—the goddam wonderful, wonderful privacy of it. The peace. Poor man's club, people called it, but the sons of bitches were wrong if they thought that meant a place for hell-raising or even for easy-going get-togethers. It could, of course, it could mean that, at times. But what it *really* meant was that in a bar, as in any goddam regular decent club, a man was free to sit in company but alone. And by God that was the secret of it. *In company but alone.* Alone with himself and his thoughts. As he, Tod himself, Tod Broderick, was sitting now, a man whose wife for the third time in hardly more than that many weeks had been late in arriving to pick him up at the station.

The Candee House was just across from the railroad station, and Tod could see that even the station now was dark. Tod sat, a man agreeably alone with himself. With, as silent company, a man wearing a red hunter's cap and one of those big new poster-sized hunting licenses pinned to the back of his mackinaw on his left, drinking beer, and another a little way down from him on his right—large, portly, with overcoat and hat on, drinking rye with a beer chaser. No one saying anything to anyone at all.

"Each man an ilande, complete unto itself"—or was that right? Or did it matter? Just as Tod finished his drink, a Scotch Old-Fashioned, and pushed the glass wordlessly toward the bartender, Percy Simmons, who had been polishing tumblers (just, too, as a man came busting in, a man Tod had never seen before, crying, "Got your deer yet, Tracy?"—apparently to the man in the hunting cap, who said, "No," a circumstance that would confuse anyone, drunk or sober, and Tod was sure he was not drunk. Not yet anyway, even counting the drinks on the train)—just then he saw the headlights of a car whirl into the station parking rank and stop.

Miriam, almost certainly. Late again. For the sixth time at least, in no time at all. So. Let her wait for a while herself. Or look around a little, do her good. For his own part, he was sick and tired of standing on that cold platform, waiting for her.

Tod and Miriam Broderick, unlike the Shoups and the Taitts and the Youmans, among other Bolton families, were not entirely happy together.

"Got your deer yet, Miles?"

"Nope, darn it."

"I mean the *legal* one."

"Neither one, damn it. . . . *Hey!* What you talkin' about, anyway?"

II

MEANWHILE, as day followed day and the year moved slowly, irrevocably, grandly, and, in its crowded assemblage of mixed destinies and destinations, as imposingly as an ocean liner toward the cold, the snows, the darkness of winter, there were and would be the voices, some unheard and some heard, some spoken and some unspoken, sometimes interweaving or overlapping, threading the period.

"Have you ever thought, a tree is a community?"

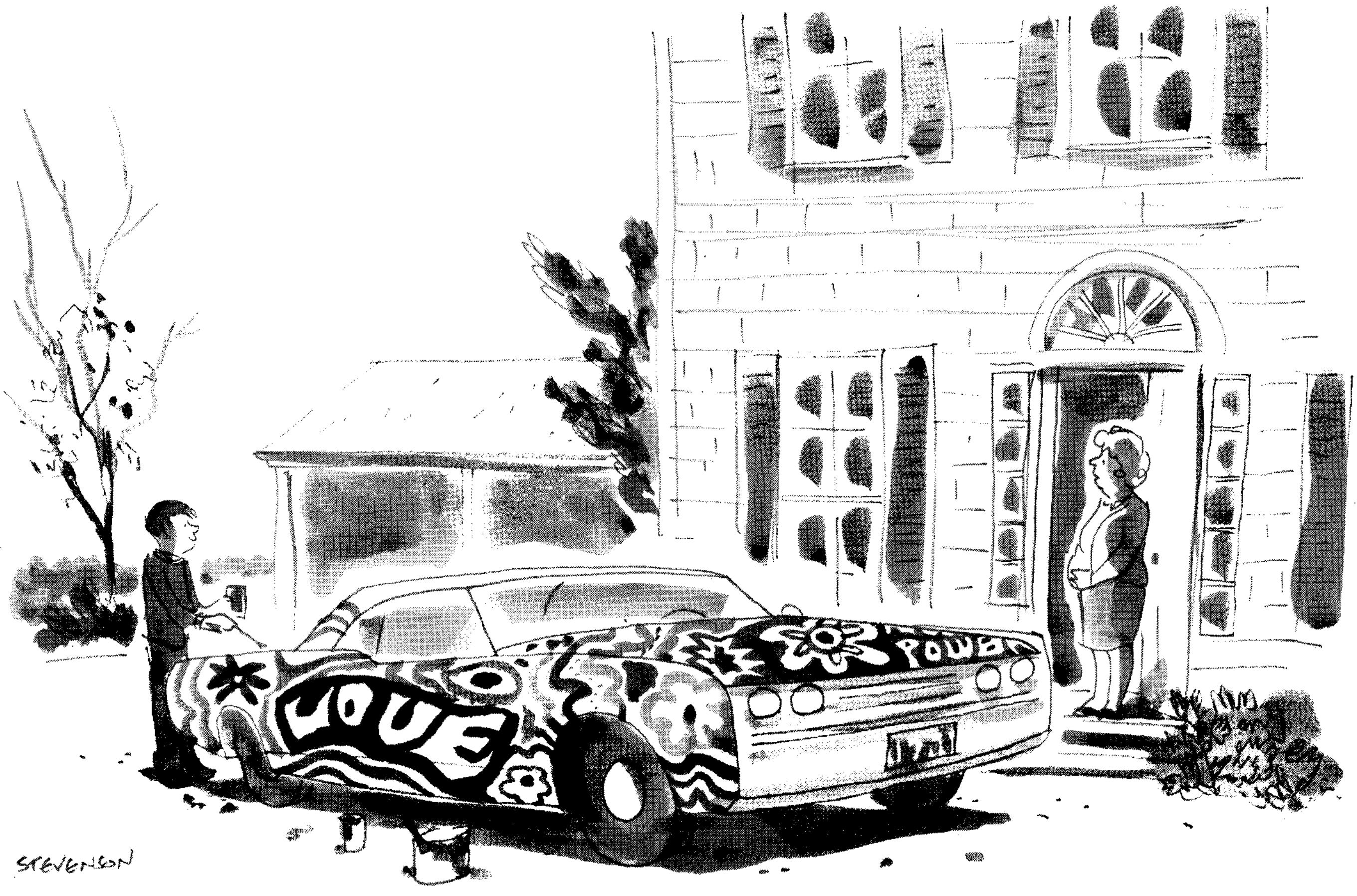
A mild afternoon, and Ralph Huston speaking. Huston, from his deanish, donnish days at Batavia, retains a measured, mellifluous voice. Though he is speaking only to his neighbor, Harry Pond (we're not counting Huston's wife, Trudie, who has heard all this before), he speaks, now, as if he were addressing a small but select gathering of ladies' club members.

"It's a minor conceit of mine, if you will, and of course it's especially evident in the summer, when the leafage is full and one sees the, so to speak, traffic along the branches, moving this way and that as the wind blows, and the thrusting, the great communal thrusting out toward the outskirts, the suburbs . . ." Here he pauses and smiles benignly at Pond. Aren't you lucky to be hearing this, the smile seems to imply. "The suburbs, where the growth is. There are no vacant lots in a good growing tree.

"But just recently it occurred to me—" But shall we bother with Ralph Huston, or shall we shove him along till later? He means well, surely. But he *is* a bore. Even Harry Pond, listening resignedly, finds himself saying resignedly (but to himself alone, of course, and tolerantly), "Oh, you windy old bastard, you!" Harry, though, has his own private reasons for putting up with Huston.

They are interrupted almost immediately, anyway, by Huston's wife, Trudie, coming in with a tray of Martinis and some hors d'oeuvres. Trudie, much younger than her husband, has a way of entering and exiting not laughing but talking. "I'll tell you the rest when I get back. You'll just *love* it!" she'd say as she went out of the room on some errand. Or, as now: "The *funniest* thing at the store this afternoon. I *must* tell you. You know what a *regular* Malaprop Sally Hirsch is? Well, today she just about out*did* herself! I was at the store, and . . ." The two men, Ralph Huston mildly disconcerted at the interruption of the discourse, turn their heads expectantly.

It had been in Ed Buckley's General Store, Johnny Buckley, Ed's son, speaking. "Well . . ." he said. The sky was overcast and the air was still but frigid; it seemed that somehow, implacably yet impersonally—as if part of some general design, one involving the



"It's nice, dear, but shouldn't you have asked Daddy, since it's his car?"

world, perhaps even the universe—the air chilled earlier, day by day, in the afternoons. "Won't be long till winter's here, I guess, will it?"

Certainly he wasn't prepared for the outburst—"Don't *say* that, Johnny!" from Sally Hirsch.

"Johnny was so taken aback that he almost dropped a carton of eggs he was sliding into Sally's bag," Trudie said. "And darlings, he just *gaped* at her. It was all so obvious that even Sally noticed, and tried to fix things up by telling him he couldn't do anything about the weather anyway, could he, and anyway she'd been so *worried* about oil change, and antifreeze and storm windows and so on. . . . So it might have been all right, but just then, *just* as she was hoisting her bag of groceries, ready to leave, d'you know what she said? It was *price*less. I knew she meant it to tide things over, and she was fussed, of course.

"But she said it in that grand way of hers and, well, it was priceless. If Gert Spine hadn't come in just then . . . Well, *anyway*, what she said was 'I just *love* the *smell* in here!' And sailed out, with her bag of groceries. I knew what she meant—the nice country-store smell. But you should have seen the looks. And if Gert Spine hadn't come in at that moment, I'm sure something would have been said. But, of course, Gert is the prettiest thing for miles around, and everyone just forgot about everything else just looking at her.

"The wonderful thing about Gert Spine is that she doesn't realize how beautiful she is," Trudie added.

But at this her husband objected: "By the time a girl reaches her late teens—and how old is Gertrude, sixteen, eighteen?—and no matter how small or backward the place she lives in, if she's attractive, she knows it. Agreed, Harry?"

"Oh, indeed," said Harry, playing along. Trudie's Martinis were magnificent, and he risked a wink at her to tell her so. Ralph, though, was totally unobservant.

WE have night talk: Two men, faceless, nameless, mere silhouettes and voices, pacing a gravelled path in the village, and the evening just pleasantly cool, for a change (the first sharp cold snap had lifted), and bountifully starry.

"You know, this is the time of year, each year, when I have to unlearn the big summer stars and constellations: that great triangle, led by Vega, and then Deneb and Altair, preceded by Arcturus (which always sounds wintry, but there it is, large as life), and away off there on the horizon, to the south, Antares in Scorpio . . . You can't see it from here," he broke off to say, as his companion turned to look. "It's too far down. But you can from our house. We're on a little hill. But—"

"I didn't know—" said the other, but the first man was going on. Quietly, in the cool of the evening. "But now I have to unlearn all that and brush up on the winter, with Andromeda, Pegasus, and Cassiopeia, all high in the sky, and Castor and Pollux, and, of course, that most beautiful star, Capella, in Auriga— What were you saying, Barry?"

"Oh, nothing, really. Just that I didn't know you were so up on astronomy, Harper."

"Oh, I'm not, I'm not! But you can't live in the country for very long, or at least I found I couldn't, without getting interested. There are more winter stars, it always seems to me, than summer, or more, anyway, that attract your attention. Procyon, coming up a little later. And of course, dominating everything, our old friend Orion, the belted warrior, dominated, himself, by Rigel and Betelgeuse. Oh, I don't know. Sometimes I wonder . . ."

Two men, walking in a late-fall evening, but in weather suddenly grown beneficent, one—the one speaking—with a curiously crackling voice. Walking, now, past the white picket fence and the willows lolloping over it screening the Taitts' house, where the downstairs windows are only scatteredly lighted and it is upstairs mainly that the lights are on. The Taitts, clearly, are already heading for bed.

. . . Two men, still strolling, moving on out of shadow and into light, into moonlight striking across the open area beyond the Taitts', and becoming ice-white silhouettes instead of dark ones, but still unidentifiable.

"I sometimes wonder." It is the same speaker, continuing. "What did the Arabs, or the Egyptians, think, or whoever (I suppose even the Eskimos may have been in on it, anyone living in open country, the Navajos), when they discovered that the great constellations, the Dipper first of all, of course, but also the others, had a—what would you call it? A fixity, a permanent pattern?

"By God—well, I mean . . . I mean, wouldn't it have suddenly made them feel that there was a lot beyond Earth? That there was a universe?"

They are down now past the old tavern, or the once-was tavern, Fronts' Tavern, dating back to 1807, but long since a residence where Arthur and Thelma Gruening live—dark now except (again) for the upstairs windows, and soon to be the site of the Gruenings' annual fall party. But a car goes past, an old Buick, sputtering, making the voices for the moment indistinguishable, and in any case distance is making everything fainter, more fragmentary.

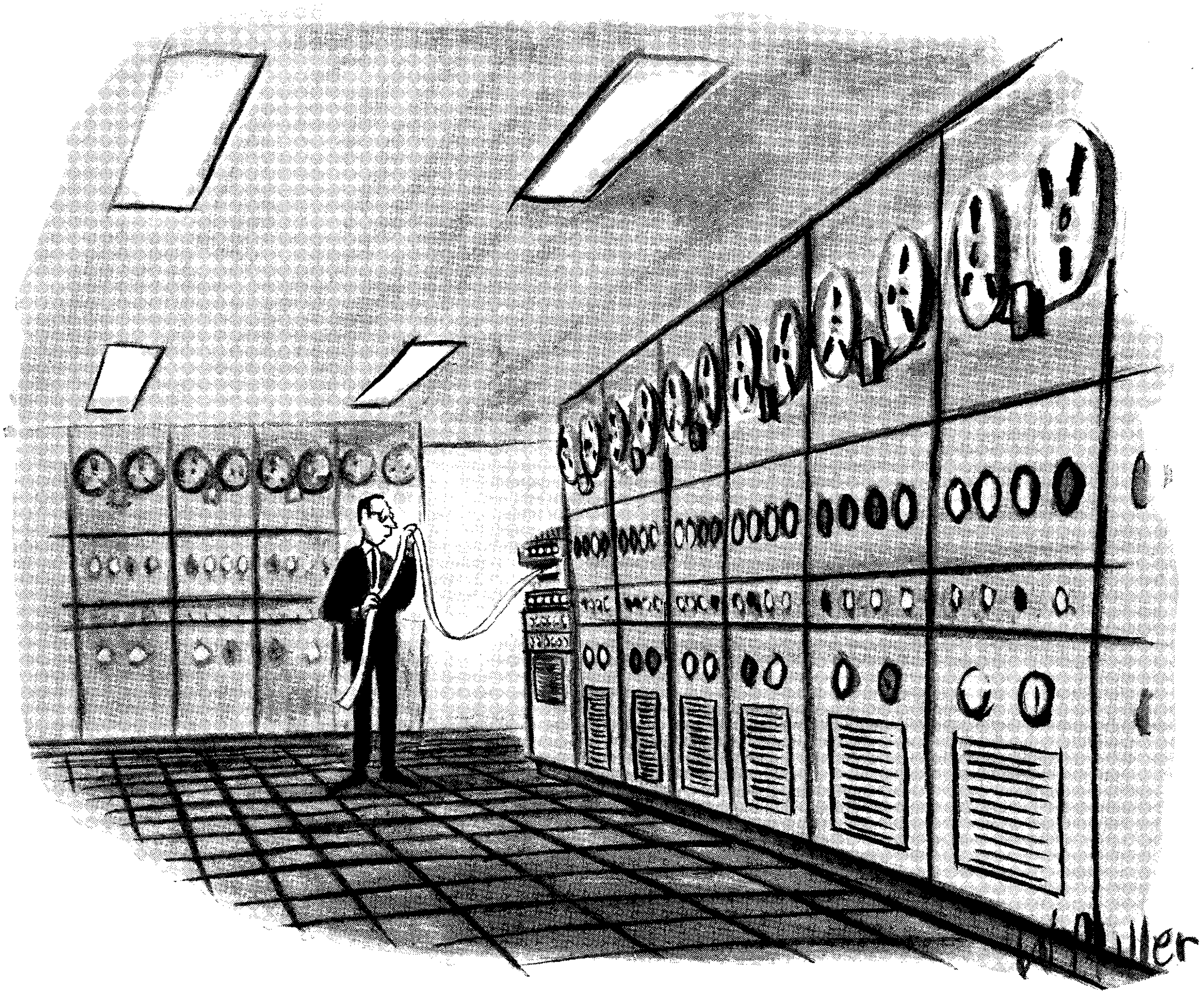
". . . give my eyeteeth for a telescope. But they cost anywhere from around seven hundred and fifty up, the decent ones, and can you imagine what Frederika would say to that?"

They move on, out of hearing now. But we have learned a little bit about them. One, the shorter, is named Barry—surely a first name. The other, the astronomy-minded one, is Harper, and in his case it is harder to determine whether this is a given or a family name. His wife, anyway, is Frederika. . . . But by now they are out of our sight, or almost so—a mere flicker of movement under the moon patterns, and the patterns translated (like film negatives to film prints, black to white, white to black) by the branches of the old, old maples lining the roadway. We still haven't seen their faces.

WE have Barbara Shoup (this would have been around November 1st) standing in the kitchen in her fuzzy blue-and-white bathrobe after seeing Wiley off in the morning, and she has just coined a phrase.

Leaving, Wiley had dipped up a trowelful of birdseed from the crock on the porch and dumped it in the feeder. And now, after a skirmish with the outpowered chickadees, the blue jays—as one might know!—had taken over. To be sure, it was a matter easily taken care of. The jays, despite their size, were timorous; all Barbara had to do was to bang on the window—and she did—and the jays, in an explosion of wings and a wild fanning out of blue tail feathers, were off, to take perch in the spruce tree nearby to await another chance. But the blue jays, handsome as they were, were so *greedy*, so *omnivorous;* they made Barbara mad, so mad that, just standing there alone in the kitchen, she yelled at them. "Go away! Go away!" she yelled. "I know you! You're just a bunch of blue crows, that's all you are! And as greedy as crows too, damn you!"

Then, hearing herself, she couldn't help laughing. "Blue crows, indeed!"



". . . and—boost—your—departmental—output—or—you—will—keep—Christmas—by—losing—your—situation."

• •

Well, it was true, of course, genealogically, or whatever you called it. But she'd have to save it and use it sometime—with plenty of indignation in her voice too—when Wiley was there. The Shoups, unlike the Brodericks, among others, were a happy couple, and it gave Barbara a warm feeling, standing alone in the kitchen with a second cup of coffee heating on the stove, to think how Wiley would laugh when she said it. "Blue crows, indeed!"

III

BUT still, the dying year, dying inexorably (not slain, dying of its own volition, or the lack of it—*"If she only had the will to live," the old family doctor says despairingly*—but now dying). Calmly, dying by a cession of will, a closing-off even of the will to survive, or perhaps a silly-ninny-like hope that everything will turn out all right in the end: there will be a last-minute reversal, a resurrection, a renewal, things are bound to get better later on? But all of this halfhearted, aimless; and still, dying the year: the leaves fallen, the grass browned, shrubs shrivelled; the rigors of frost, of freezing, of hail, snow, blizzardy winds and snow—these in the offing and edging nearer. *Darkness* talked about now: "You know, now when Doris gets home in the school bus it's practically night! And even darker when she leaves in the morning."

Or, darkness again: "But you know, it's kind of like a tide, the way it washes down on you as you come up on the train. First, darkening only when you get to Brewster, and then at Katonah, then as far back as Yonkers. And then, finally, pitch dark even when you're leaving Grand Central itself. . . ."

"Right. Right. So right!" A brisk, Madison Avenue voice, this one.

"And then, of course, come spring, the tide washes back. But, have you noticed, it isn't till around mid-January that you notice it?"

"Oh, right! But—how about a freshener for that drink?"

COLD: "I had to get one of the Winkler boys to come out from the garage to start the car this morning. You know, we have one of those recording thermometers, and it showed twenty-two degrees for the lowest, last night. Of course, the battery was low too."

DEATH: "Well, you know, I sometimes wonder . . . They say there are people who are accident-prone, and I wonder if there aren't people who are accidentee-prone too? Aren't there people who have a fatal tendency to get run into? You know, like that young fellow who was hit by a truck on that curve over by the Riccios'—it was so sad too, he was new here—and was killed? Did you know he'd been in two

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“I understand you guys are set up to find out what my bag is.”

• •

or three accidents before that? And never once his fault? What *was* his name? He was new here, anyway.”

Or, at the station, waiting for the evening train to come in: “Why, didn’t you know? He’s dead.”

“Dead! Damn it all, I knew I should have gone over there. When did he die?”

IV

AND so, we come back to Freddie Lemoine—and haven’t we delayed too long about him, who in a sense is the most important figure in our story? November 9th, now, again a Friday, and already people are talking about him—as they are doing now as they walk back and forth on the dimly lit station platform, and there are more cars lined up, waiting, more waiting people than usual at this time of year, for this is the weekend of the Gruenings’ annual party, celebrating Arthur Gruening’s birthday week, and since the Gruenings, in their gentle way, are very well liked, the affair has become something of a tradition. But still, Freddie . . .

“Dead!” Mrs. Gruening, Thelma Gruening herself, was exclaiming in her carrying, slightly Midwestern voice, farther up the platform. “Oh dear! Why didn’t I know? I mean, how awful! But he *was* old, wasn’t he?”

Basically one of the kindest of people, Thelma Gruening was a nervous hostess, and at the moment she was sensitive to every gust and current in the air that might affect the success of her party. “But I mean, I’d been planning to drive over and see if I could get him to clear up around the place before our party. But I never got around to it. What happened?”

The truth was, though Freddie had been dead for more than two weeks by now, no one in the valley really knew what had happened except Howie Piggott, and even Howie (having been even a little drunker than usual that evening) wasn’t entirely sure.

He was drunk for what seemed to him a very good reason. He had just served out a thirty-day sentence for disorderly conduct—reduced to nineteen for good behavior—at Bolton County Jail, and had been released, and he intended to let nothing stand in the way of a celebration. Another person might have taken a different view of the same situation. Howie lived in a truly tumbledown shanty well back in the woods and about half a mile up Greer Hill Road from where Freddie had his little cottage, and the shanty was so barren, so cheerless, so open to the weather, above all so filthy, that one might think he would have found the warmth, the relative comfort, and the regularity of food in the jailhouse a luxury by comparison. Howie didn’t. The shanty meant freedom. And—was it a minuscule remnant of ancestral pride, a thin thread leading back to his pioneer forebears?—even if it meant only freedom to drink as much as he could manage to get hold of without actually starving, and the chance that some day he might be found frozen to death there, it was enough to swing the balance in its favor.

It must be pointed out that although the two were neighbors, Freddie and Howie, they were utterly uncongenial ones. In fact, two less compatible personalities could scarcely be imagined. Freddie was small, quick-witted, quick-moving, and incorruptible; Howie—big, soft, flabby-faced, born for thievery and ripe for anything that promised a respite from labor—was stupid too, and, as a matter of fact, they ordinarily saw little of each other.

On the evening in question, though (that would have been the twenty-second of October, a Monday), things, in Howie’s view, were different. In the first place, there was that beery feeling of over-all felicity that had taken hold of him. (“Good old Freddie, he’s all right, even if he is a sourpuss,” he was telling himself. “He’s been nice to me, I’ll be nice to him.”) And he still had one quart, and a good part of another quart, of beer from the jail money the warden had given him, and he was perfectly willing to share them with good old Freddie if old Freddie was home.

And if he wasn’t, well, Howie figured he might browse a little, as he put it. Look around, see what food there was and help himself to a bite or two, see what Freddie had to drink. Freddie, it was vaguely in his mind, was French, or French-Canadian anyway, and the French drank brandy; there must be a bottle around somewhere. Freddie wouldn’t mind. Howie had not been up Greer Hill Road as far as his own place yet, and now that he was nearing it he wanted less and less to. Shut, stale-aired, freezing—for the night had turned cold—he knew how it would be. And it was too late—it was too late by now, far too late—to get a fire started, things going properly. He was hungry too, and though in one way Howie didn’t mind that (you got a lot more mileage out of six or seven beers on an empty stomach than on a full one), he still knew that tomorrow . . . Well, the hell with tomorrow, but tomorrow he would wake up ravenous.

So, out of all these fragments, a complete, pleasant, if euphoric, picture built up in his mind: Freddie home or Freddie absent, but anyway Freddie's cottage there, the door unlocked and the place surely already lighted, warm, friendly, and welcoming, with food got in and maybe already on the stove, cooking. As Howie started up the short path from the road to Freddie's little lean-to porch, it struck him that, if he worked it right, he might just, he might just spend the night at Freddie's, bed down on the floor, even, and open up his own place next morning. Sure, he knew that he and Freddie weren't exactly what you might call buddies. But even so, the little monkey wasn't *that* bad; if Howie knew Freddie, Freddie wasn't the kind that would send a man out this late to open up a house on a night as cold and dark as this one. No, sir! Not Freddie! What!

So Howie Piggott, last scion of one of the town's most sterling founders, was staggering up the little pathway, the woods dark all around, silent, cold, inhospitable, the air still too, as if frozen, the sky heavy with clouds. He was wearing the clothes he had worn into jail and had now come out with—a worn mackinaw over a brown work shirt, a knitted stocking cap, baggy brownish work pants, and a heavy pair of work shoes. All were wrong-size in one way or another, since all had been bought or traded for at junk and second-hand dealers. The mackinaw was scuffed with dirt on one side, for Howie had fallen once coming up the road, and now found himself spinning and falling again going up the pathway. No matter. What the hell, he just laughed at it; being drunk made him limber and more adaptable, and anyway, he hadn't spilled so much as a drop of the beer.

So he plunged up to the porch and faced up to the doorway. The lights were out, he noticed. But Howie figured that didn't prove anything. Freddie could be in there just the same, saving money on his light bill. Or he might be behind on his payments. It didn't matter. Howie would soon find out; if Freddie wasn't there, the hell with it, it didn't matter. If he was, Howie would rouse him. It didn't *matter!* So Howie banged on the door for a while. And he shouted, "Hey, there! Freddie! Freddie! Freddie Lemoine, you in there? 'S Howie, Howie f'm up the road, got some beer for the both of us."

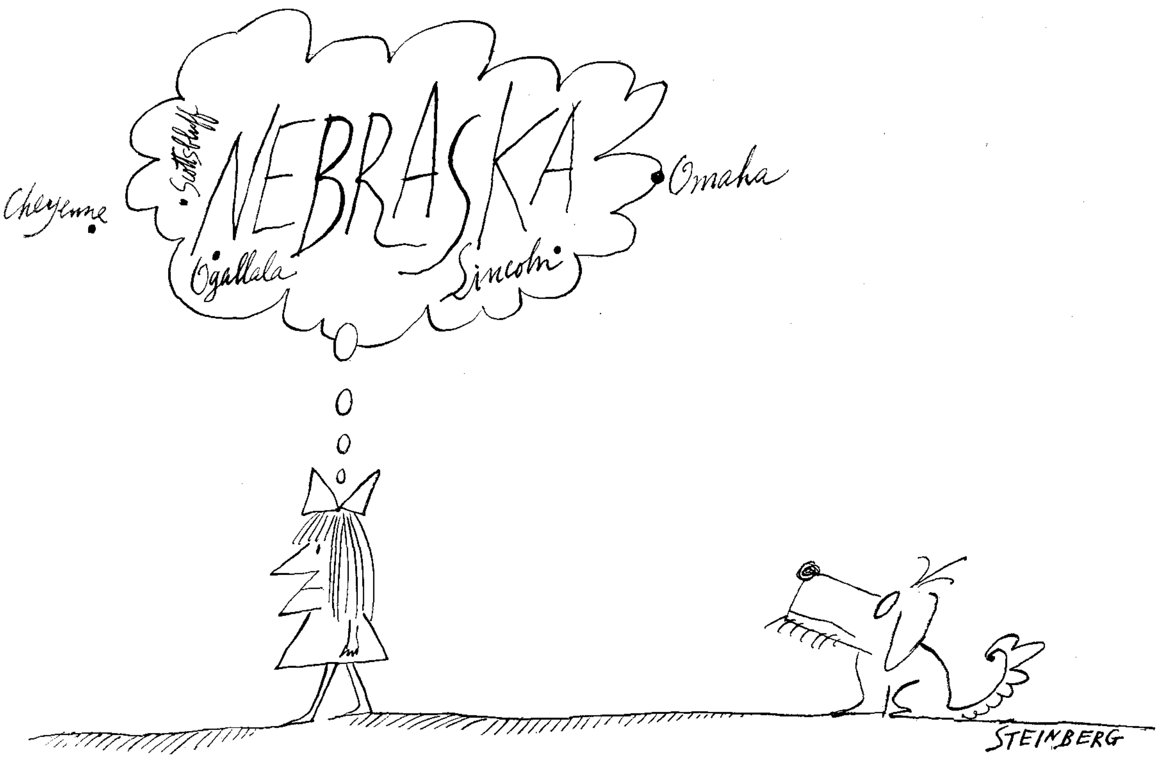
But though he banged and he shouted, out there in the dark, cold, forested night, he got no answer; when he tried the door handle he found, not entirely to his surprise—a man like Freddie, not having anything much to steal, wasn't always careful about locking up—that the door gave freely. With it opened, Howie still stood an instant in the doorway, warily. He had entered so many darkened houses, bent on thievery, that he knew how best to behave. "Freddie, you there? D'I wake you up?"

Still no answer, no sound. The room was warm—not as warm as it could have been, but not freezing; the air was stale, but no staler than might be expected of a one-room cabin closed against the frost. No sound.

Howie had been in Freddie's cabin a couple of times before, so although he was far from familiar with the interior, he still knew his way around a little. Dimly, he made out the light bulb hanging from the center of the ceiling, and, by swishing his hand around beneath it, he connected with the pull-cord dangling from it. He pulled that, and instantly the room took shape around him with such suddenness and harshness of illumination that it startled him.

What he saw was, from Howie's point of view, no more than a typical, if perhaps a trifle more than usually clean and comfortable, cabin for a bachelor—a neatly blanketed cot-bed along the left wall, its head in a corner opposite the door and at its foot a kind of shelf-like arrangement made of a length of plank that apparently served as washstand; on the wall next to the head of the bed on a piece of plank a row of nails with Freddie's overcoat, raincoat, hat, cap, and other oddments of clothing, including what was clearly his best suit, this on a hanger and enclosed in a plastic bag. Then a small refrigerator where he kept his food, and a kerosene stove where he cooked it; a straight-backed chair tucked under a table set against the right wall and equipped with a small portable radio; on it, too, were some pipes, ashtray, and so on, a plate, cup and saucer, and beside the table-setting a small, handily fashioned, slanting stand, made of plywood, where Freddie could prop a book and read while he ate. Convenient to table, radio, and stove—in the midst of things generally—was a sag-cushioned, elderly, but still serviceable Morris chair, where Freddie himself, at the moment, was sitting.

From another point of view, there might have seemed something melancholy and pathetic about the room, with the arrangement of furniture and other objects so clearly the result of a lifetime, or anyway of years, of solitary, inescapably humdrum, partially impoverished existence, in the course of which life had been whittled down to the simplest procedures—rising, washing, dressing, cooking, eating, reading—and



with the Morris chair placed at dead center, everything within reach of it, or nearly so, from the day's beginning to day's end.

Howie, though, didn't think of this, and with reason. For his eyes were fixed on Freddie, and it had come over him that Freddie, well, Freddie looked peculiar. He was sitting in the Morris chair, facing the door. And Freddie was in gray pants and a blue work shirt, but with a cap on, a peaked sort of logger's cap he often wore; he was sitting in the Morris chair, staring—probably, for one couldn't see his eyes under the shade of the peaked cap—he was staring fixedly at Howie. "Freddie!" Howie cried, but he knew already he was beyond his depth. There was a dribble of something like spittle hanging down from Freddie's dropped-open mouth to his chest. "Freddie, what in God's name—" Howie cried. But he knew already he was way beyond his depth, and he turned and ran for it.

HE did rescue the beer. But he forgot to turn off the light, and it was the deliveryman from Borden's, who, out of the goodness of his heart, used to drive up the rutted road once or twice a week to deliver a couple of quarts of milk, some eggs, a few loaves of bread, and so on, to Freddie—it was he who saw the light, looked in, and found the body. Mrs. Connery, who, with her husband, Milo, had a house down at the junction of Greer Hill and the county road, got in touch with the State Police, who took over from there.

They took care of such details as the summoning of a physician to certify Freddie's death (it appeared he had died of a heart attack; there was no autopsy) and the notifying of his relatives. And the relatives—a brother and sister-in-law, and a niece—came over from Longmeadow, Massachusetts, to arrange for the funeral and to attend it. It was held, decorously, at 11 A.M. in the little chapel of St. Joseph, a mile or so out from Bolton on the main road east, and the only one of Freddie's patrons, or employers, present was Joe (born Giulio) Catanto, whose presence was in part accidental.

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"Nineteen-sixteen! That's the year I was born!"

Joe Catanto was a salesman of leather sundries—a top one in his firm, whose district embraced most of southern New England. Dark-haired and dark-skinned, brown-eyed, and mobile of feature—all as befitted his Italian background—he was as prosperous as any, yet definitely not a member of the established group in Bolton. After all, one has to draw the line somewhere, and though people "knew" the Catantos, they never "saw" them. But, like many travelling men, Catanto when he was home devoted a great deal of time to developing and improving his house and property, and for this had been admired enormously by little Freddie, who had done a great deal of work for him, in his handyman sort of way.

So Catanto's presence at the funeral, accidental though it was, was greatly appreciated. Coming back from a selling trip in the Hartford area, he had stopped for gas at a station just down from the church, had seen the hearse and the small gathering and asked about it, and arrived just in time for the ceremony. Apart from Joe Catanto and the relatives, there were present only the Connerys and four professional pallbearers, two of whom

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dropped out to make room for Milo Connery and Joe Catanto, who was asked if he would serve, and of course accepted.

Afterward, he was thanked almost to excess by the relatives, dressed all in proper black, and all obviously hard-driven, hard-pressed people, for whom the trip from mid-Massachusetts had clearly been a considerable expense. “Oh! He talked so much about you, Mr. Catanto,” said the sister-in-law, pressing his hand and now almost in tears, while the others nodded solemnly. “Such a lovely house you must have. Fred talked so much about it. And the grounds!”

V

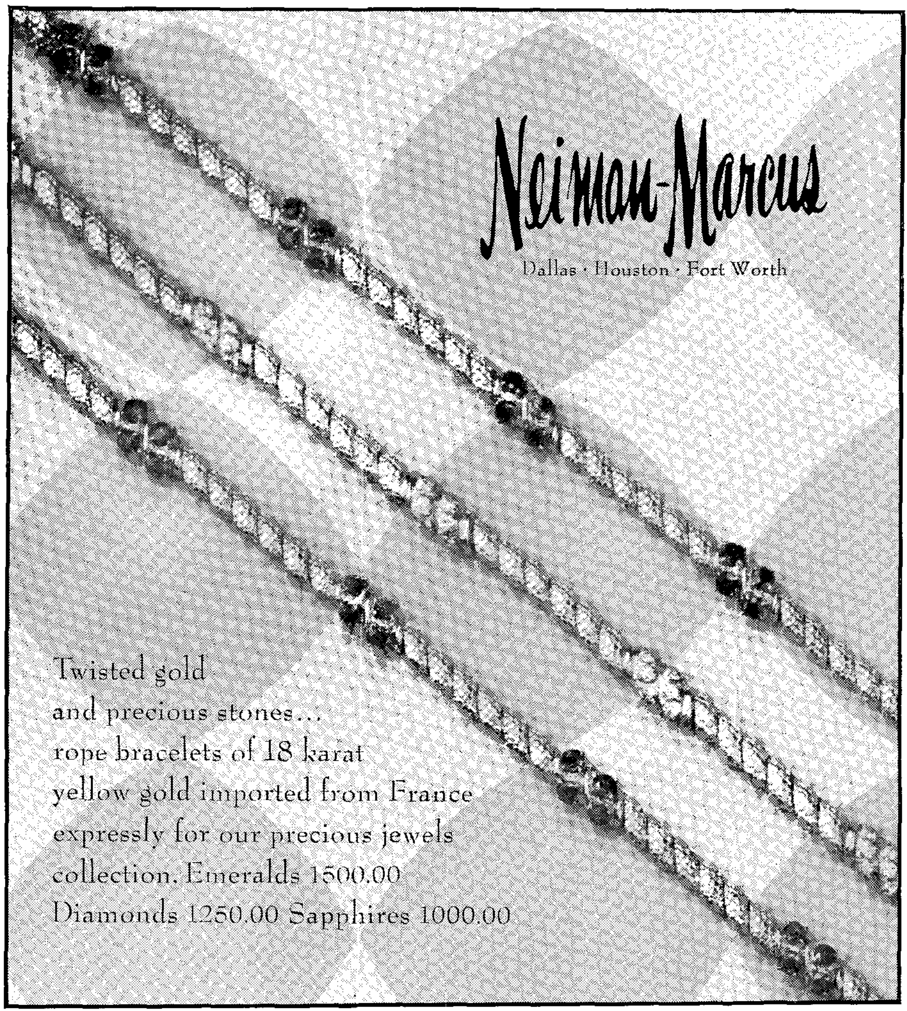
“We could look it up, of course. The Gruenings must have one of the big dictionaries around here.”

This was Ted Blount speaking, talking to Barclay Taitt, as they stood together by the fireplace of the Gruenings’ large living room, not far from the bar-and-buffet that had been set up in a corner.

“There he comes now.” Ted had just caught sight of Arthur Gruening’s head—tall-browed, blond-haired, the long face unvaryingly courtly in expression—emerging from the press of people standing by. “Hey, Artie! Have you got such a thing as an Oxford or the big Webster’s dictionary around here?”

But as Gruening’s figure fully emerged, they could see that he was already burdened with three Old-Fashioned glasses, as well as a clutch of cocktail napkins caught between his teeth, and all he could do was turn his head and nod in the direction of a smaller room off to one side. Blount, though, knowing the house, understood immediately. “I catch, pal. In the study, eh? O.K. We’ll find it.”

This was November 10th, by now about six-forty-five, and the Gruenings’ party was in full swing. It wasn’t as big a crowd as at some times, for snow had begun falling in midafternoon, and a few people, including—wouldn’t you know?—Sally Hirsch and husband, had been prudent. Not so many as Thelma in her pre-party nervousness had feared, though, and perhaps because of the snow it had got off to a good start. Traditionally, there was always a pre-Thanksgiving Day snowstorm in the valley, sometimes heavy but always fast-disappearing, and though this one was earlier than usual, it fitted the general description. True, its start, in the afternoon,



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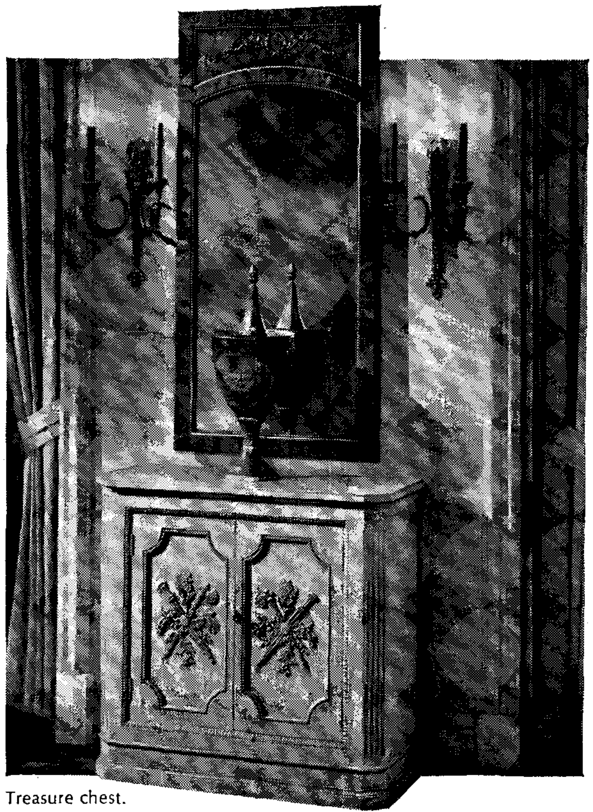

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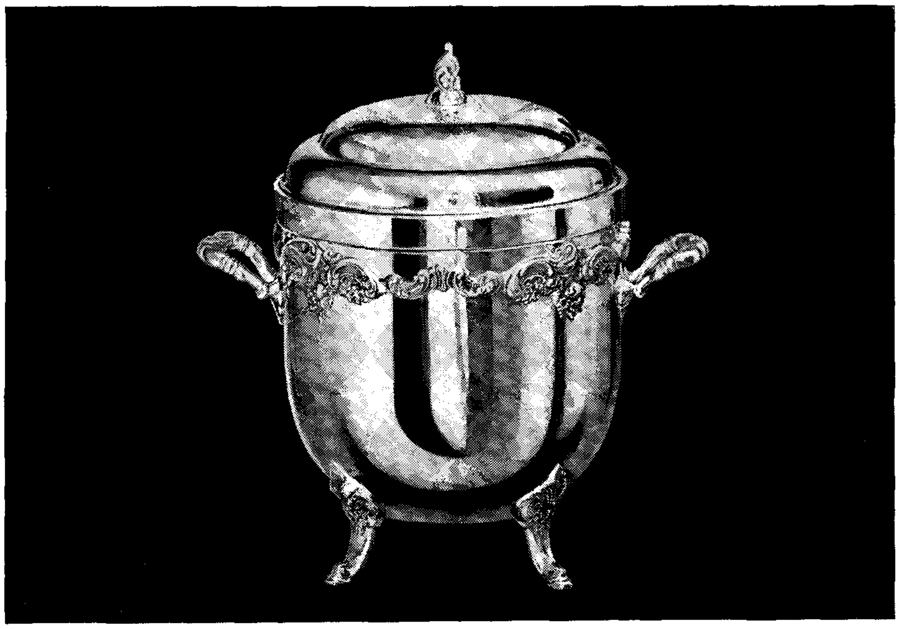

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had been inauspicious, for a storm beginning like that had a way of going on into nightfall and right on from there. But this storm, somehow, didn't seem ominous. There was nothing businesslike about it; instead, it showed a certain innocent eagerness as it swirled and spiralled, and in swirling and spiralling let itself be blown into small eccentric patterns, all unpredictable but, as they flowed through the glow of the Gruenings' house lights or the other lights seen here and there in the village—now beginning to look a bit Christmassy—totally charming. Clearly, it was a storm that had set out to rollick about and enjoy itself—one that meant no harm to anybody—and to most of the people at the party (those who stood by a window looking out at it as they talked, or who merely glanced out at it in passing) its main effect was to make the house and its shelteringness all the cozier.

The storm did have a few repercussions. For one: at a shifting of the light wind behind it, the snow began blowing into the one dark corner of the Gruenings' summer porch, where Trudie Huston and Harry Pond had gone for reasons that might have astonished her husband, Ralph, and driving them, after one last snow-sprinkled embrace ("Ah! Darling, we're silly!"), indoors. Ralph, though, didn't seem to notice as they passed him, hurrying in, although he was standing near the porch door; he was talking to rich old Mrs. Warent. (Trudie noticed in passing, not maliciously, either—he *was* a dear, in his way—the amazing faculty he had for homing in on the wealthy. Was it still his old training as a college dean?) And Mrs. Warent was now on her third glass of sherry.

"I have had this notion for some time now," Huston was saying, in his bland, assured voice. "But you know, my dear Mrs. Warent . . ."

Oh, my God, that tree again! Harry thought, hurrying past, and was still in time to hear: "But—" "Oh, no!" "But I just—" And almost worshipfully: "You *do* put things so *well*, Doctor Huston."

AND still the voices; party voices now, shrill and getting shriller, louder, louder still, because, as Art Gruening had often observed, if you have one man in the crowd with a really resonant voice (in this case, Perry White, who had come over from Stockbridge for the occasion: "Oh, ho, ho, ho! Oh, my God! Ho, ho, ho!" he was roaring in response to some witticism at the moment)—if you have such

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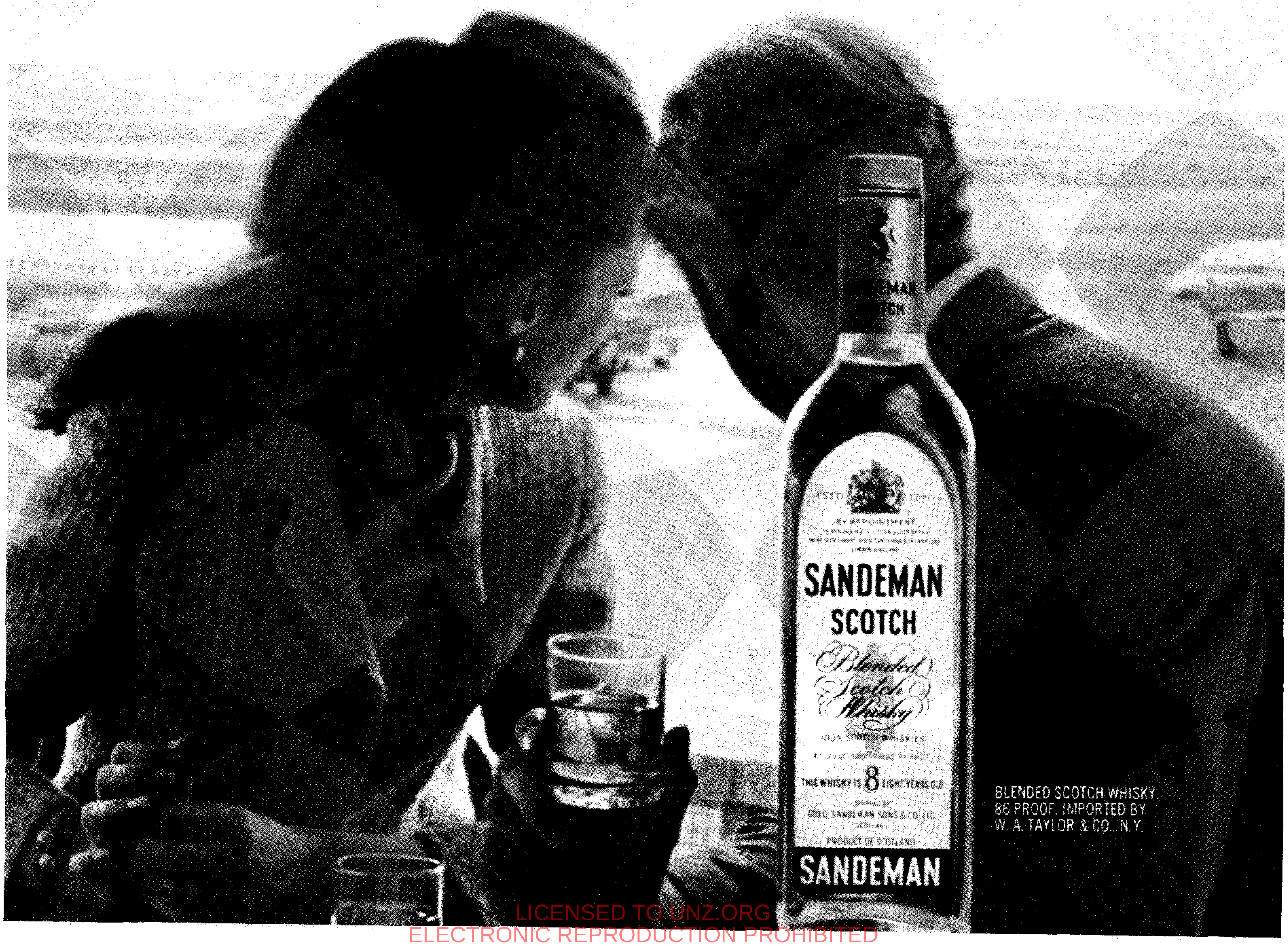
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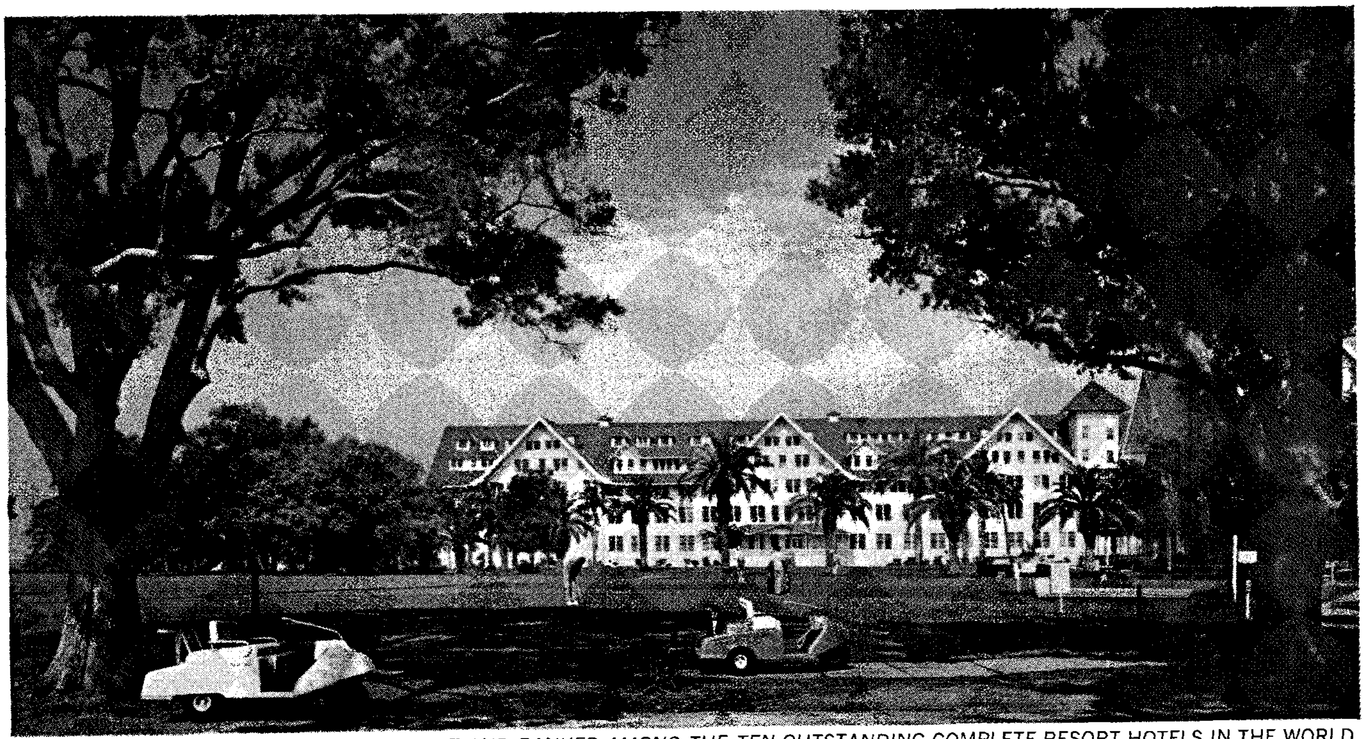

LARGEST RESORT ON FLORIDA'S GULF COAST AND RANKED AMONG THE TEN OUTSTANDING COMPLETE RESORT HOTELS IN THE WORLD

a man on your hands, Gruening was observing a trifle sourly, every other person in the party is automatically obliged to step up volume to compensate.

And so now, party voices, shrill, empty: "Well, you know—"

"You know me. I'm the Sensa-Yuma Man." Jock Slaughter—and Art Gruening, eying him thoughtfully. Jocko, good old Jocko, had got himself sloshed even earlier than usual, Art observed.

Voices intersecting, interrupting; party voices: "Well, you know, I often wonder what it must be like to live in dangerous country, instead of here. But out West, say, with bears, and rattlesnakes, and wildcat—"

"Or India—"

Voices heard, unheard: "Darling, didn't I tell you pants would be all right?"

"Yes, but still—"

(*But death*) "Freddie! No, you can't mean it! What did he die of?"

"My Lord, yes! India! Where they have lions and tigers and rhinoceroses and Lord knows what else . . ."

Gladys Finch, with her flushed face and staccato manner: "And you send a servant to walk ahead of you, or you did in the good old days, when you stroll in the evening along the garden path, in case a cobra may be waiting . . ."

"Freddie? Well, it's hard to describe him. He was a peculiar little individual. But we'll miss him, I can tell you that."

"But I can tell you, you haven't really *heard* the peepers, in spring, until you've spent a whole winter in the country."

"Darling, didn't I tell you pants would be perfectly all right?"

VOICES heard, unheard: "Well, you know, in a way, I *can* understand how a computer might be arranged or programmed, or whatever you call it, to tell who had written something. My husband, he's a musicologist"—but where is he, damn it, where *is* he?—"and I am constantly being amazed by the way he can tell the composer of a piece of music, coming in on the radio, say, after only a few bars. 'Berlioz,' he'll say, looking at me pityingly. 'Who else uses horns like that?' Or Schumann, or some such." And, thinking of it, Tot Youman could see him, see him looking at her, with a solemn face. Would she ever see him again? Where *was* he, anyway? "And, well, isn't that something like a computer, keeping track

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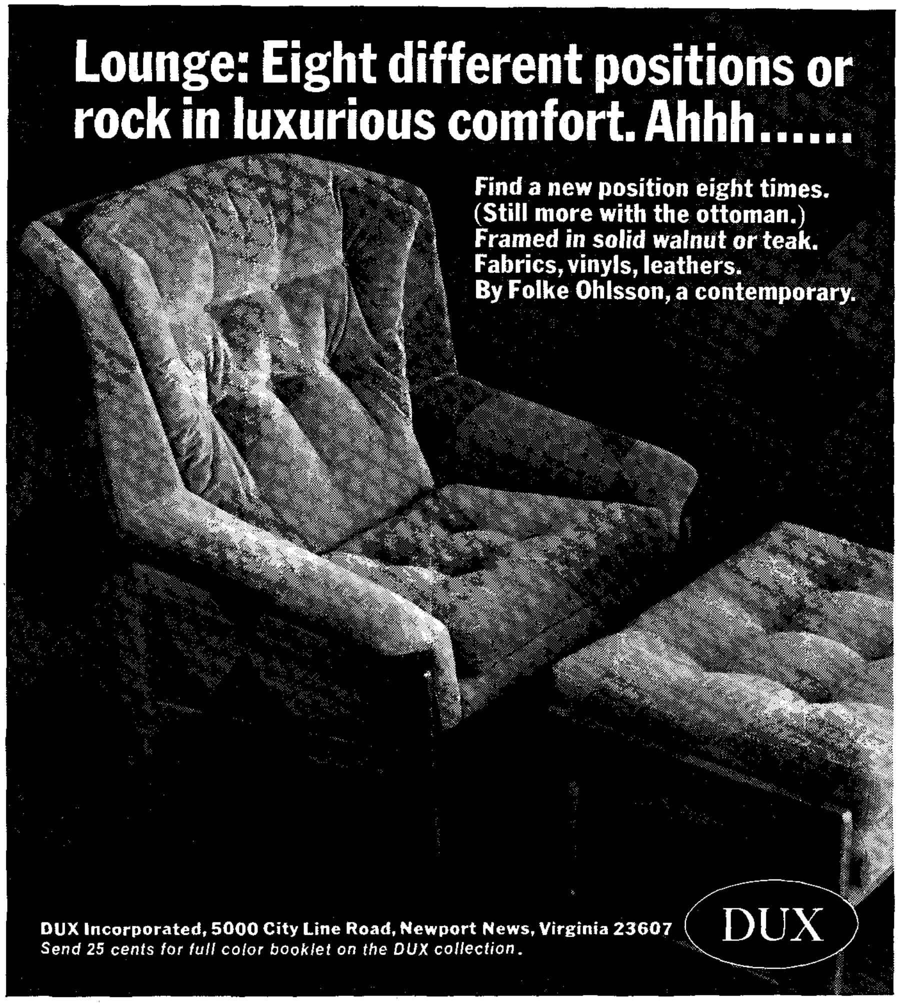

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of the repetitions of words, sentence structure and all that, in writing? Or in music, the use of horns?" Tot was talking fast, and she knew it, and to a rather stiff-faced, probably fairly tight man, whose name she didn't know (Brooks? Hook? Hoak?), and who she knew wasn't listening to her, either. But—but inwardly: "But where *is* he, anyway? If he left New York when he usually does—and he knew there was a party!—he ought to have got here long ago. Where *is* he?" But smiling, of course, at the man, who had got her a cocktail.

THE party, by now, was nearing its peak; it was beyond that, in fact—it was cresting. Parties too, like Ralph Huston's trees, have their structure. They rise, they soar aloft, they explode perhaps in fireworks, and then begins the decline, the fall; in the country this is the tense part, when only a few hard-liners are left, mostly drunk, and things simmer, with, under the raucousness, a certain apprehension on the part of the soberer: will the others, driving on the darkened or darkening roads roundabout, get home all right? For the rest, one had people leaving, the Gruenings shepherding them smilingly out; some just leaving quietly, some being dragged out by their wives. The Gruenings, Arthur and Thelma, were courteous to the last.

Meantime, there were a few contretemps, if I may use that word. One came fairly early, when Jock Slaughter tripped over Ted Blount—who was kneeling at Barclay Taitt's feet with a big Webster's dictionary open on the floor before him in Art Gruening's dutifully book-lined study—and spilled the better part of a whole new bourbon Old-Fashioned on the dress of a Miss Madeline Winckelman, who was standing right beside them.

"Well, I'll be damned! 'Yacht'! It's Dutch!" Ted was saying. "And I thought it was Scandinavian. Still, I suppose with that 'cht' construction . . . But it's funny to think that Morgan's 'yacht' was originally a pirate ship. Or for that matter, maybe—thinking of Morgan—not so funny at all."

"Of course." This from Taitt, in his dry, contained, almost lawyerish voice, but still with a kind of brimming readiness for a joke, a witticism. "I assume you mean the banker?"

"Oh, my God, yes! I'd forgotten about the real one, Morgan the pirate."

"Funny, too, the banker Morgan was the one who called his yacht the

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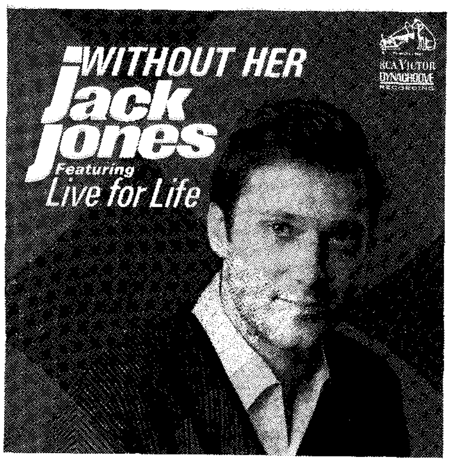
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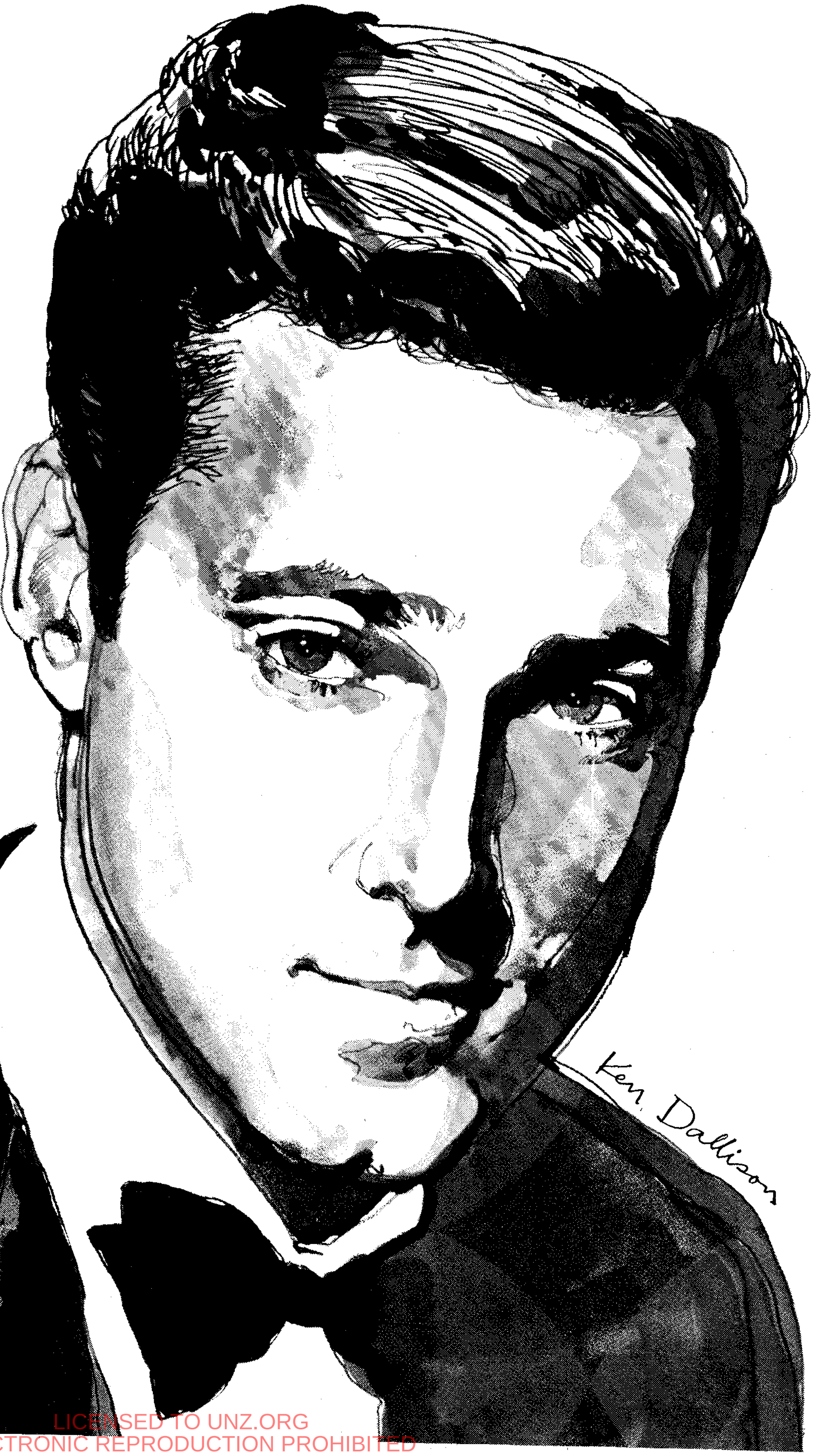
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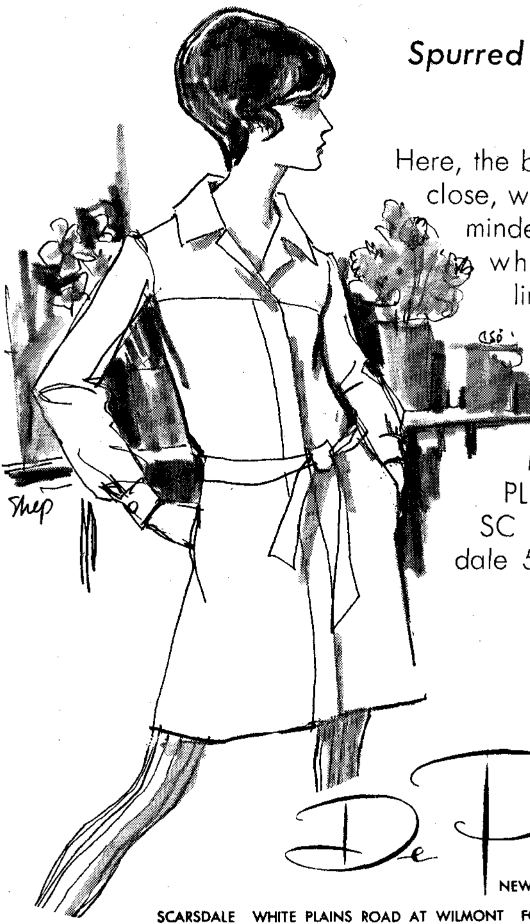

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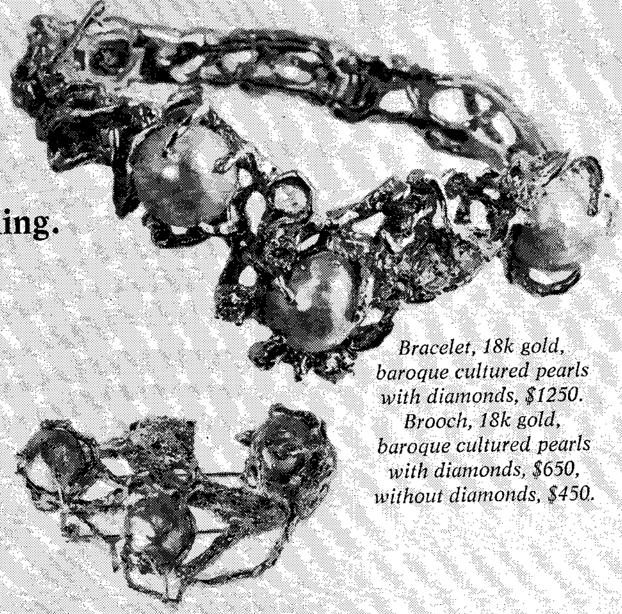

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Corsair. D'you suppose he got the connection? Or was he just at sea, as we might say, about the whole matter?"

The two men were so delighted by their own badinage that they didn't notice what Jocko had done to Miss Winckelman, who was a house guest of the Crarys; worse, Jocko was already so crocked that he didn't really take in the enormity of what he had done. He just said, "Gee! Sorry," picked himself up and, grinning amiably, wandered off. Taitt and Blount were still choking with laughter when Miss Winckelman cut in icily, "Does either one of you *gentlemen* have a handkerchief? As you can see, if you'll look, I'm soaking."

("Didn't you know? He's dead.")

And—another contretemps—Tod Broderick, for no discernible reason, suddenly stamped out to his car and drove off home alone, leaving his wife, Miriam, stranded. (She stayed the night at the Gruenings'.) And, of course, there was Jocko, so drunk by the time he left that Thelma tried to persuade him to stay too; and when he brushed that off, she asked the Merediths quietly—they were leaving anyway—if they'd mind following Jocko's car, just to keep an eye on him.

But that was more or less predictable, by anyone who knew Jocko, and in general the party was predictable too. It was not one of the sort that, sparked by some dramatic or comic happening, remains in everyone's memory, so that, for long afterward, people will ask each other, "Do you remember that party at the So-and-Sos' when . . . ?" And so on, and so on. No, this one—like the Gruenings themselves, if the truth must out, but, after all, they were rich—was a little on the dull side. Until suddenly, late, it became truly memorable. This was when, to Tot Youman's delight but a bit to the Gruenings' dismay, Bunny Youman arrived, a good half hour later than he had been expected. Tot's delight, of course, was readily understandable. So was the Gruenings' slight dismay, if one understands the background. For, traditionally, Youman, the pianist, was supposed to sit down and round out the evening with a few tunes for the remaining guests to sing or dance to, and now here he was, arriving so late that the Gruenings were just standing there, smiling mechanically and wishing that everyone would just go home.

True to the tradition, Wiley Shoup grabbed Bunny's hand and started to

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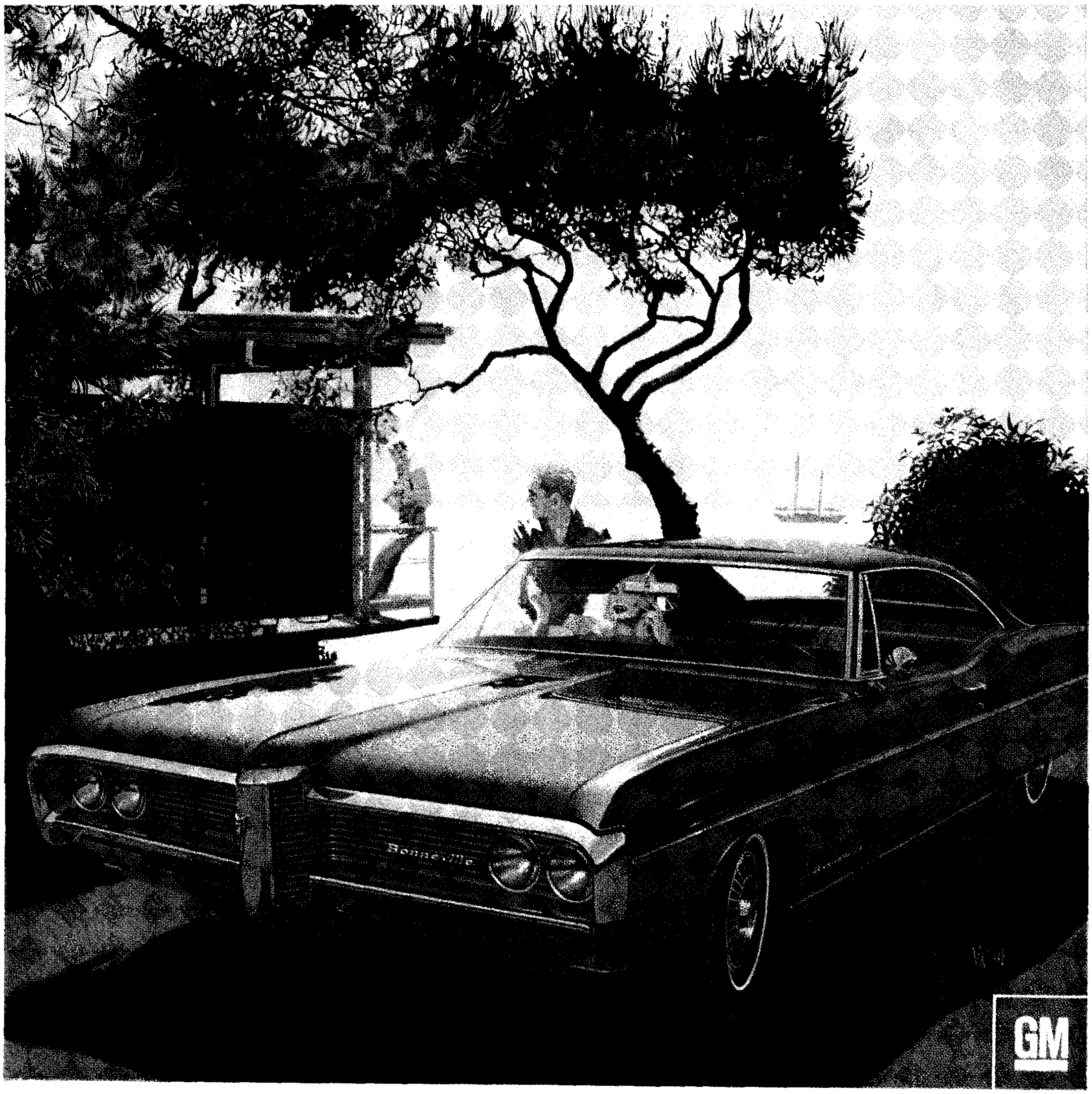

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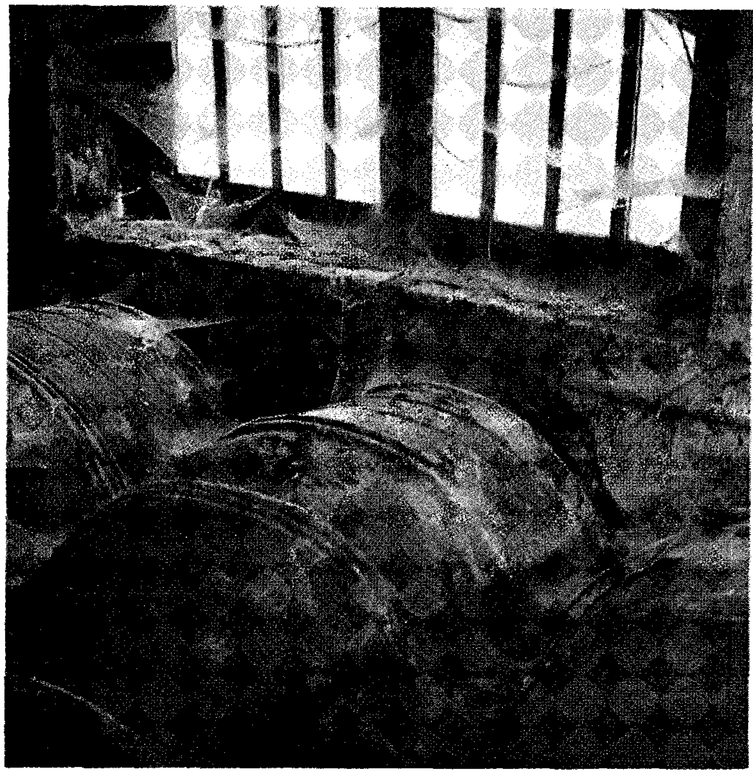

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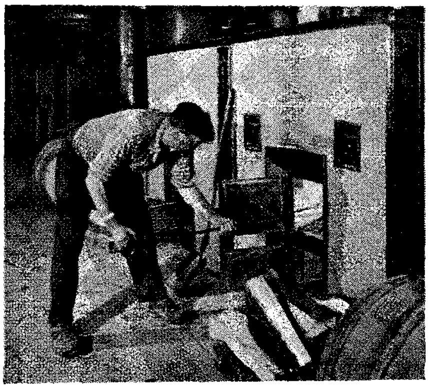

Remy Martin makes *only* Cognac: scarce in supply, costly to produce.

French law doesn't stop there, however. It decrees that only grapes grown from the two innermost sections of the Cognac region—Grande Champagne and Petite Champagne—can be used to make "Fine Champagne" Cognac. Remy Martin makes *only* "Fine Champagne" Cognac: rarer still, more costly still.

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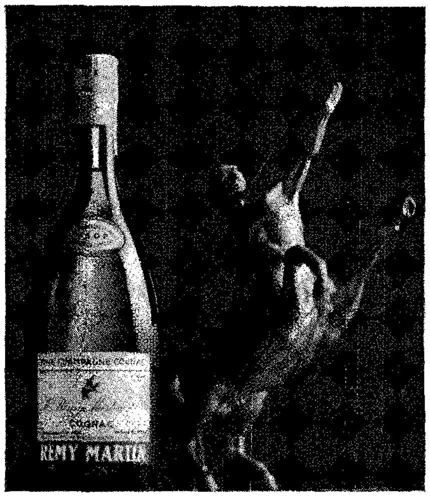
How long does it age? That is for our tasters to decide. Any number of years, depending on the "evolution" of its flavor. But there comes a precise moment when the Cognac reaches peak perfection. The color, the bouquet, and above all the taste determine it. You yourself will recognize this moment of perfection when you sip it and inhale its delicate bouquet.



When Remy Martin is ready for export, the symbol of the Centaur travels with it—a mark of perfection known throughout the world. Look, too, for the proud initials: V.S.O.P.—Very Superior Old Pale. All Remy Martin Cognac is V.S.O.P., and no Cognac of lesser quality is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label.

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lead him to the piano. "We've been waiting for you!" Wiley cried. But Bunny shook him off. White-faced, he greeted even Tot abstractedly, and went directly to Arthur Gruening. The two talked in low voices, but from Youman's air of tension, and Art's of shock, it was clear that something serious had happened; and as people were drawn irresistibly near, it emerged too that it had to do with an accident, a car smashup, involving some people who had been at the party. . . .

"Oh, my God! Jocko?" someone cried. "I *told* him—"

But Youman stared at him. "What's Jocko got to do with this?"

"Well, I thought—"

No, this was Harper and Frederika Michelson, and no one *knew* how it had happened, no one probably would ever know. "I don't know even why they were down there." ("There" was about twelve miles south of Bolton on the Bent River Parkway.) "Unless maybe they had started out somewhere, for dinner. No, not both of them. Frederika . . ."

This to someone else, for by now Youman was encircled by a growing ring of progressively excited, eager, tamed, shocked, and finally shamed, horror-stricken faces—while still, among the as yet oblivious groups in other parts of the room, there were the noise and laughter, the howling and chatter of the party as before. It made a curious cleavage in the atmosphere, and the odd, almost sickening feeling it caused (for the Michelsons had been there in that room hardly more than an hour before) spread out until Arthur Gruening, quite properly, decided to call a halt and, mounting a chair, announce what had happened and, well, suggest that the party was over.

And meanwhile it was all so confusing. "*No* one knows how it happened," Youman kept repeating, as new arrivals asked the same questions. "Except maybe Harper," he sometimes added, "and he was in such a state of shock . . . There were three or four cars there by the time I got there, and a fellow in one of them had actually seen the whole thing. But the Michelsons' car had to come over a little rise at that point—it was just below where Route 113 crosses the parkway—and the car was already in trouble when this man first saw it. So even he couldn't tell why, either, for sure."

THE car was lying upside down in the middle of the southbound lane of the parkway. "Like a toy automobile that a child had dropped," Bunny told

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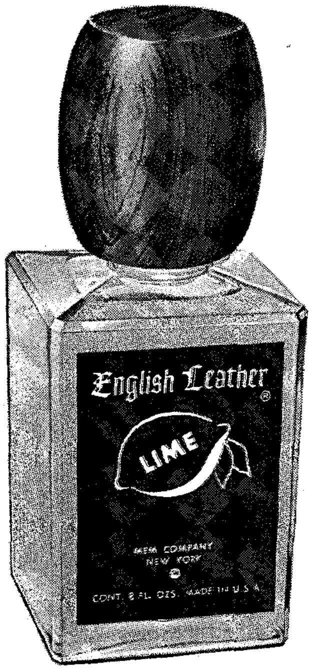

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Tot as they were driving home. "It looked *small*, lying there in all the shuffle of headlights. But there was a trail of face tissues leading away back from it—blue, green, I don't know; they looked gray in the lights—and there *she* was, Mrs. Michelson, lying on her back about fifty feet short of the car, and you couldn't see a sign of injury on her, but the blood had just been pouring out of her, from what must have been a wide-open skull fracture, in back. You just had to take one look at her. . . . And Harper was lying in the snow at the side of the road—half sitting, really—holding onto his left wrist. The fellow on the ambulance, when it came, said he thought he had broken some bones in it. That seemed to be all.

"But he kept repeating, repeating, 'Oh, *why* did I let her drive? *Why* did I let her drive?' You know—?" The Youmans were home now, sitting with coffee and a plate of sandwiches between them. "I thought at first he was saying it in an agony of remorse. But almost as I got to the Gruenings', it occurred to me—was he saying it in a kind of regretfulness, self-pity almost? That he'd let her get them into such a mess? Of course, he couldn't have known, then, the state he was in, that she was dead.

"But I suppose she got into a skid, in that new snow, and kept overcorrecting. Anyway, the fellow who had seen it all happen said she was already fishtailing when she came over the rise, and it got worse and worse till she slammed sidewise into a little rock face at the side of the roadway—just south of that diner on 113, you know—and that threw her completely out of control. She flipped. I stayed till the police car came, and then the ambulance. And I told them I knew the Michelsons, but they said they didn't need me. So I came on here—or rather to the Gruenings'. But you know—"

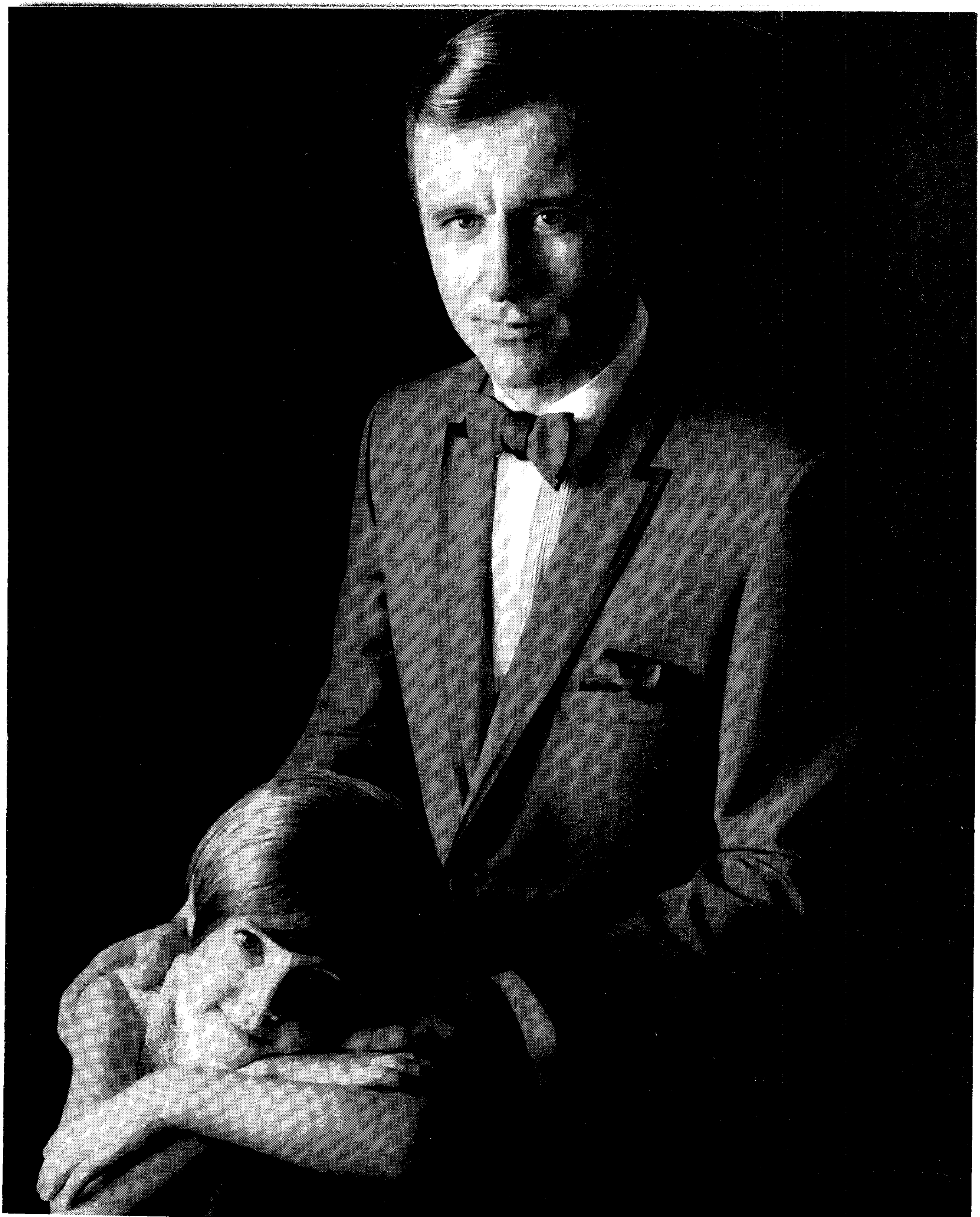
He was talking as much to himself as to Tot, and Tot knew it. "I was impressed by how well everyone rose to the emergency. One man had already gone off to the diner to telephone, and another was racing up to the top of the rise to flag down any other cars that might come zooming up. It was, well, it was impressive, really. And, you know, too, I never liked Frederika Michelson much, really."

"I know."

"She was so big and bony, with that long, bony face—gaunt, really, you could say—and so domineering. . . ."

"I know."

"And yet, looking at her there, ly-



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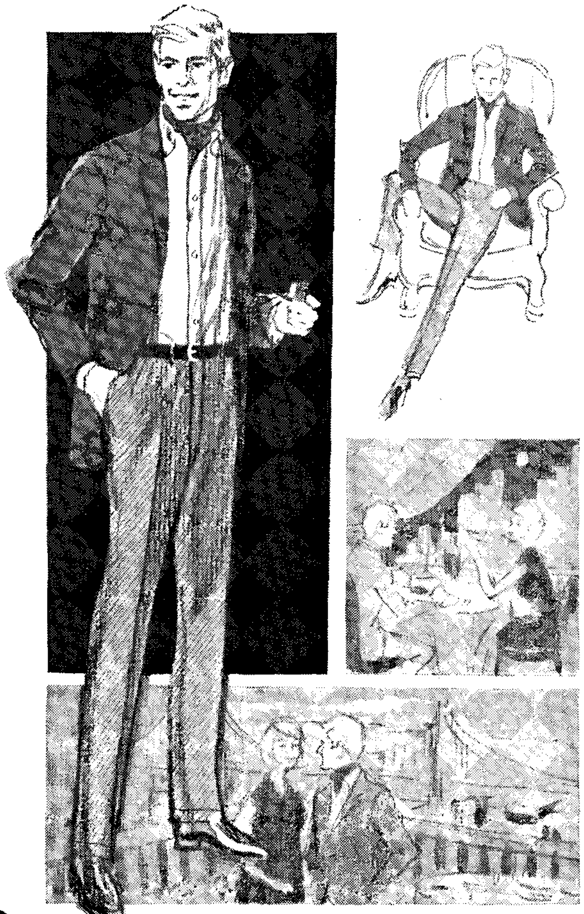

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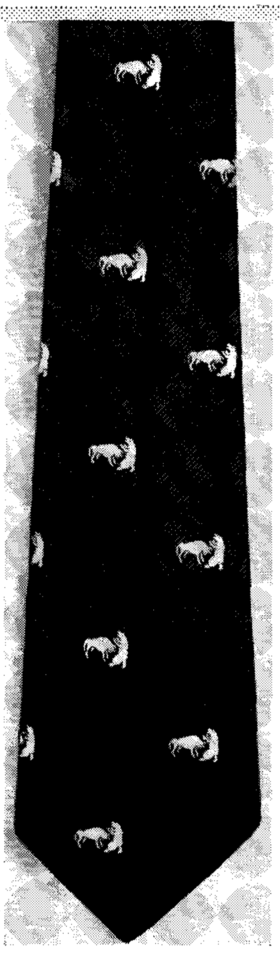

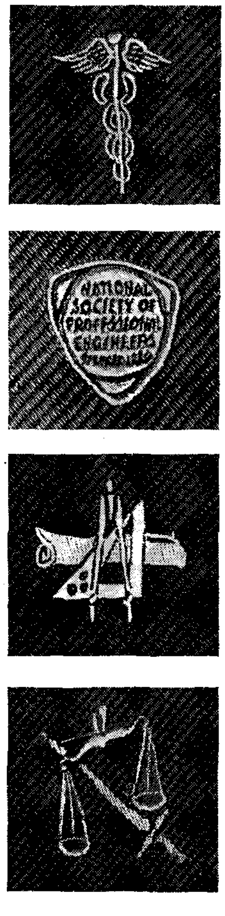

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ing dead-still, peaceful-looking even, in that glare of headlights, I felt sadder, sorrier, guiltier, I guess, actually—I suppose it's that old guilt complex again—than if I had been really fond of her."

"I know. But eat some more of that sandwich, honey. You need it. You haven't had anything."

IT wasn't till next morning, under the circumstances, that he told Tot that the main reason he had been late in driving up was that he had been fired. WMBC, the radio-TV station he worked for, had been in the throes of a reorganization, as both he and Tot had known. But although he had been assured by his immediate boss, a genial, beautifully tailored gent named Cy Smith—apparently in that spirit of sadistic amiability that executives in the more high-pressure industries affect—that his job was secure, he had been called in just before leaving for the day and the weekend and told ("in the cheerfulest way imaginable. I think he did it just to see how I would take it") that he was through.

"Oh, Bunny!"

"I think I took it O.K. Enough to disconcert him a little, even."

"Oh, Bunny! Still—!"

"And you know, I think it may turn out to be the best thing that ever happened to me. I was getting too damned involved in that rat race down there."

VI

AND you know, as it turned out, Harvey was right! The days passed; the seasons travelled along sedately; fall moved into winter, and winter, full winter, at last settled in, hard, unremitting, relentless. The trees, frozen, brittle as sticks, leafless, stood on a footing that was not earth—or if a patch of earth did show itself here and there, it was frozen, rock-hard; the rest of the covering was snow, or snow crusted with ice. Streams, which do so much to enliven the countryside—streams too had ceased to exist, and not only *the little ones* that threaded through various farms and other properties but the larger ones too, like the Nomiahack, so famous for its trout; if there were trout in the waters there now, they might as well be—they'd be better off, even—in a freezer. And through December—January—February—even into March, things got worse, as the saying goes, instead of getting better.

And yet, in the end—almost, I might say, miraculously, except that there are no miracles, truly, in nature;

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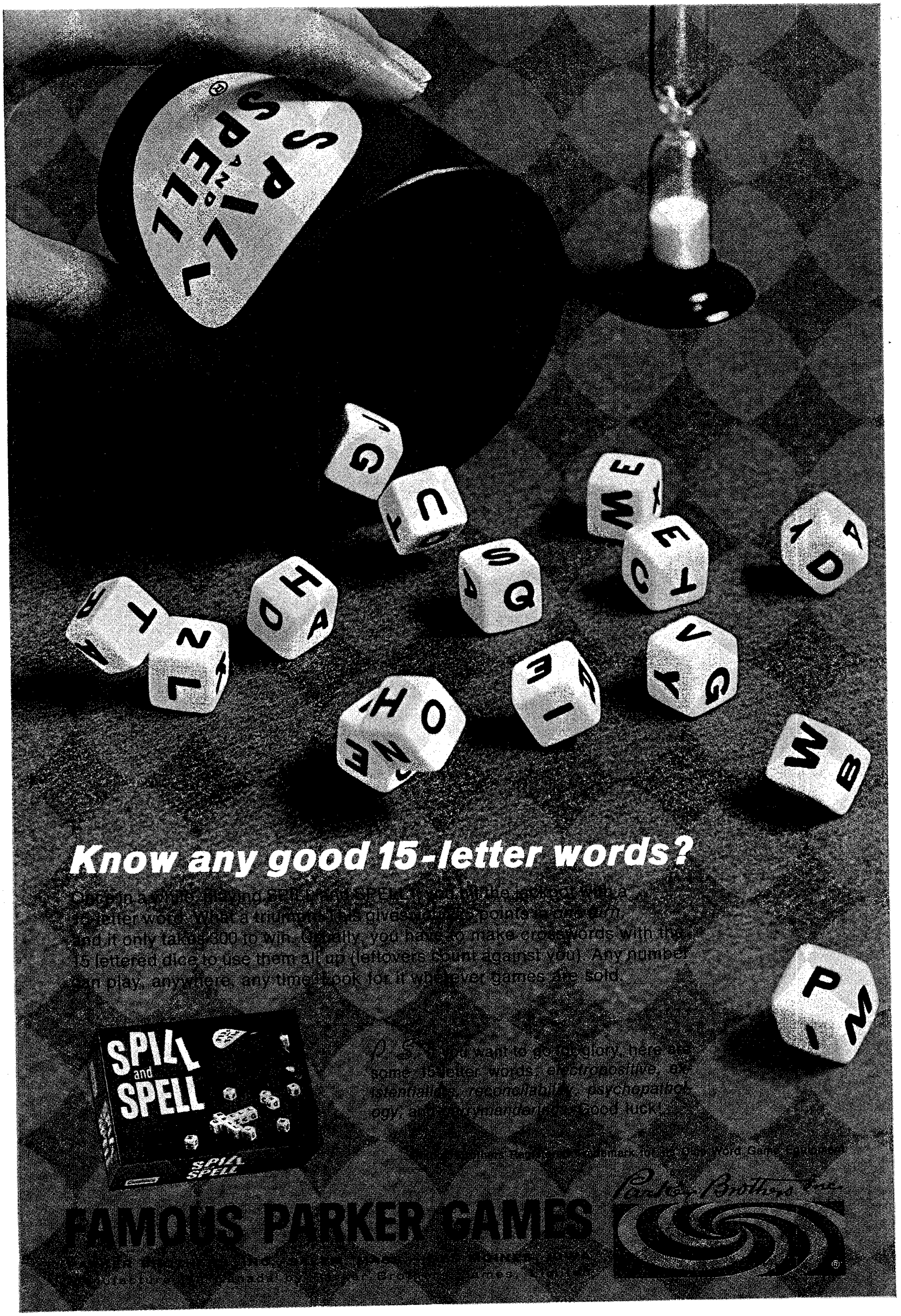

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P.S. If you want to go for glory, here are some 15-letter words: *electropositive, existentialists, reconcilability, psychopathology,* and *gerrymanderings*. Good luck!

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[illegible]

it's just that we think there are—the year, the earth, the world did not die. It was on a day in late March—March 26th, to be exact—a Tuesday, that Bunny Youman got the message. It was one of those days that are of the very essence of spring. Every adjective that can be associated with the season was immediately applicable. The air was bland, the breezes mild and odorous, the atmosphere wooing, languorous, and these more conventionally poetic terms were reinforced by the earthier ones that Rabelais called on, of the grasses—the long, snow-softened leafage "in which we walk, we lie, we roll"—and the sweet, pungent smell of well-rotted manure.

It was proof, proof positive, proud, that there would be another year. The old earth would survive, it would arise and renew itself; full spring would follow, and then summer, the seasons would go on, the trees would leaf again. Flowers would bloom. One would hear the peepers.

There would be changes, certainly. But Bunny Youman, walking out for a look-around on this glorious day, found himself thinking of them only blurredly, in that slightly sad, prematurely nostalgic way that is also of the essence of spring. The fact that the day was a Tuesday—a day in midweek, in other words—has cogency, for Youman now was teaching music at Sloane Academy, a private school of long and high standing a few miles south of Bolton; he was also organizing a school orchestra there, and enjoying it all greatly, and had even been finding time latterly to work on some compositions of his own. Most of all, he didn't have to shiver and quiver at the slightest disturbance in the atmosphere on the levels above him. He wasn't earning anywhere near as much as he had on the network—that went without saying. But he was his own man now, weekdays as well as weekends.

Other things had happened in the course of the winter. Ralph Huston, for instance, and why, in God's name, why? He had been a fusty old boy, to be sure, a stuffed shirt if there ever was one. But he'd always seemed cheerful enough, in his placid way, and his wife had seemed to be devoted to him. And now, now, to have committed suicide, and in the cruellest kind of way. For surely it was cruel to take a rope to the carriage house and hang himself there, knowing it would be his wife who'd find him. Well . . . And, even more of a surprise, and a pleasanter one, the runaway marriage of Gert Spine and young Richie Taitt. The Taitts, for all

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their riches, had been quite decent about that.

Otherwise—well, otherwise the main feeling was that spring was definitely, positively on the way. There was still a little snow here and there, in patches in the hollows, in the woods and at the bases of trees, against the north sides of stone walls and hedges. But these wintry leftovers only sharpened the wild sense of resurgence underlying it all.

There was even a trace of snow against the little stone wall at the foot of the garden. It was a stone wall that had been laid up dry and laid up badly. It had been laid up by Freddie, Freddie Lemoine, who for all his other accomplishments was no stonemason and never claimed to be. As Youman eyed the sorry structure, he could recall how Freddie had looked proclaiming as much, and the remembered image first darkened and then, oddly, brightened the day.

"But those stones, when I got them out of the garden," Freddie was saying, in that very slightly grating voice of his, rather high in pitch ordinarily, that could deepen and swell surprisingly on occasion, "they were a nuisance, just lying there—a nuisance, mister. So I said to myself, if I just laid them up in a wall they would anyway make a backing for them rosebushes the missus said she wanted to put out there. But I could just as well load them into a barrow and cart them off somewhere, if you wanted me to."

But he was grinning hesitantly as he said it, and it was plain to see that, curiously, Freddie was proud of his work, so Youman said no to that. "Maybe if we whitewashed it . . ." he offered instead, and Freddie, he remembered, had seized on that.

"That's the ticket, mister. Whitewash!" he had cried, his voice deepening. "And we've got plenty of lime in the shed to make all we want of it!"

Well, the fact was that, even with the whitewash, it still looked pretty awful. But, eying it now, Youman knew that it would be a long time before he ever dreamed of tampering with it. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

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—*Wilmington Journal.*

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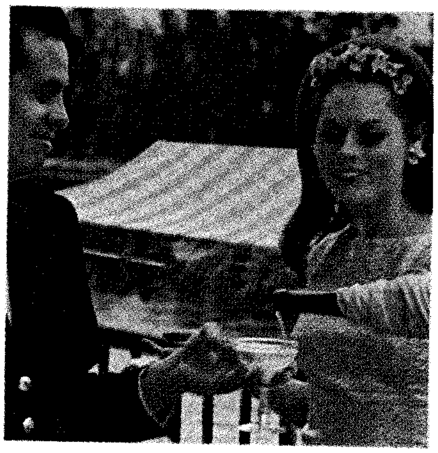

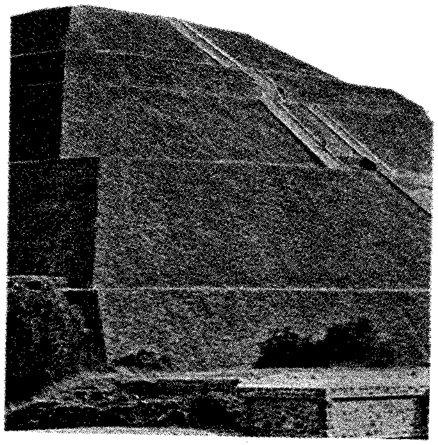

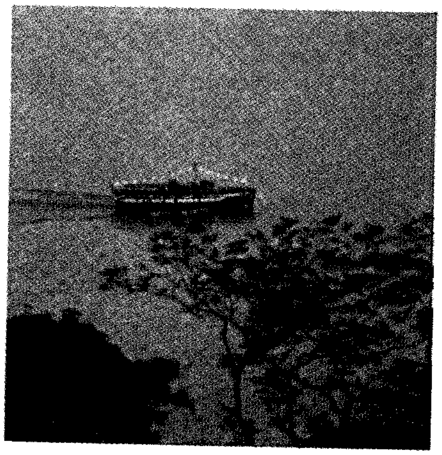

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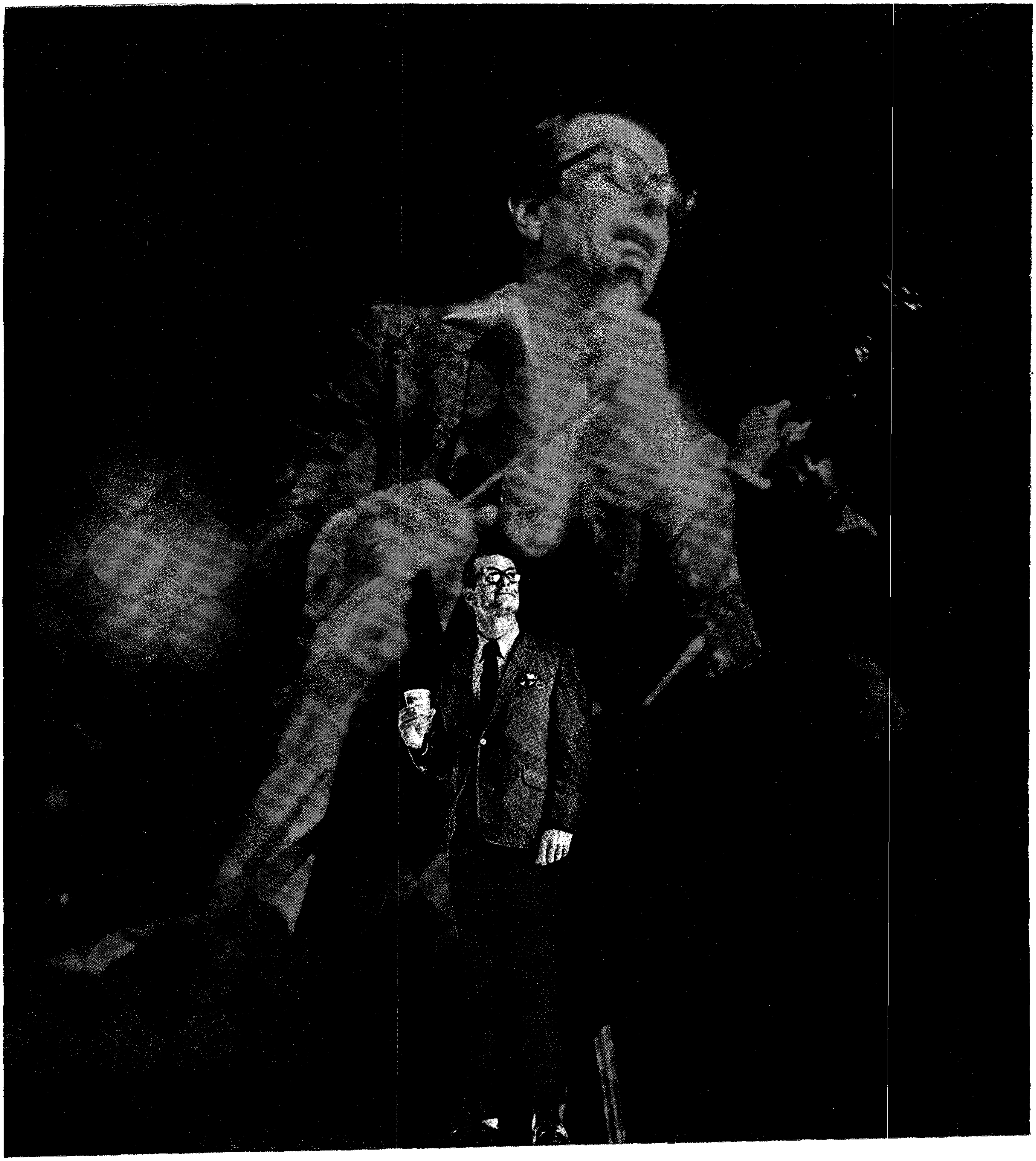

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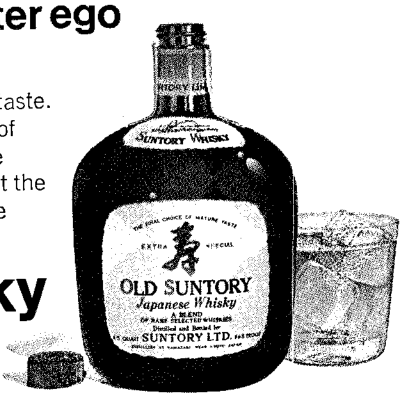
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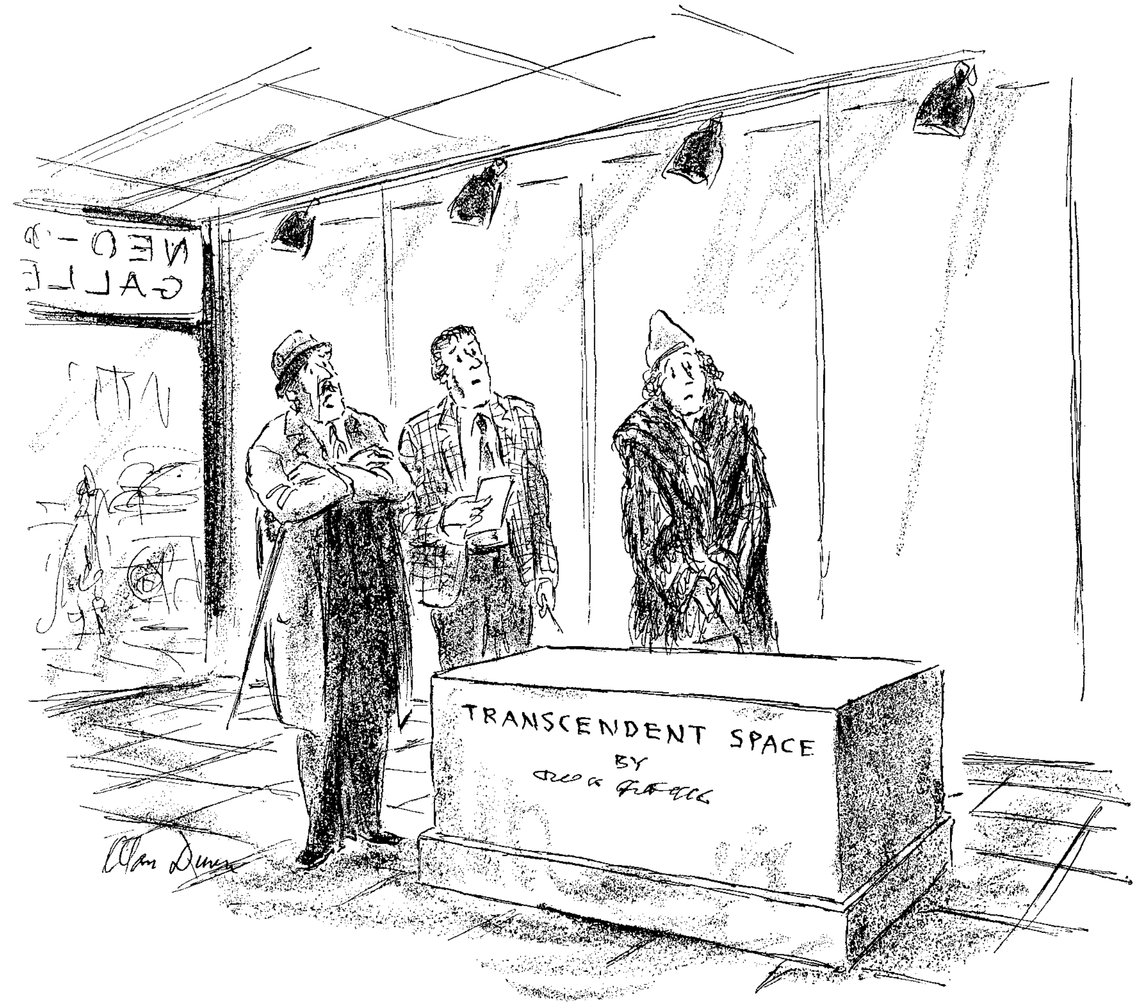
THE THEATRE

INNOCENT BYSTANDER

THE APA Repertory Company, at the Lyceum, has got itself off to a truly splendid start this season with a farce called "Pantagleize," which is the creation of Michel de Ghelderode, a prolific Belgian playwright, none of whose works have previously been seen on Broadway. Mr. de Ghelderode died in 1962, but his wit, charm, and ingenuity live after him in this play. "Pantagleize" has to do with an abstracted wanderer who somehow finds himself engaged in a May Day revolution during an eclipse of the sun in a country that is never identified by the author. What with the superstitious nonsense engendered by the eclipse, and a general misapprehension that our wanderer is a messenger sent to touch off a revolution, Mr. de Ghelderode has the makings of a solid comedy, and the APA company, under the astute direction of John Houseman and Ellis Rabb, sees to it that the author's wildly imaginative and deeply perceptive view of what we're up against in the modern world is projected in a most apt style. Mr. Rabb, who is the Pantagleize of the occasion, moves about the Lyceum stage with grace and confidence, and, in love scenes with an armed and dangerous devotee of changing the system (Patricia Conolly), establishes a mood of convincing tenderness. The inventions of Mr. de Ghelderode in "Pantagleize" are innumerable. He even introduces—just for the hell of it, I presume (or maybe this was the idea of Jack O'Brien, the associate director)—a lively and stimulating new song (music by Bob James, words by Mr. O'Brien) written along the lines of an old knockdown, drag-out ballad. As all the revolutionaries spill about—conspicuous among them a Negro bootblack, a waiter, a muscle man, and a flawed poet—they show us what can be achieved if a playwright and the company concerned with him know what they are doing.



"But how do I know it's authentic?"

EDWARD ALBEE, our local Strindberg, is having at the women again at the Plymouth with a play called "Everything in the Garden," which is a rewrite of a drama by the English playwright Giles Cooper, who is dead. This time, Mr. Albee is discussing, in collaboration with Mr. Cooper, the way the need for money makes some women behave. The women here, suburban matrons, have nothing to sell but their bodies. Mr. Albee presumably finds them deplorable, and so do I. But the actors on display—the likes of Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Beatrice Straight, and a youth called Richard Thomas—are as capable as anyone could be in the circumstances.

IT takes "Something Different," at the Cort, quite a while to get through a first-act lull, but when it does, it is an amusing item. Carl Reiner, who wrote it, would have us believe that his hero (Bob Dishy), a Jewish playwright who had a success twelve years ago but hasn't been able to put anything together since, thinks he can function again if his apartment is made to duplicate the one where he did his masterwork, which was a tenement dwelling dominated by his mother. And so he goes about having the den of his house—a luxurious place—reduced to the condition of a lower East Side flat, roaches and all. This is obviously preposterous, but when Mr. Reiner has his hero start looking around for a substitute mother, his wife (Linda Lavin) having failed in the role, the comedy, foolish as it is, produces a bit of entertainment. From an agency supplying fake mothers, which is run by a Mrs. Kupferman (admirably played by Victoria Zussin), Mr. Dishy

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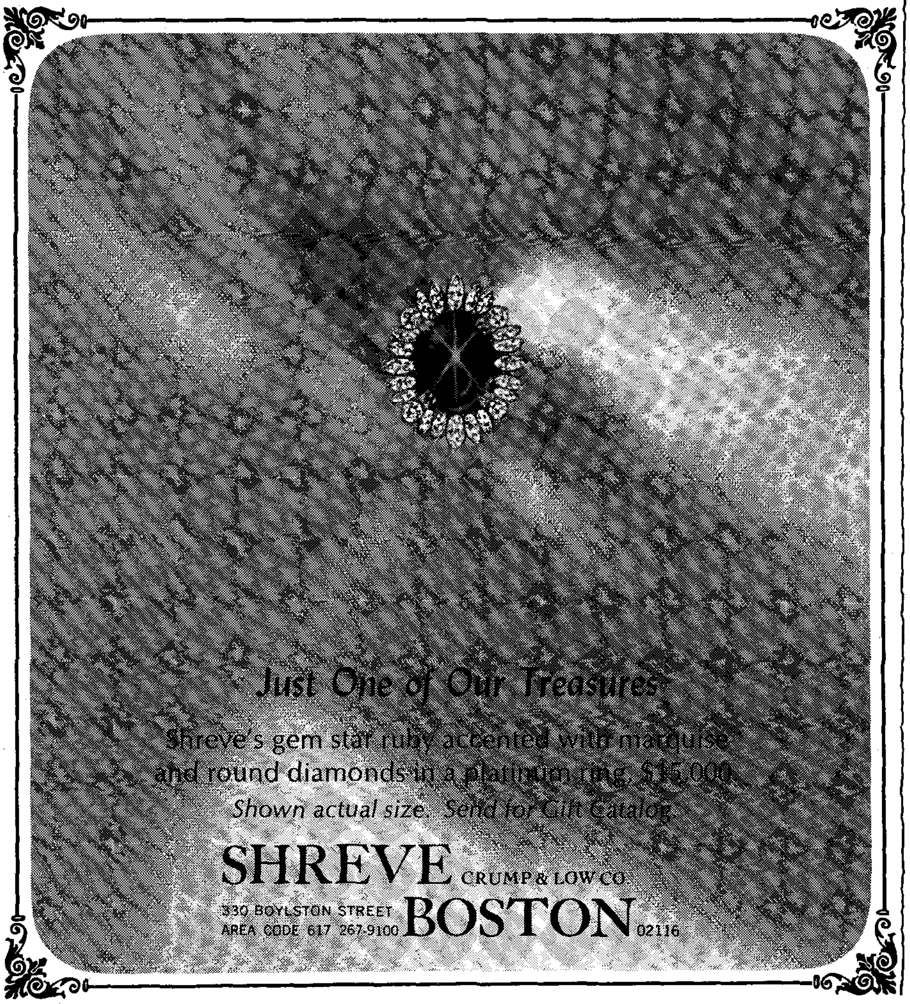

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gets the companionship of Helena Carroll, Maureen Arthur, and Claudia McNeil. These three are uniformly commendable, and Miss McNeil is hilariously first among equals. Also enormously helpful is Gabriel Dell as a pesticide expert who believes in feeding vermin, and not in killing them.

—John McCarten

•

ANSWERS WE DOUBT EVER WERE GIVEN TO AN ATTRACTIVE HOSTESS

[*From an article by Professor Leon Bramson in the Swarthmore College Bulletin*]

It is very difficult to summarize more than two years of experience in building a new department at Swarthmore. Perhaps the best way to do it is to recount an episode from a faculty dinner party last spring. As we rose from the table and passed into the parlor for coffee, our attractive hostess took my arm and said: "You know, Lee, I'm terribly embarrassed about this, but tell me, what is it that you study in your department?" The answer I gave her is inscribed to this day in the *Swarthmore College Catalogue:*

"Although Sociology and Anthropology arose initially out of divergent historical traditions, they are engaged in a common task. Studies in the Department are directed toward the discovery of the general principles which help to explain the order, meaning and coherence of human social life. To that end, work in the Department will emphasize the comparative analysis of societies and social institutions; the structure and functioning of human communities; the principles of social organization and disorganization; and the conditions which tend to foster continuity and change, consensus and conflict. Emphasis will also be laid on the relevance of Sociology and Anthropology to social problems in the modern age, particularly to the question of the nature, conditions and limits of human freedom."

•

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I can't wait any longer. That is why I'm finally writing to tell you how much we've all missed you here at The Hotel.

Every day, Mr. Nick in our Rib Room keeps an extra cut of our fabulous beef just in case you come in.

Mildred, our housekeeper, turns down your bed and puts a few fresh goodnight mints on the night table.

And in the Rendezvous, there's a special fondue simmering on a cosy table near the orchestra which incidentally, has been faithfully playing "Oh, How We Miss You Tonight."

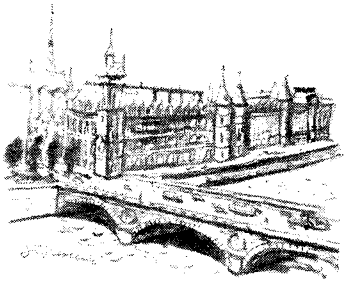
We have all missed you. Is there anything we can do to bring you back?
—*Letter received by a resident of Louisville from a hotel manager in Hartford.*

No, but tell Mildred to cut out the theatrics.

LETTER FROM PARIS

November 29

THIS has been Midas week in this part of the world. Seeking the golden touch, men with money have been selling invested values they owned to buy gold itself, temporarily possessed of the mystic quality of super-value. "The fall of the pound sterling, felt across the Channel as a national drama, is not merely a British affair. It concerns the universe," a Paris commentator noted. Certainly a sort of universal gold rush has been the major result. Professional money dealers on the Paris Bourse, in the Zurich and Frankfurt banks, and in London, where the world's great gold market is situated, say that the demand for bullion has been at the highest peak in living memory. "The demand for gold has been enormous, fantastic, gigantic, frantic," *Le Monde* reported, in a style unlike its usual sober writing. The rush reached its international paroxysm on Friday in London, where more than a hundred tons of fine gold were negotiated in that one day, and even in Paris, which ordinarily sells perhaps six hundred and fifty pounds (possibly equal to the weight of sugar needed in one day in the Paris boulevard cafés), the Bourse on Friday sold some ten tons of gold. The coins in demand here were gold napoleons, English gold sovereigns, and American twenty-dollar gold pieces. In General de Gaulle's famous press conference of February, 1965, he spoke with almost medieval appreciation of gold, "which never changes, which can be shaped into ingots, bars, coins, which has no nationality, and which is eternally and universally acceptable as the unalterable fiduciary value par excellence."



The General's disapproval of the present system of backing world finance centers on what he considers its American-dominated fragility, since it depends on the reserve systems of the two English-speaking currencies, the dollar and the pound, rather than exclusively on the value of gold itself. In this he is seconded by M. Jacques Rueff, his Inspector General of Finance, who believes that gold should be given its head and allowed to go to twice its present fixed price of thirty-five dollars an ounce. In this wildest urban gold rush of the century, gold itself has been despoiled of most of its antique dignity, and all its surrounding poetic parlance has been lost in the gibberish of fractional figures describing it on the world's stock exchanges. The crass human emotion inherent in the financial crisis has dominated European newspapers generally, and those of Paris and London especially, so that their headlines are filled with violent money news and their cartoons with disquieting money rumors. An Amsterdam cartoon showed John Bull limping along on a pair of dilapidated crutches in the shape of the British pound sign. In the London *Guardian*, a Papas cartoon represented de Gaulle as an old gravedigger, in a battered French top hat, digging a grave for the dollar next to one already filled with the pound. Tim, of the Paris *Express*, showed Prime Minister Wilson nude, except for his pipe in his mouth, wrestling as a Laocoön against the strangling serpents of the pound. Editorial recriminations against the French government and charges of ambiguity against the French press have emanated from certain English papers and been hurled back across the Channel with Parisian reinterpretations in the next French editions. *Le Monde*, which is the pride of French journalism, was accused by one of the prides of London, the *Observer*, of having contributed to the gold rush when its financial correspondent revealed, in a few lines buried at the bottom of his column, that since last June France had refused to supply any more French bullion to help the international gold pool maintain the price of gold. This weighty item of news fell, ironically and destructively, on the British pound, when Wilson's government was already in a poor way, instead of falling, as was probably intended, on the dollar, which weathered the blow despite a flood of headlines all over this side of the world, such as "DOLLAR UNDER HEAVY PRESSURE," "IS THIS THE TWILIGHT OF THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR?," and, in the London *Guardian*, "DE GAULLE'S PRIVATE WAR ON THE DOLLAR"—which certain American money experts here thought hit the real nail right on the head. According to this mixed Anglo-American thinking, de Gaulle, who has been highly displeased over the heavy American investments made in Europe, and especially in France, dur-

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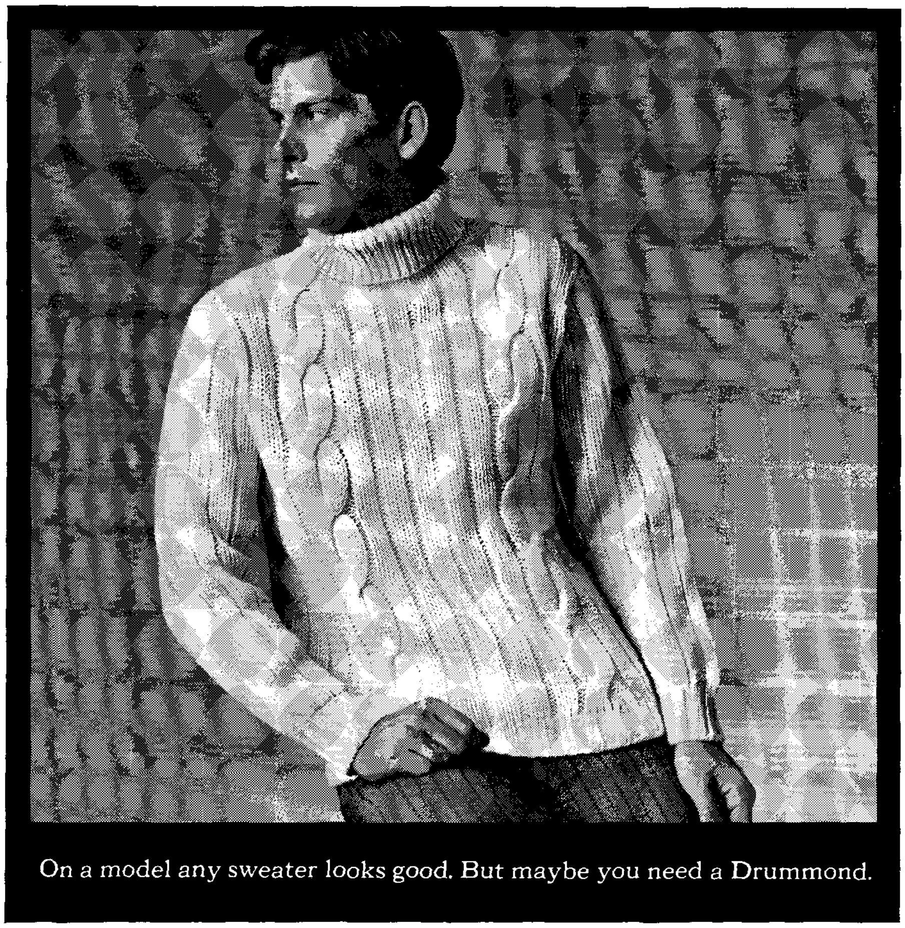
ing the past two years, had determined to use gold as an instrument of foreign policy, like a secondary *force de frappe*, in his desire to draw attention to something else that has displeased him—the vulnerability of the dollar reserve system in relation to the large American balance-of-payments deficit. Thus, if the international price of gold suddenly rose under his pressure, it would merely prove that the international price of gold was the only effectual base for a proper international money system, which would also prove that the General had been right in thinking so for years. However, as the *Observer* remarked, by weakening future confidence in the present American reserve system the French government in the past fortnight at least "successfully demystified the obscure science of gold and brought it into the forefront of politics," where, considering all the present confusions of values and definitions, it may well indeed belong.

As an official disclaimer to the English charges of intrigue in France's newspapers and diplomacy, the French Minister of Information, M. Georges Gorse, issued a communiqué this week that spoke of a press campaign's being organized abroad, "particularly in Great Britain," to give "a false and tendentious interpretation to the position adopted by France in the face of recent international events," meaning the monetary melodramas. This communiqué was at once quoted by a leading London daily as one more example of "the curious paranoia afflicting the French in their attitude toward England." The communiqué was repeatedly carried on the French state radio this Sunday, to show how important the government considered it. Its main aim was to deny France's responsibility for troubles external to her, and to emphasize that France had not ceased her warnings against an unhealthy situation in the dollar and pound area, "some of which has now become apparent." The communiqué further declared that the Banque de France had had nothing to do with the devaluation of the British pound, since its decision not to lend further support to the gold pool was made in June and announced to the other central banks (which, as was correct, leaked no news of this disturbingly important event). The communiqué also said that the Banque de France had taken no part in the recent gold rush. The bitterness, candor, dangerous detailed complaints, and mutual accusations recently printed in the French and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What they say about things that come in small packages is true. These mini Brauns prove it. The portable sunlamp is just 7½" tall and provides both ultra-violet and infra-red rays. $50. The 1.5v battery travel toothbrush weighs a mere 8 ounces and travels anywhere without plugging in. $10. The purse-size mini-dryer dries hair without mussing it. $20, dual voltage $25. The compact little citrus juicer takes on any size citrus fruit. $30. Good things? Unquestionably. All small beauties and small engineering wonders, too. At fine stores everywhere. For the nearest one, write Braun Electric America, Inc., 4 West 58th Street, New York 10019.

BRAUN

British papers are regarded in diplomatic circles as historically remarkable and illustrative of the amazingly tough skin that neighboring European nations have developed through experience (and fear) in this last part of the twentieth century. As a commentator in the London *Times* remarked, "If this were the nineteenth century, Britain might well be at war with France by now."

THE essential meaning of de Gaulle's Monday-afternoon press conference in the Salle des Fêtes of the Élysée Palace was, oddly enough, completely contained in a cartoon by Jacques Faizant that headed *Figaro's* front page on Tuesday morning. It showed the General quitting the little stage on which he had spoken and, with an air of supreme satisfaction, saying to himself, "*Qu'est-ce que je ferais si je ne m'avais pas?*"—"What would I do if I didn't have me?" This was the sixteenth of these extraordinary personal spectacles of the French Chief of State talking, without notes or hesitation, for an hour and a half on the policies of his own country in relation to or against other governments or peoples, and it may well have been the most remarkable performance he has ever given. The real question that de Gaulle should have asked himself is what France will do without him, and when this period of widowhood is likely to begin. This was the indelicate question actually put at the press conference by a correspondent, who inquired about "*après Gaullisme*" as part of France's future. "Everything always has an end, and everyone eventually comes to a finish, though for the moment that is not the case," de Gaulle answered, with such an immediate air of having the best of the argument that everyone laughed. "*Après de Gaulle* might begin tonight, or in six months, or even a year," he went on, "or perhaps in five years, that being the term of office that the constitution has fixed for my mandate. However, if I wanted to make some people laugh and others groan, I could say that it might just as likely go on as it is now for ten years, or even fifteen. But, frankly, I don't think so." There was something rather breathtaking in the nimbleness of mind and the defense against mortality still animating this seventy-seven-year-old Frenchman who continues to lead his own country and who energetically offended many other countries and their inhabitants by his Monday speech. He offended the United States, he offended the Queen of England and the non-French Canadians of her Commonwealth, he offended the Labour Government in again refusing England entry into the Common Market, he offended Israel and world Jewry, and he offended President Johnson and his hawks by his reference to the "odious" Vietnam war. Nor could he have pleased the Chinese or the Russian Communists. It was a very remarkable press conference, narrowed to the scope of his own beliefs and dreams—a press conference dedicated not to the minds or ears of the various nationalities present but to one nationality, his own, as if, in extraordinary public intimacy, he were talking exclusively to his France. —GENÊT

•

THE PYTHONS

Deep in caves under Java,
white snakes with purposeless eyes
live by the plain behavior

of fanging at any noise
not of water dropped on rock.
Scuttering among runways,

they listen for where to look,
swallow and dream a sleep of tastes,
are deaf of the want of dark

when a gatherer's lamp infests
their corridor. While poles probe
the musting, edible nests

spittled by swifts, one swung club
of light is enough to stun
lissomeness stiff to a tube.

It's then the lazar-house stone
in the colorless, still pit
moves, beginning to be green

and living for being lit.
Nests stack, like clutches of skulls
in a catacomb, or split,

spilling dust the blackness pulls.
Deliberate, entranced like
a visionary, the boy fills

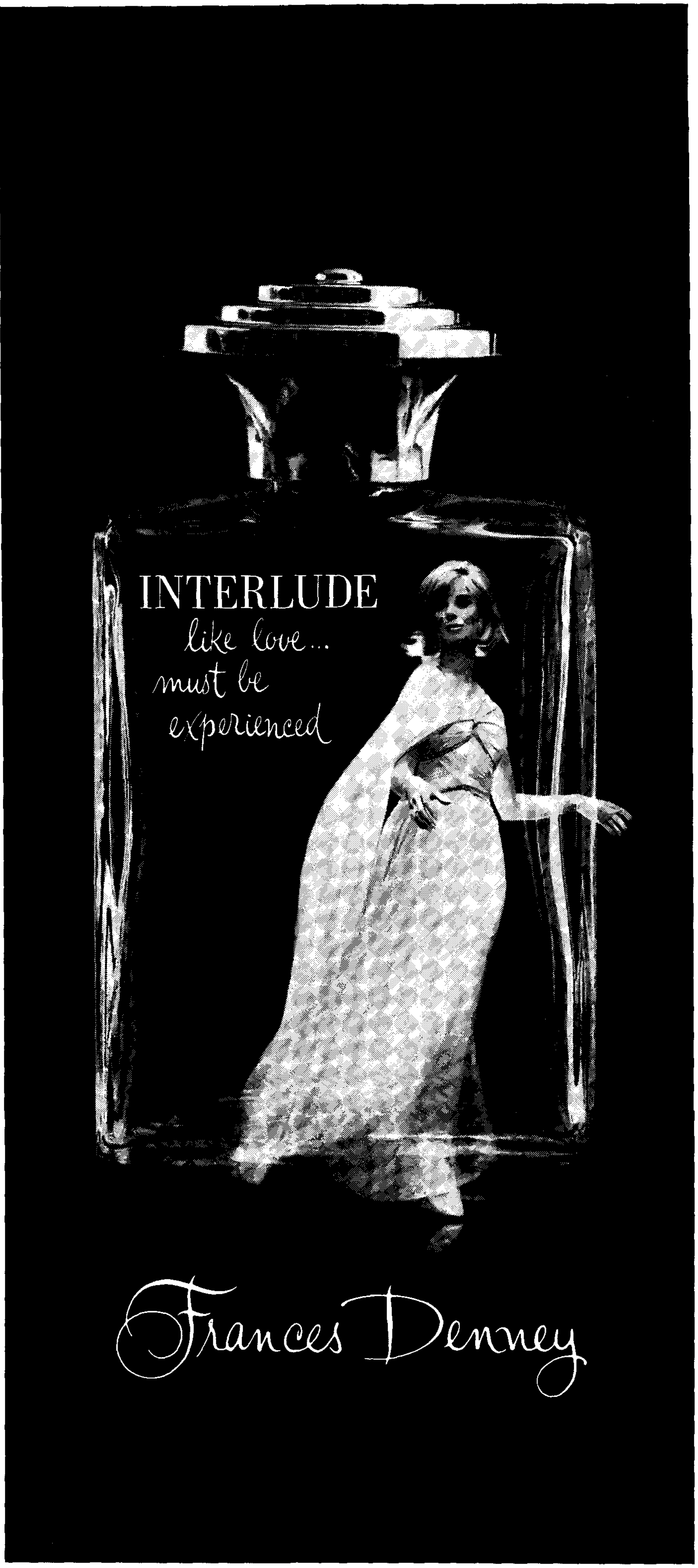
sacks with what he came to seek,
safe within his proven cone
of brilliance; then comes back

on a swing of rope, alone.
And, knowing the white ears stare
out of glidings that begin

under his shadow once more,
he climbs to surface slowly
through deep terraces of prayer,

holding the pythons holy.

—TED WALKER



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Biddleomania

WALT DISNEY is dead, but the immense concern of which he was the founder and head lives on and prospers, and his successors have only to remain faithful to his surefire principles to keep the Disney name in pretty pink lights forever. Disney began as an artist and ended as a businessman; his spiritual home, at first thought to be Cockaigne and later tentatively identified as Middletown, U.S.A., was, in fact, Wall Street, and what he had to sell was a phony-wholesome, All-American product that could be packaged with equal ease as movies, dolls, comic books, and even real estate—Disneyland, which covers much of southern California, is surely one of the wonders of the world, and no tourist, foreign or domestic, should miss it. (But then no tourist should miss Las Vegas, either, and it is fascinating to observe how much Disneyland and Las Vegas have in common; they are a sort of reverse mirror image of each other, like Jekyll and Hyde, and there is something to be said for the speculation that it is Disneyland that is Hyde and Vegas that is Jekyll.) The Master is gone and yet not gone, *et si monumentum requiris*, stop in at the Music Hall and *conspice* a vast sponge cake of a Technicolored musical comedy called "The Happiest Millionaire." It is quintessential Disneyism.

In this case, and not uncharacteristically, the product has been thoroughly pre-tested, being based on a play by Kyle Crichton that was based, in turn, on a book by Mr. Crichton and Cordelia Drexel Biddle. In what amounts to still another form of pre-testing, the book itself is a collateral descendant of the classic "Life with Father." Its central figure is Miss Biddle's father, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, who, some fifty years ago, turned the family home in Philadelphia into a combination gymnasium, aquarium, and Sunday school, where boxing, alligators, and the Bible kept a small army of children, servants, and aristocratic relations in a state of continuous uproar. Father is a short-tempered but basically lovable eccentric, whose comic misadventures—being bitten by an alligator named George is but one of the many hilarious accidents that befall him—are made to run in tandem with a romance between Cordelia and her admirer, Angier Duke. Cordelia's mother is a saint on earth, while Angier's mother is a villain who, of a villain's usual accoutrements, lacks only a black mustache to twirl. (It would be interesting to know what the present Dukes make of this portrait of an ancestral harpy. Perhaps it is just as well that so many present Dukes are also present Biddles.)

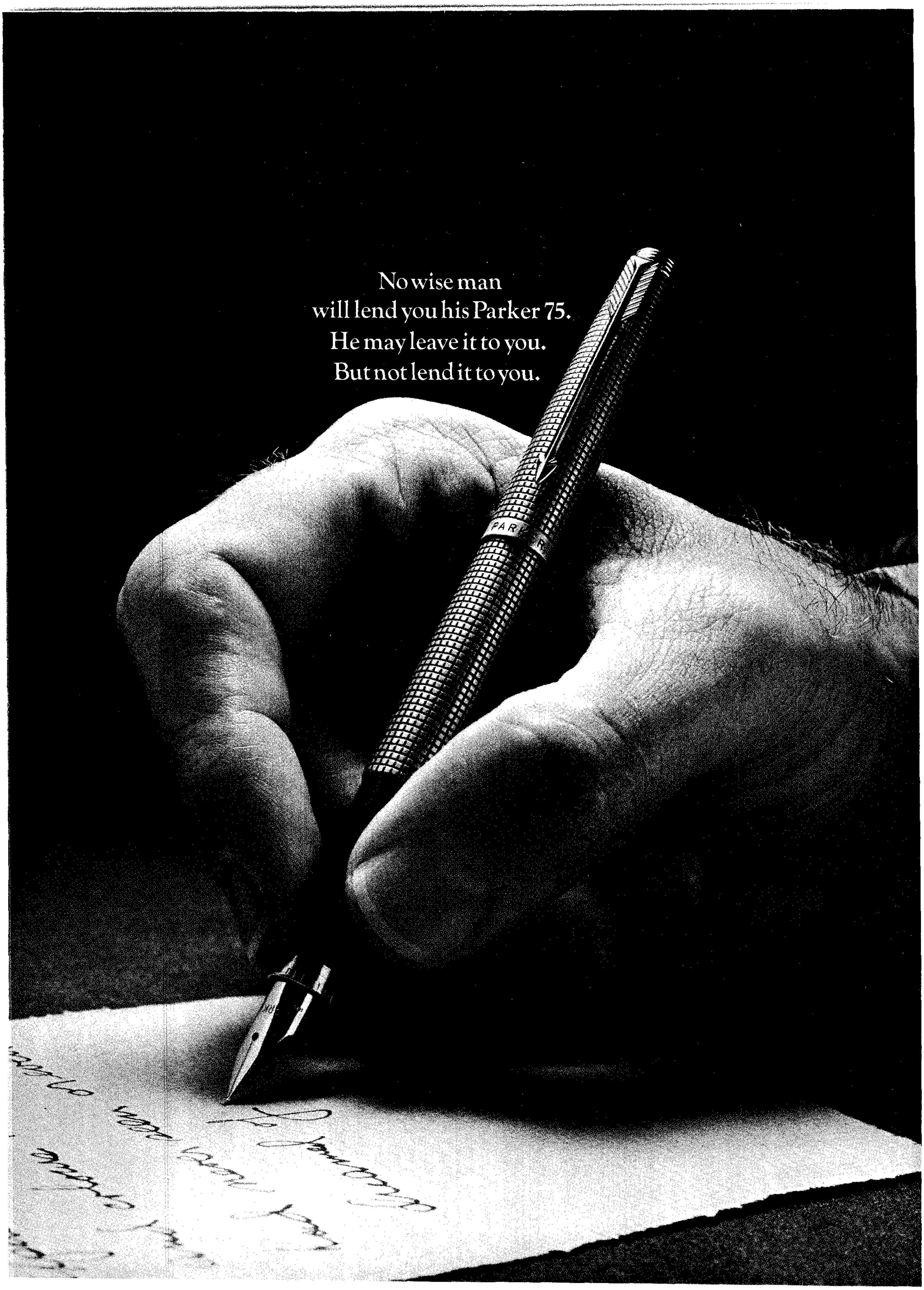
The cast? In a Disney movie? Alligators aside, there are Fred MacMurray as grumpy, darling Father, Greer Garson as Mumsy-saint-on-earth, and Geraldine Page as Mrs. Duke. Tommy Steele plays a droll Irish-immigrant butler, which gives him the opportunity to sing, in an ever-so-winning, toothily Cockney way, a ghastly song entitled "I'll Always Be Irish." Gladys Cooper does a turn as icy old Aunt Mary Drexel, and the young lovers are enacted with harmless roguishness by Lesley Ann Warren and John Davidson. "The Happiest Millionaire" is the ideal Music Hall Christmas movie. I saw it one morning in the company of six thousand visitors from Bettendorf, Iowa, who roared with laughter from start to finish, and there you are.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

GREEK IMPORTS BY SKENDERIS
1612 20th Street, n.w. (265-4928)
Open 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Monday through Saturday. Feta cheese, olive oils, olives, spices, wines. Claims to sell the most Greek wine in the area—has 42 different labels. Recommends a light wine called Sainta Helena. Greek music and papers, magazines and favors for marriages and christenings. Also gathering spot for some of Washington's 15,000 Greeks to talk and smoke. Mr. Skenderis studied civil engineering but three years ago opened the store to make some money. He has warm brown eyes. Many cheeses, like Haloumi, a Cyprus cheese. The store has the pungent smell of feta cheese.
—*Washington Post.*

Are you in love, by any chance?


No wise man
will lend you his Parker 75.
He may leave it to you.
But not lend it to you.

The Parker 75. Sterling silver. $25.

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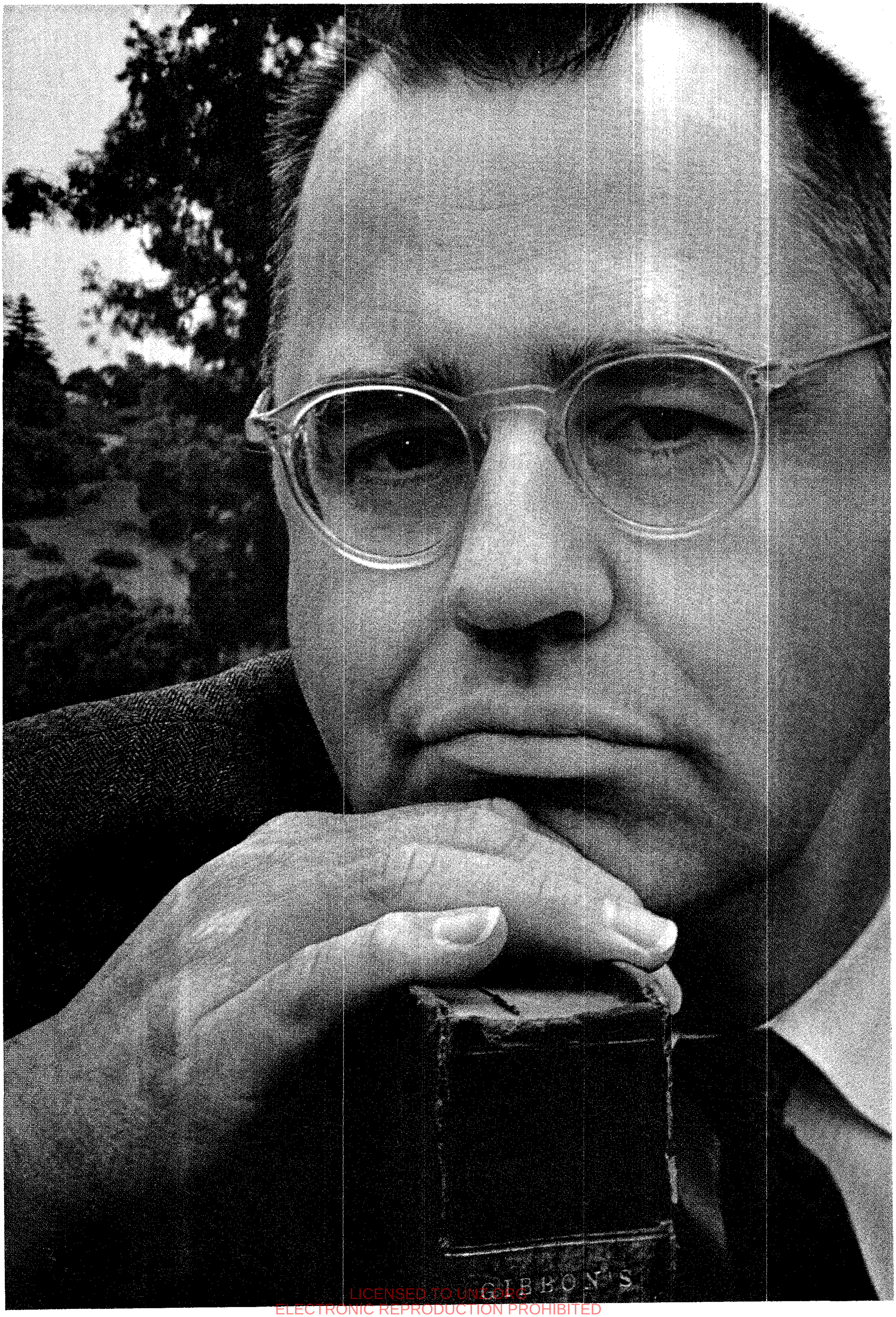
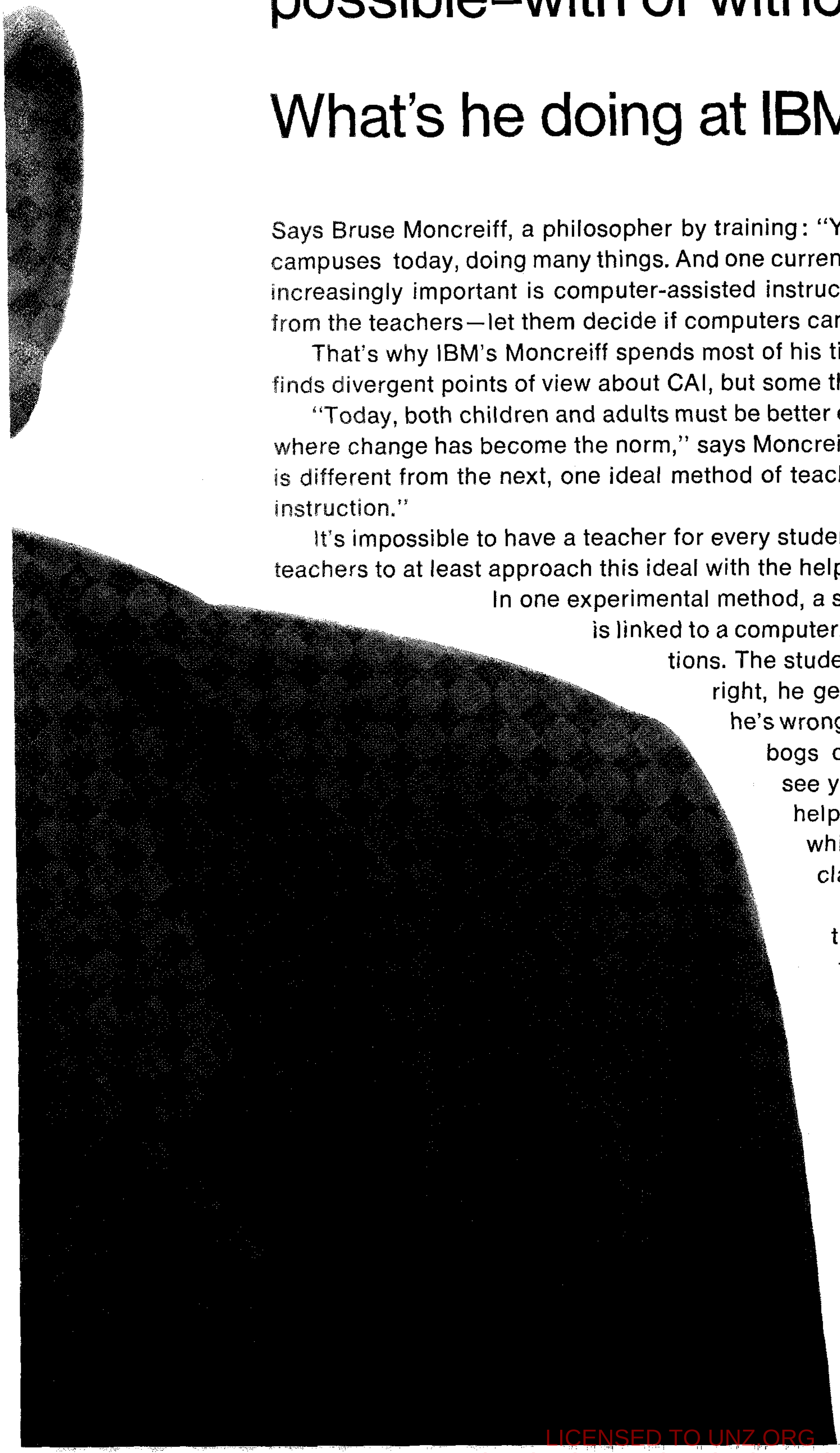

GIBBON'S

This philosopher wants tomorrow's students to get the best teaching possible–with or without computers.

What's he doing at IBM?



Says Bruse Moncreiff, a philosopher by training: "You'll find computers on many campuses today, doing many things. And one current experiment which may prove increasingly important is computer-assisted instruction (CAI). But we must learn from the teachers—let them decide if computers can be useful as a teaching aid."

That's why IBM's Moncreiff spends most of his time working with teachers. He finds divergent points of view about CAI, but some things are clear.

"Today, both children and adults must be better educated, to survive in a world where change has become the norm," says Moncreiff. "And because each person is different from the next, one ideal method of teaching is one-to-one—individual instruction."

It's impossible to have a teacher for every student. But it might be possible for teachers to at least approach this ideal with the help of computers.

In one experimental method, a student sits at a typewriter that is linked to a computer. The computer types out questions. The student types back answers. If he's right, he gets a more difficult question. If he's wrong, he gets a hint; and if he really bogs down, the suggestion, "better see your teacher." The teacher can help the student where he needs it, while the other members of the class continue uninterrupted.

"The computer's role as a teaching aid demands hard thought," says Moncreiff. "Promising as it may seem to us, we must take our lead from those who know the most—the teachers themselves. It is they who will have the final say."

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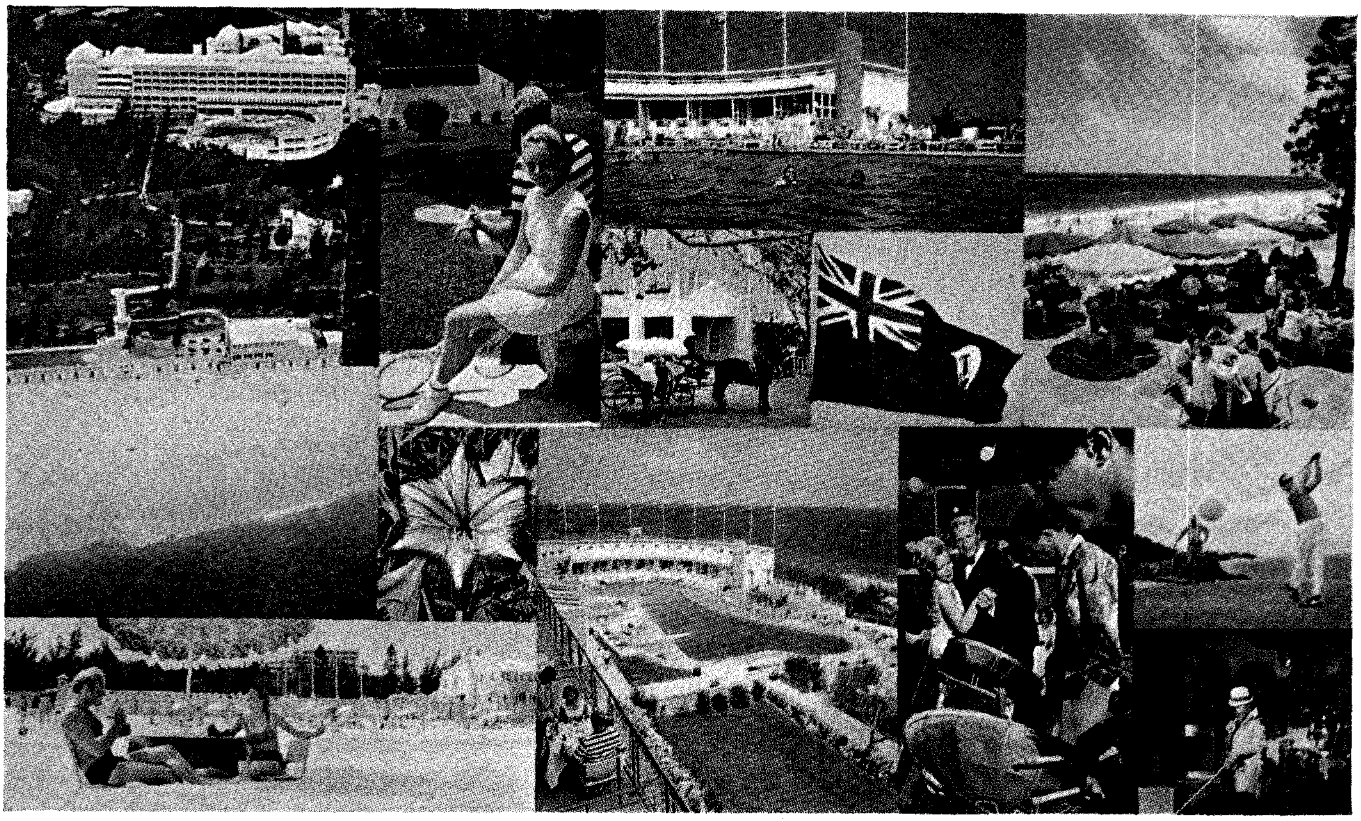

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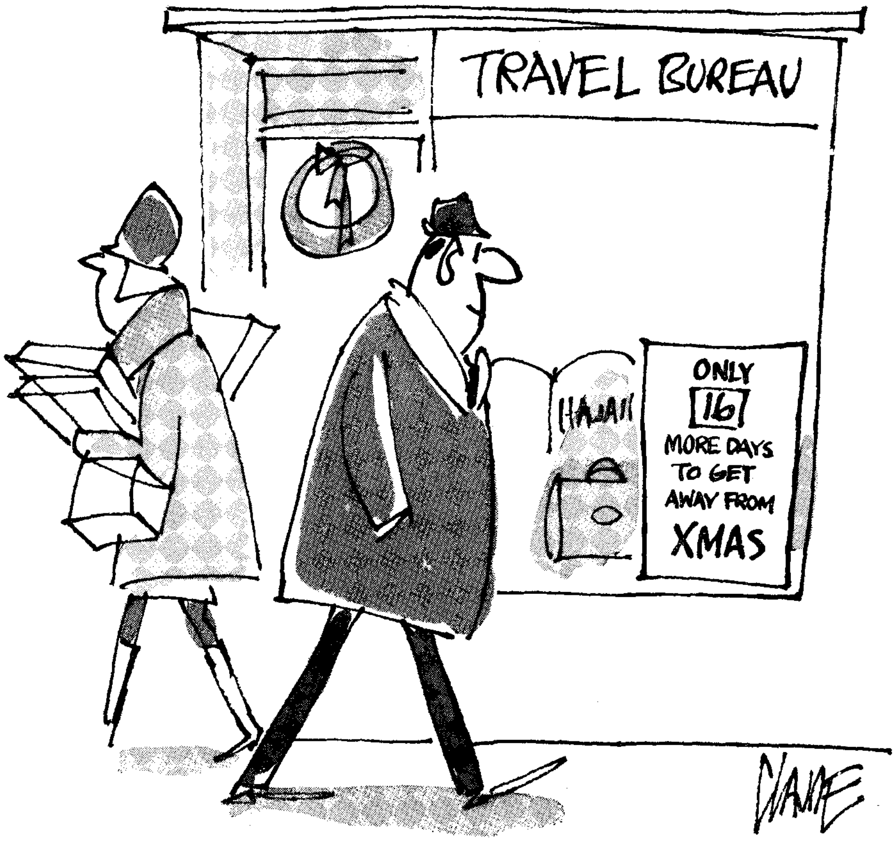
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

WE now bring you the toy headlines as of this hour. Hula hoops are back (about $2 all over town), but Batman items are fading fast, and monster and spy gear are all but forgotten. War toys—unlike war itself, unfortunately—are also last year's thing. Some philosophers in the toy industry blame this slump on parents' finally catching on to the fact that the booby-trap explosions and the screaming of missiles in the distance were not the sounds of some card-table war but echoes of real battles and, not wanting to be reminded of this confounding truth, touting the kids off toy counters where the predominant color was camouflage. Stuck with all those jeep and rifle dies, the toymakers' forces were in temporary disarray, but they have hastily regrouped. Taking note of the numerous best-sellers and movies dealing with animals—especially wild ones—they are converting the jeeps into safari trucks and the M-16s into big-game rifles. So now everybody under fifteen is being dispatched to the jungles of Africa—not an area that poses questions of troubling significance to most toy purchasers just at the moment.

"Dear old Africa!" is what Polynesia, Doctor Dolittle's parrot, called it when she landed there with the good Doctor from Puddleby-on-the-Marsh. And when the toy safaris rendezvous in the thornbush this season, whose tall black hat will rise over the polyurethane horizon and who will amble forward on his trusty giraffe to welcome them but Doctor Dolittle, they presume? Stuffed plastic versions of the Doctor and his friends, plus Doctor Dolittle games, coloring sets, sewing kits, and the rest of it—two hundred licensed items to date—are rapidly overrunning the toy scene. So far, however, we haven't heard any mention of a doll or other representation of that unhappy African Prince Bumpo, who, as you may remember from Hugh Lofting's original "The Story of Doctor Dolittle," wanted above all things on earth to have his black face turned into a white one, so that he would be loved instead of rejected, and who freed Doctor Dolittle from the royal jail for accomplishing this feat. "When John Dolittle lent him a little looking-glass to see himself in, he sang for joy and began dancing around the prison," having discovered that his face "had turned as white as snow, and his eyes, which had been mud-colored, were a manly gray!" No, we couldn't find Bumpo anywhere. Those who miss him will perhaps be interested in a curious table game we *did* run across, called Clean Sweep ($5 at F. A. O. Schwarz), which involves small plastic brooms, a tiny trash can, and a hundred tiny pieces of plastic debris, half of them white and the other half red, blue, green, or yellow. In the course of the game, according to the directions that come with it, all players "rush to sweep the 'Good' white litter into their own corner with their brooms, at the same time trying to sweep the 'Bad' colored litter into someone else's corner." "The white litter is 'Good' litter," the instructions add, in heavy black type. "The colored litter is 'Bad' litter and is counted against you." Clean Sweep is manufactured in Minneapolis, where people are apparently rather out of touch.

The "official" Doctor Dolittle doll manages to look quite a bit like a robust Rex Harrison—who, it may have come to your attention, plays the role in the movie that is responsible for much of this back-to-the-jungle hoopla. Two feet tall, the toy Dolittle has floppy legs, a kapok-stuffed body, and a vinyl head, and costs $13.95 at Schwarz. Naturally, he comes wearing a frock coat, a plaid vest, a flowing tie, and a top hat. The hat, coat, and vest are removable, but we have a feeling the Doctor wouldn't take kindly to such indignity. Pull the magic ring at the back of his neck and he says, "If asked to sing in hippopotamus, I'd say why not-a-mus," or something of the sort. (He has a repertoire of ten such remarks.) This commercial hero of the hour would look quite at home among the collections of stuffed animals that teen-age girls often accumulate, or he might please a little boy who would like to drag a doll around without being teased. The boy could claim he was studying to be a vet. The presumptive vet might also like the Doctor Dolittle Medical Play Set—a cardboard medical case fitted out with toy paraphernalia (a plastic stethoscope, tongue depressors, candy pills, and so on), together with plastic versions of six members of the Doctor's animal entourage to practice on. Gimbel's has this for $1.88. Between patients, the child could play a recording of fourteen songs taken from the sound track of the movie, which wouldn't be terribly hard on the ears of Father and Mother, although they might wonder for a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moment what the devil Professor Higgins was doing in the African bush. The record is Twentieth Century-Fox DTCS 5101, and the price, for stereo, is $6.79.

Friendship with animals is hardly the stock in trade of the toy manufacturers who want our bloodthirsty small fry to give up make-believe shooting at human beings in favor of make-believe shooting at beasts of the jungle—with, for instance, the Johnny Eagle Magumba Rifle, whose prototype, its manufacturer insists, is known to every hunter "from the Sarengatte Plains to the base of Mt. Kilimanjaro." (The literature also refers to a "white hunter," but rather nervously, we thought. Everything is so complicated nowadays.) This is a single-shot bolt-action weapon, three feet long, that has a 3.6x telescopic sight and makes a splendid "Bang!" as it shoots a plastic bullet—not very hard. (The "Bang" is due to the explosion of a cap in the breech, and the bullet is expelled by a spring, not by gunpowder. Six bullets come with the rifle, but no caps.) It has an adjustable shoulder sling and an engraving—or, anyway, a representation—of an elephant rampant on the stock, and costs $7.29 at Macy's. This rifle can also be bought at Reiss Brothers, 54 East 59th Street, as part of a Safari Set, which includes Magumba binoculars, a Magumba canteen, and a Magumba pith helmet, and costs $13.98 all told. The frenzy over animals has also invaded the card-table-game field. Wild Life, which is played on a board representing the major jungles of the world, also has to do with elephants (and lions and tigers and so on), but the instructions begin with a section of the official pledge of the National Wild Life Federation, to wit: "I will never forget that life and beauty, wealth and progress, depend on how wisely man uses his gifts . . . the soil, the water, the air, the minerals, the plant life and the Wild Life." The object of the game is for the players to stock four different kinds of zoos (Children's, Great Cats and Bears, Apes and Birds, Pachyderms and Reptiles) by searching out the wanted beast or bird in the appropriate jungle. (Mandrills come from West Africa, a player discovers, and shoebill storks from the upper reaches of the White Nile.) Once captured, the wildlife must be transported to the zoo it is intended for. The hunters (three, four, or five can play) must be old enough to cope with dice, markers, chips, animal cards, transport cards, harbor cards,

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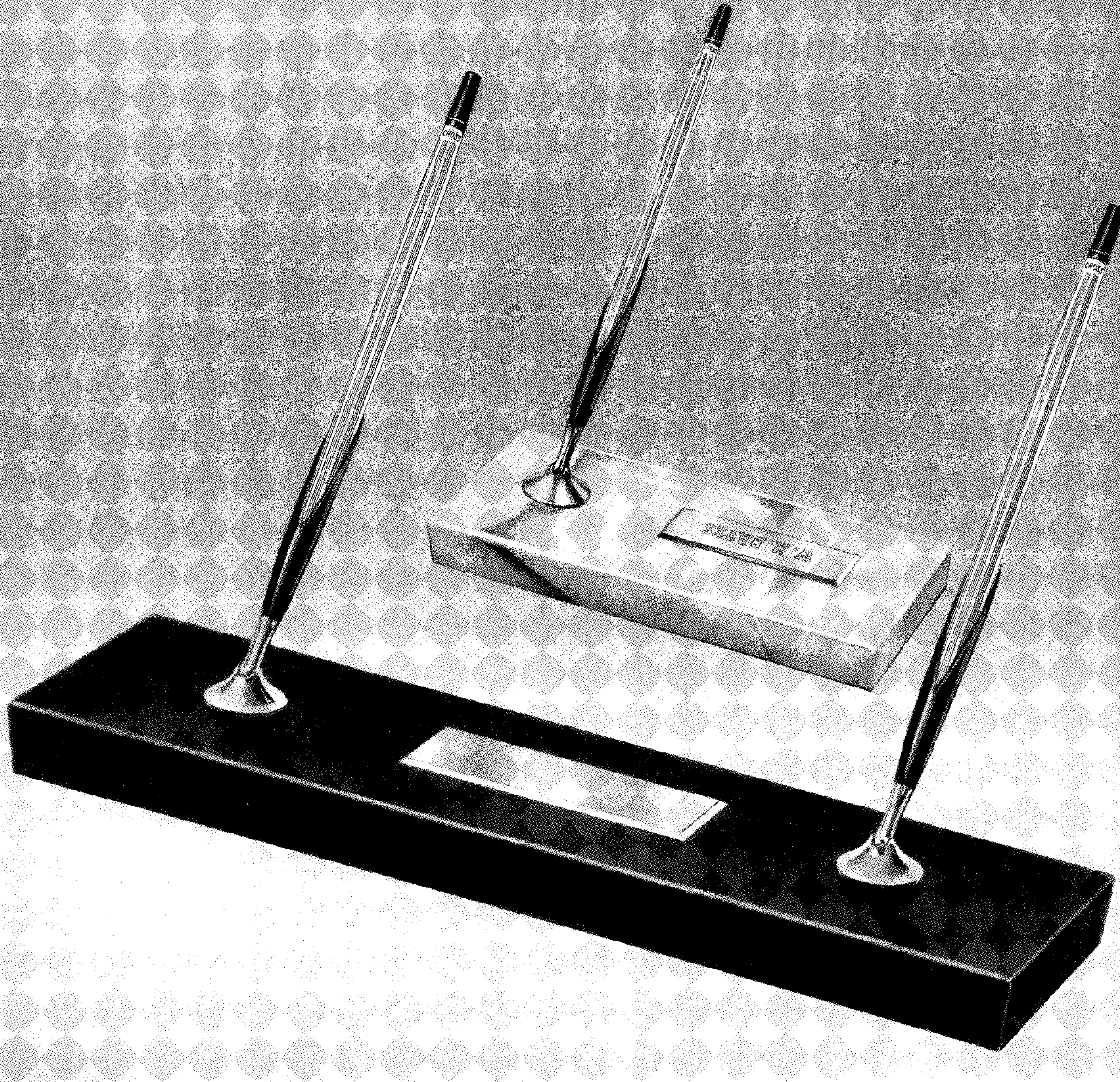

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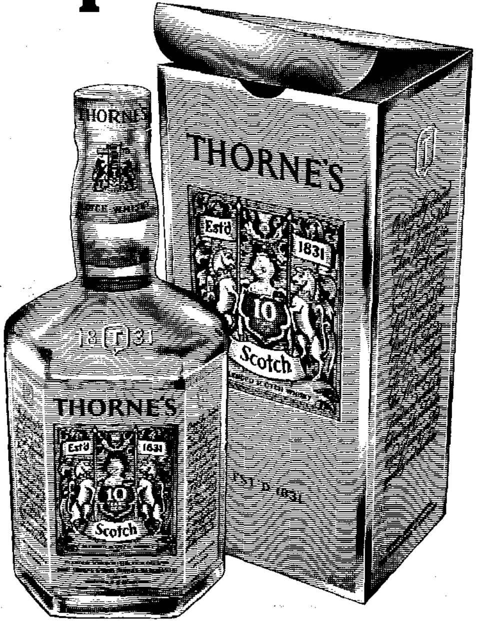

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THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

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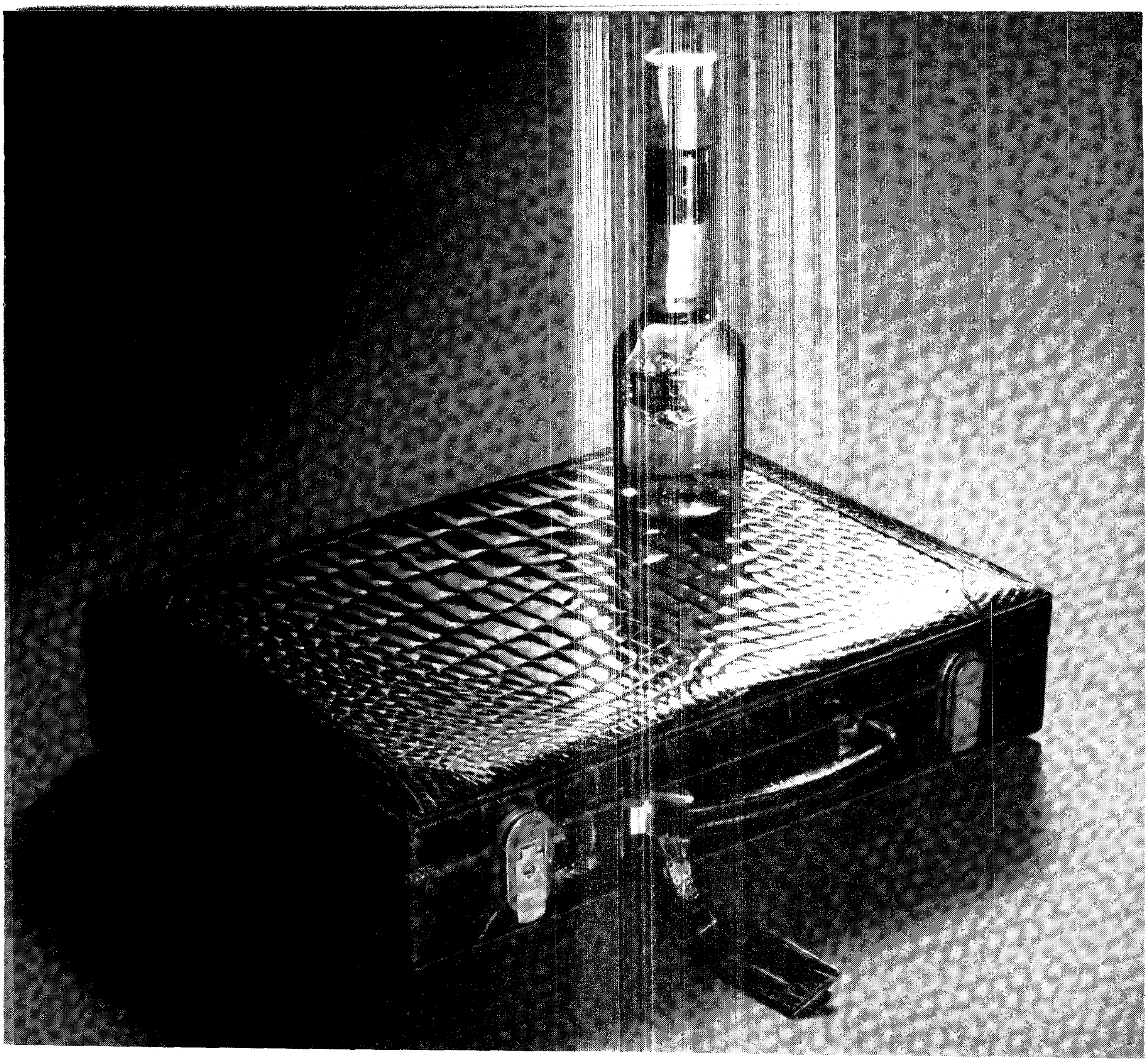
and lucky cards, as well as with play money. Woe unto the player who lands on the Island of Extinct Animals, because, as the directions sternly note, "a visit to this island represents a penalty for Man's callousness," which is to say that the player loses two turns. Schwarz has Wild Life for $6.95. For more frivolous types, Polk's Hobby Department Store, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd), has a three-and-seven-eighths-inch Corgi Giraffe Transporter ($2), with two gloomy-looking removable plastic giraffes peering over the sides. Two removable plastic giraffes who have something to look gloomy *about* ride in a much larger-scale transporter at Macy's—a fourteen-inch steel truck so bouncy that the giraffes, whose rocker feet fit into slots in the back of the truck, rock back and forth as they roll along. This vehicle is called a Rocking Giraffe Truck and costs $5.39. A lion, a tiger, a baby elephant, and a wild boar occupy cages in the rear of a nine-and-a-quarter-inch truck known as a Kenya Karryall; $3.49 at Reiss Brothers. The cages—which have sliding doors, so that their occupants can be removed—can be lifted off the truck, converting it into an ordinary flatbed hauler in case all this zoolatry goes out of style. Back at Schwarz you'll also find an eighteen-inch wooden touring car, painted white and with a red-and-white-striped top, in which four plush bears wearing full sportsmen's regalia are riding. These suspicious-looking characters *claim* that they've just been fishing, and have a fishing pole and a net to prove it; $19.75.

THE major news in the doll department is that those eleven-and-a-half-inch slick chicks are rapidly becoming candidates for the Island of Extinct Dolls, with the exception of one powerful dynasty—that of Barbie and her family. Barbie has come to be such a basic commodity that for a month last spring one could turn one's old Barbie in on the latest model. During that month, any little girl who arrived at a toy store carrying a dollar and a half and her old Barbie doll got a new one with "lifelike bendable legs," "real eyelashes," and "an imaginative twist 'n turn waist." This offer, according to her manufacturers, Mattel, Inc., led to the exchange of one million two hundred and fifty thousand old dolls for new ones. We had visions of vast used-Barbie lots springing up all over the country ("Formerly owned by well-behaved only child! Played with on Sundays only!"), but it seems that the store owners had the option of contributing



This Crocodile attaché case by Fabergé, filled with Brut products, makes the ideal Christmas gift at One Thousand Dollars. There are only ninety-seven in existence.

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the outdated dolls to local charities or shipping them to the Catholic Relief Services, which, in turn, sent them to little girls in the orphanages and hospitals of South Vietnam. Which evokes another kind of vision. Now that the trade-in offer has expired, the 1967 Barbie, wearing a net swimsuit and with her hair in any of "four frolicking colors," can be bought for about four dollars everywhere. It is only fair to add that her expression is a little less sultry and on-the-make than it used to be. Mattel calls it her new "outdoors look." Indeed, the whole Barbie troupe has moved a far piece away from the old cocktail-party circuit. Two recent family additions—a twin sister and brother named Tutti and Todd—are kindergarten types, like many of the little girls who cherish this crowd. The twins, seven and five eighths inches tall and fitted out in peppermint-striped suits, are $6.95 at Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th). Another recent addition to the group, incidentally—a handsome fifteen-year-old type—was formerly identified as "Barbie's 'Mod'-ern cousin Francie." The cousin reference is now out. She lost her family accreditation earlier this year when she appeared also in a Negro version. (We told you things were getting complicated.) Negro or white, Francie, wearing a bathing suit, costs $3.59 at Gimbel's, among other places. The year's other notable recruit to the Barbie forces is the Twiggy doll. Twiggy, as they point out on the box, looks great in all of Francie's clothes. She has that twist-'n-turn waist and all the rest, and, since she's modelled on a real person, also has a fraction more character in her face than some dolls have. In a striped dress and yellow boots, she's $3.99 at Stern's.

If you're looking for a doll for a member of a minority group—we're talking about little girls who wear glasses—how about Spunky, one of those five-and-a-half-inch dolls that come in plastic pocketbooks? Wearing jeans and a striped shirt, Spunky is a cheerful soul with reddish hair, blue eyes, and big, round spectacles, which are very becoming to her. Press the button in the small of her back and she waves her right arm; under $4 all over town. Press the plastic belly of a six-inch doll called Baby Cheerful Tearful and she looks glum. Let go and she's smiling again; $4.50 at Rappaport's. We weren't surprised to find the usual showoffs on the doll counters, but we hadn't counted on coming across one who chews. That's right—*chews*. This chomper, seventeen and a half

BONWIT TELLER
MEN'S SHOP

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1964 Hattenheimer Nussbrunnen Riesling Cabinet Beerenauslese o/a Langwerth von Simmern	17.50	190.00
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1964 Steinberger Riesling Trockenbeerenauslese o/a Staatsweingueter	37.50	405.00

*Awarded "Staatsehrenpreis"

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You are being misled about battery-operated television.

Most of the people who make those small television sets would like you to believe that they're as portable as a portable radio.

Unfortunately, they aren't.

The fact is, if you're going anywhere outdoors and want to take one of their sets along, you're also going to have to take along a separate ten-pound battery pack. And chances are, half the time you'll wind up leaving the set at home, where it really belongs.

The Panasonic Valley View, on the other hand, is really a battery-operated portable television set.

We mean the rechargeable battery is right inside the set. When you're outdoors, it works on battery. Indoors on house current. And, incidentally, our battery can be recharged twice as many times as one of those you'd have to lug around and it can't be overcharged.

Also, instead of a peephole, the Valley View has an 8-inch screen, measured diagonally. It also has a dark-tinted glass to make what you're looking at look a lot better, especially outdoors.

And in case you'd like to know a little more about what you're buying, the Valley View has 51 Solid State devices in it, two separate antennas, easy to see "pop-up" tuning and a speaker that's just about twice as big as you'll find on many of the others.

What's more, you can be sure the next time you want to take a television set to the beach, if you take the Valley View you won't get left holding the "bag." Model TR-238B.

Solid State
4
PANASONIC
Solid State

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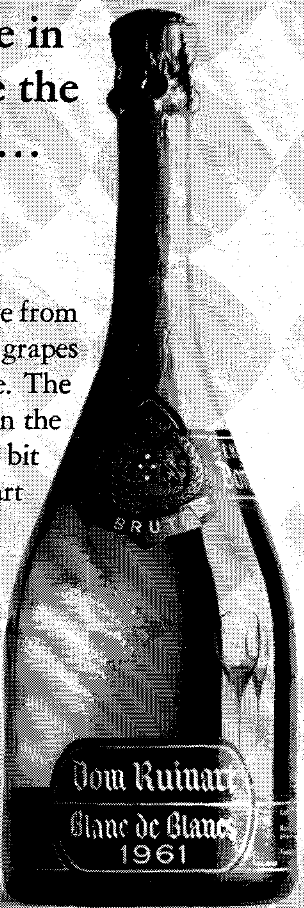
From one tiny hillside in France comes what may be the champagne of the century… Dom Ruinart Blanc de Blancs 1961

Dom Ruinart Blanc de Blancs is made from only the finest white Pinot Chardonnay grapes that grow on only one hillside in France. The supply is always limited. Some years, when the grapes are considered to be even the least bit less than perfect, there is no Dom Ruinart Champagne at all. But, every once in a great while, the grapes are such that they make a wine so fine, so delicate that it surpasses all other vintages. Dom Ruinart Blanc de Blancs Champagne 1961 is such a wine. It may very well be the Champagne of the century. Flawless. But in limited supply.



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When the 'Ins' go out*... it's the "Walker" that makes the scene. This newest short length all weather coat is by Harbor Master, in an exclusive 2 x 2 poplin of 65% Dacron** and 35% Cotton. ZEPEL® rain-and-stain repellent treated. The zip-in inner liner is of warmest Orlon** in a fashion-right rum shade. $45 at B. Gertz, New York

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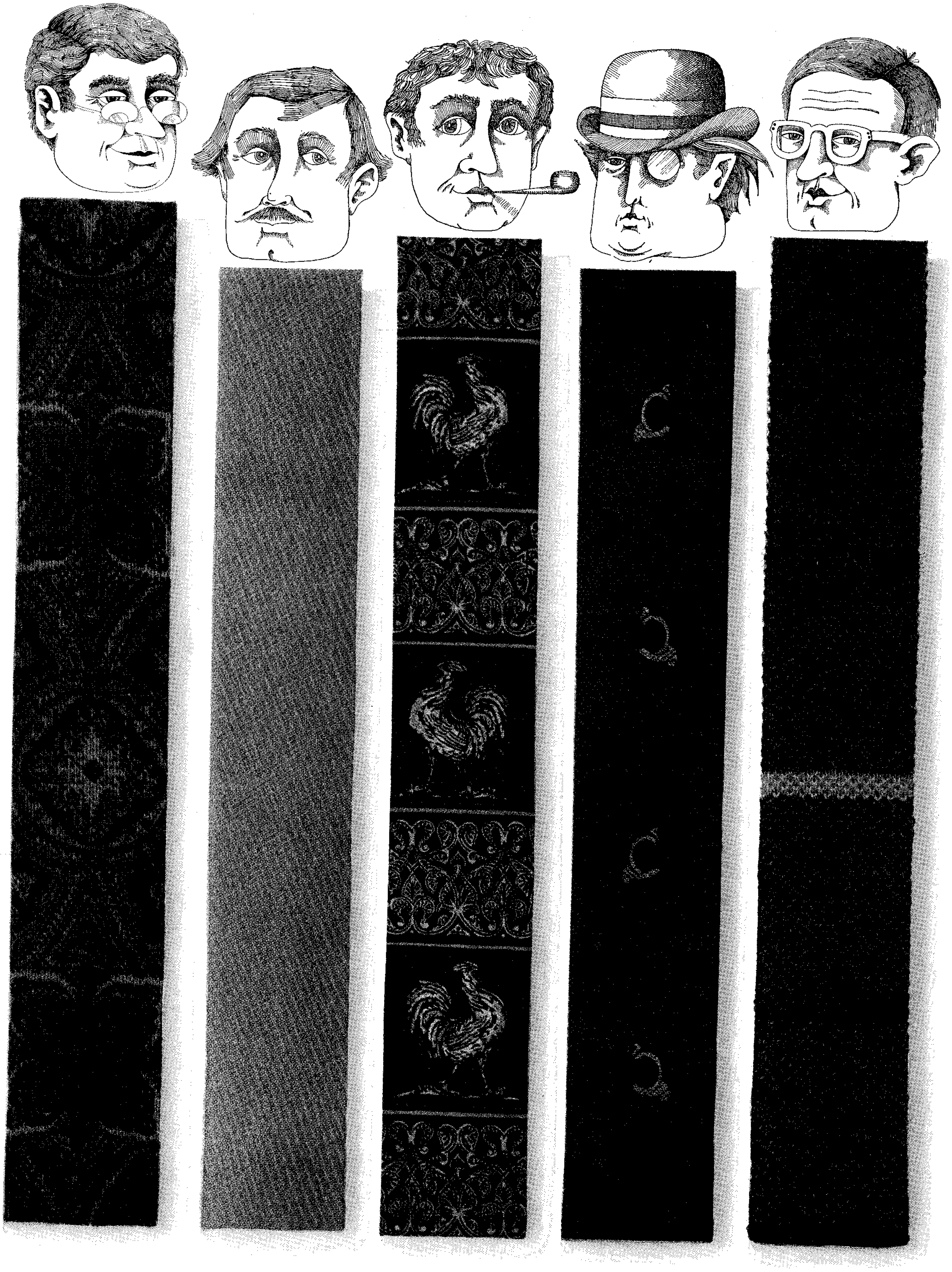
Also see Harbor Master at: **G. Fox**, Hartford; **Strawbridge & Clothier**, Philadelphia; **Gimbels**, Pittsburgh; **Schlesingers**, West New York, N. J.; **Hughes, Hatcher & Suffrin**, Detroit; **Frankenbergers**, Charleston; **B&B Lorry's**, New York City; **Thalhimer's**, Richmond; **Titche-Goettinger**, Dallas; **Stix Baer & Fuller**, St. Louis; **Lytton's**, Chicago; **The Shepard Co.**, Providence; **Davison's**, Atlanta; **Martin's**, Brooklyn; **Macy's**, Kansas City; **Wm. H. Block**, Indianapolis; **Brandeis**, Omaha; **Woodward & Lothrop**, Washington, D.C.; **Rice's**, Norfolk.

inches tall and wearing a pink dress, a plastic bib, and a bonnet, is called Baby's Hungry; give her her bottle or teething ring, or feed her from her feeding dish—these are all among her standard accessories—and her cheeks go in and out as her mouth opens and closes. Meanwhile, her eyes move from side to side. She's at Polk's, for $18.38—a price that, like all the prices that follow, includes batteries where they're needed. Tubsy, an eighteen-inch doll who has a very sweet face, begins to splash her legs around as soon as she's put in water. Take her out and she stops kicking. Complete with diaper, a hooded terry-cloth bathrobe, and her own pink bathtub, she costs about $14 at E. J. Korvette. Another battery-powered kicker, also eighteen inches tall, is named L'il Miss Fussy. *She* not only kicks but wails when her diaper is wet. (We're not letting you off anything.) Put a dry diaper on her and she subsides. In a pink dress with a bottle and an extra diaper, she costs $9.99 at Gimbel's. Another new entry, called Giggles, is described as "the happiest doll in the world"—maybe because she doesn't have to lug any batteries around. Press her hands together and she rolls her blue eyes and giggles, audibly. It's really more like an up-and-down squeak. Except for this failing—and no doubt her new mother will have another word for it—she's quite a nice doll, with a roguish face and long, straight light-brown hair that can be washed. Eighteen inches tall, she comes in a red-and-yellow dress and sandals, and costs $9.99 at Macy's. Water power is what causes a sixteen-inch doll named Sweet Tears to cry real tears all over her pink dress; with booties, a bottle, and a pacifier, she's $10.95 at Schwarz. Magnets are involved in the performance of a twenty-two-inch older-girl doll named Suzy, who comes with a hand mirror. Hold up the mirror and she turns her head toward it to see how she looks. (Next year, no doubt, someone will bring out a doll that takes one look in the mirror, turns her head away, and cries real tears.) This doll also brings with her a makeup kit containing false fingernails, a nail file, a pair of scissors, some false eyelashes, a pair of tweezers, a powder puff, a lipstick, and some eyeshadow. After this inventory, you'll never guess what her full name is. It's Suzy *Homemaker*. In a red jumper, this confused girl is $9.95 at Gimbel's. Petit Frère, or Little Brother, is, as you must have heard, *the educational doll of the year*, sponsored in this country by Creative Playthings, 1 Rockefeller Plaza, and at



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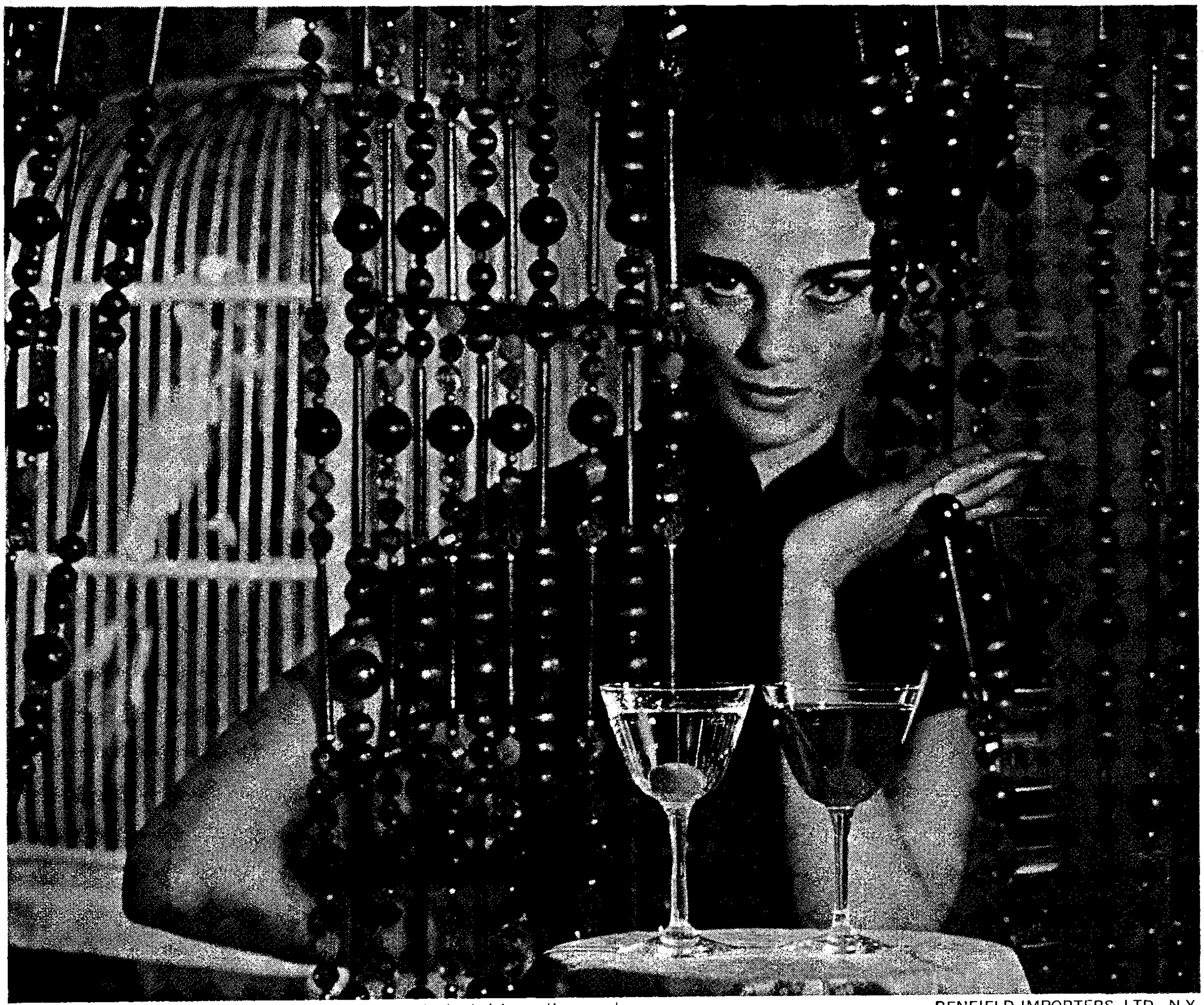

Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi is great straight on the rocks.

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MARTINI & ROSSI

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Bloomingdale's. Twenty-one inches tall, he comes equipped with a shirt, a diaper, rubber pants, blond or brunette curls, and "anatomically correct" male genitalia; $19.95 for this course in anatomy. A doll named Drowsy makes a nice soft armful in her pink print pajamas. Her straight blond hair is tied with a ribbon. At the back of her neck is one of those magic rings, and if you pull it she'll say a series of things, such as "Mommy, I want a drink of water." She won't be making trouble for long, though. Her painted-on eyes are half closed, and the poor little thing will be asleep any minute. We've noticed that if a young girl looks at her for a while, her own eyes start to close, which could make Drowsy a useful friend to all around bedtime; $8.95 at Rappaport's.

If you were hoping to find a doll that would be soft to hold, would leave her chewing habits to the imagination, and does nothing more intrusive than say "Mama" when bent double, consider Honey Bun, eighteen inches tall, at Altman's. Honey, who has silky brown hair, is got up the way dolls used to be got up before they turned so obstreperous. She wears a white organdie dress, a knit cap, a sweater, and booties, and costs $11. Or is a rag doll what you're looking for? As you know if you got to Montreal last summer, a large area of the American Spirit section of the United States Pavilion was given over to Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy. "Classic American folk dolls," they were called, and two hundred and forty of the mop-haired moppets were on display, in five different heights, from fifteen and a half inches to forty-five. The forty-five-inch classic, in either gender, is $30 at Schwarz. The fifteen-and-a-half-inch version is $3.95 at Childcraft, 155 East 23rd Street, where they will also sell you twenty-four lined sheets of Raggedy Ann and Andy stationery and eighteen envelopes for $1. Probably the greatest variety of rag dolls in town, though, can be found at Liberty House, 345 Bleecker Street. All the proceeds of this shop go to support fifteen Negro coöperative craft factories in Mississippi, the source of

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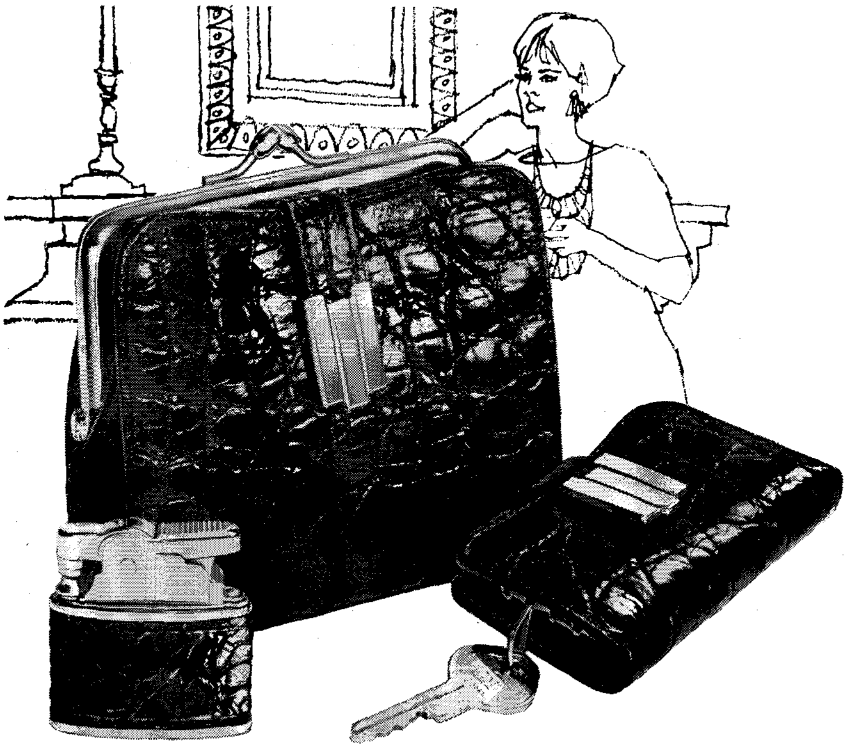
many of the items sold here. Among these are stuffed boy and girl dolls with cloth faces. In white or Negro versions, they are eighteen inches tall, wear rough work clothes, and cost $4 apiece. Some of the Liberty House dolls are made in the North Carolina mountains, including two sixteen-inch ones who represent lanky mountaineer types—father in overalls, mother in a sunbonnet. They're $6 each. From the same area there's a dandy fourteen-inch grandmother doll. Turn her upside down, smooth down her gingham skirts the other way, and you have Little Red Riding Hood. Or pull Grandma's cap off and where her back hair should be is the face of the Big Bad Wolf; $8 for this.

Mississippi craftsmen have also sent up to Liberty House a good supply of clutch balls for the newest names on your Christmas list. Nine inches in diameter, these consist of a dozen curved wedges, like sections of an orange, made of cotton stuffed with foam rubber and sewn together into a ball. The wedges are left semi-detached, so that the smallest fingers can get a good grip on them; $4. Six hollow rubber blocks that can be stacked or floated and that squeak when they're pinched cost $4.95 at Childcraft. A flat plastic Busy Box, fourteen by thirteen inches, which hangs on a crib or playpen and features knobs, noisemakers, cranks, dials, doors that open, and so on, is $5.50 at Schwarz. There's no rest for the weary—even someone still in the sacque, as the old joke goes. You must help the baby "assimilate, master, and affect his environment," says Creative Playthings. "Love is not enough," these people add, quoting a prominent psychiatrist. They advise you to get that lolling baby out of his crib as early as the age of eight weeks and put him, prone, onto something called a Crawligator. This is a plastic alligator-nosed object, twenty-three inches long, that fits under the young explorer's body and moves freely on swivelling ball casters as he maneuvers it around with his hands and feet; $9.95. After a workout on this vehicle, he may be grateful for a chance to lie and stare for a while at an Inquarium, another new item devised by Creative Playthings. This is a leakproof pouch of heavy vinyl ($2.95) that hangs on the side of his crib. With it comes a supply of shining stones. You fill the pouch half full of water, add the stones, and buy some goldfish from your friendly neighborhood aquarium, or you can order a symbiotic set of two fish, one snail, and a plant for $2 from Creative



Opulent Genuine Alligator in gleaming black, brown, or beige for exquisite fashion accents. Leather lined French purse $25.00. Key case $14.00. Lifetime lighter $9.00. At fine stores.

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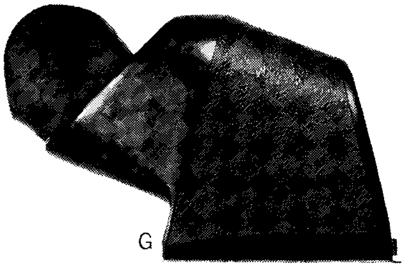
The Hasselblad system...
and a few reasons why the serious photographer needs it.

If you're serious about your photography, (and you wouldn't be reading this advertisement if you weren't), then you are probably already the proud owner of a so called "system" or a "system camera." You like it, because you like to do a lot of shooting, and you like the versatility and freedom that the "system" idea can bring to your photography. Probably the "system" that you have is 35mm ...right? And it's great because you can shoot lots of exposures, then print up your best shots. But you'd be the first to admit that there's a big loss in image quality when you blow up that 35mm negative to "Exhibition" print size. And did you ever get mad because you had a black and white film loaded and then all of a sudden that chance for a great color shot happened. Of course if you have two bodies, and keep one always loaded with color, then you're in great shape...do you have two bodies? And did you ever get mad at your wife when she wanted to see the pictures of that weekend trip you both took, then complained about the size of the contacts? O.K. so some of the things we've mentioned may be a little exaggerated, but they do point out a few things that can happen if you own a 35. None of these things can happen if you own the Hasselblad System. You see Hasselblad is the one camera system that can do anything that any 35mm camera system can do and at the same time give you all the advantages of the 2¼ square format. Plus the Hasselblad System of interchangeable lenses with built in Compur shutter and interchangeable film magazines.

Here's what the Hasselblad System consists of. Firstly, the 500C, the standard camera in the system[A]. It accepts all seven lenses available for the Hasselblad, and is a single lens reflex viewing camera. The 500C always shows you exactly how your final picture will turn out on the ground glass screen, in the same way a view camera does. This allows you to concentrate on the setting up and composition of your picture, no matter what lens or accessories you are using on the camera.

The lens, magazine, focusing hood and winding knob of the 500C are all instantly interchangeable.

Next is the Hasselblad Superwide C. The camera that caused a breakthrough in 2¼ square photography. Equipped with a 38mm, 90° angle of view Zeiss Biogon f/4.5 lens, this camera allows you to take pictures previously considered impossible.



The superb optics of the lens assures perfect distortion-free horizontal and vertical delineation, with sharpness of image from corner to corner of the negative area, even at full aperture. Depth of field at an aperture of f/22 is from 26 inches to infinity.

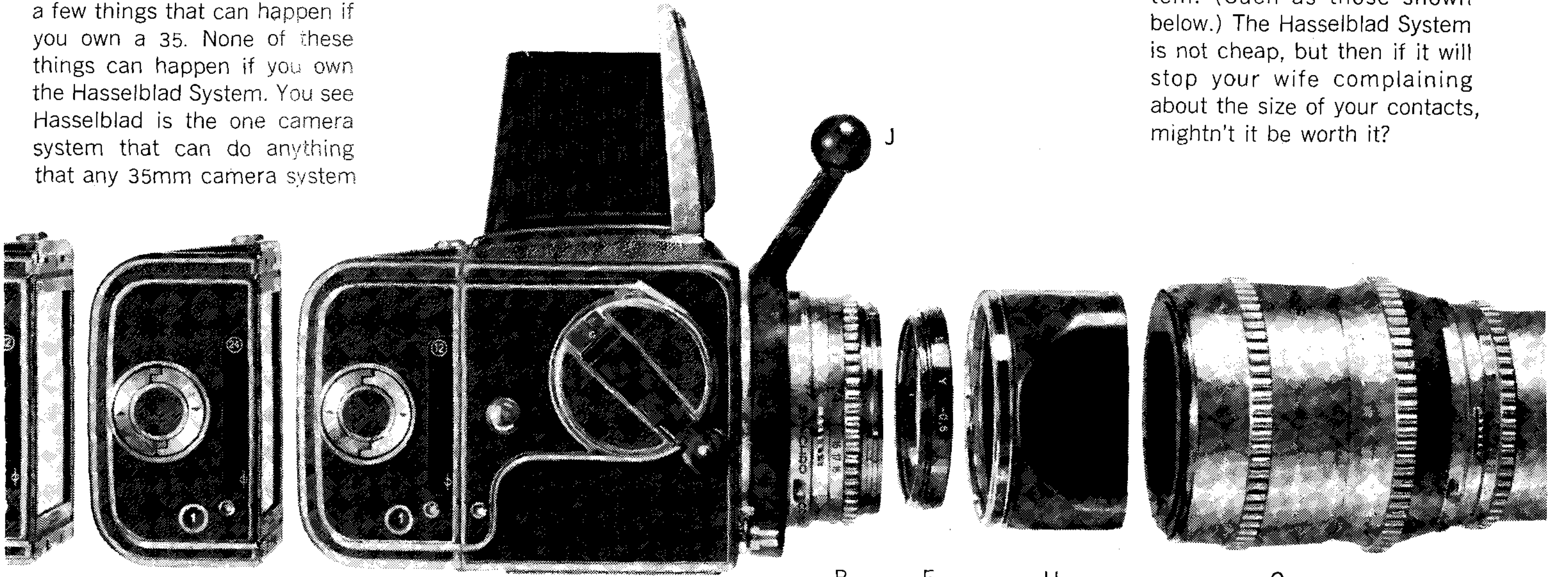
The newest camera in the Hasselblad System is the electrically driven Hasselblad 500EL. This camera automatically advances the film and cocks the shutter, allowing a rapid series of exposures to be made, either by use of the camera release or long release cords, timer or remote radio control. The 500EL accepts all the lenses and most accessories available for the 500C. Obviously one of the advantages of this camera is that the photographer is freed from the actual mechanics of picture taking and can, therefore, devote himself completely to the subject.

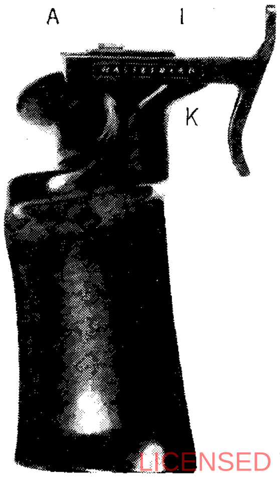
The use of the 500EL with the Hasselblad 70mm film magazine, (up to 70 exposures on cassette loaded 70mm film) allows the photographer, working on a job where a large number of exposures are required, to handle his work load much more quickly and efficiently.

Five different instantly interchangeable film magazines are available. These magazines allow the photographer to make 12 or 16 exposures on 120 film[D], 24 exposures on 220 film[E] and 70 exposures on 70mm film. The magazines also allow the choice of 3 formats, (2¼ square, 2¼ X 1⅝, 1⅝ X 1⅝). This allows not only for speed of operation, but the convenience of being able to change either film type or format in mid-roll.

Completing the system is a huge range of accessories that includes extension tubes and bellows extensions for close up work, filters[F], transparency copy holders, cut film backs, eye level prism finders[G], sports view finders, sun shades[H], rapid winding crank[I], quick focusing handles[J], grips[K], underwater housings, ring lights, tripod quick coupling, microscope attachments and carrying cases.

We are not suggesting that you need the entire system all at once. But we do believe that the quality of your photography, and the pleasure that you get out of it, can be increased many times over when you own a small part of the Hasselblad System. (Such as those shown below.) The Hasselblad System is not cheap, but then if it will stop your wife complaining about the size of your contacts, mightn't it be worth it?





There are seven Carl Zeiss lenses in the Hasselblad System, 40, 50, 80[B], 120, 150, 250[C] and 500mm. Each lens has a built in Synchro Compur shutter, with automatic stopping down at the moment of exposure and manual preview for depth of field checks. Every lens has both M and X synchronization allowing the use of flash and strobe at all speeds up to 1/500th of a second.

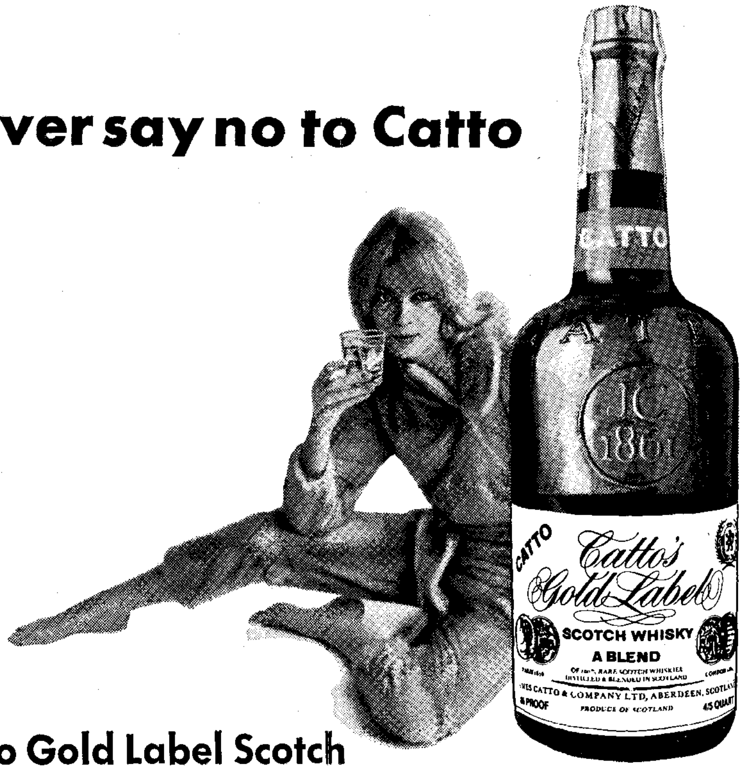
This description of the Hasselblad System has been necessarily brief. If you would like a Hasselblad catalogue or further literature or if you have a specific technical inquiry, write to Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Rd., Linden, N.J. 07036

HASSELBLAD

Playthings. Your young friend might even be ready to curl up and hug something, the way babies have been doing for a few years; for instance, a cat of rainbow-striped plush, handmade for the Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street, which is sixteen inches tall and has a curly tail nineteen inches long. This fellow is stuffed with kapok, is very soft, and washable, and costs $10.95. At Schwarz, there's a nineteen-inch gray plush elephant with a permanent smile and a price tag that says $6.50. And we also found a whistling rubber kangaroo with a removable wide-eyed rubber baby in her pouch at—where else—1-2-Kangaroo, 201 West 11th Street; $2.

IF your young friend's Crawligator days are well behind him, he might be interested in a rocking horse. The Gingerbread House has a painted white one for $13.95. This steed has a bright-red mane and black polka-dot markings, and his saddle is fourteen inches from the floor. Or there's a Push 'N' Pedal Tricycle, which is perfectly satisfactory as a kiddie car until its rider decides he'd like to graduate to pedal power; $9.95 at Childcraft. A likely first train would be the Fisher-Price Huffy Puffy Train, twenty-seven inches long and made of brightly painted wood. There is a locomotive and three cars, and as they're pulled along, the driving rods pump in and out on the locomotive and the round-headed brakeman, standing on the caboose platform, swings his lantern; $5.95 at Rappaport's. A smaller wooden train—a windup job, ten inches long—has magnetic couplings and costs $2.50 at B. Shackman, 2 West 35th Street. At the same place you'll find, for $2, a five-inch magnetic swivel crane with a polished walnut finish and three magnetic discs waiting to be hoisted. For that matter, if magnets are on your mind Childcraft will be glad to sell you a Magnetic Sandbox for $5. This is a shallow case, approximately sixteen inches by twenty, covered with transparent plastic and containing a good supply of sand spread over a landscape of roads, bridges, and tunnels. Move a magnet around underneath, and two peewee bulldozers and two peewee cars, which are part of the *mise en scène*, can be guided through the bridges and tunnels and made to push the sand around, clearing roads and levelling hills. A twenty-one-inch steel Snorkel Fire Truck at Schwarz ($13.95) is a high-ladder unit that will also give its owner a great sense of power over his environment, not to

I never say no to Catto



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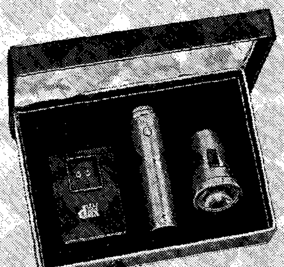

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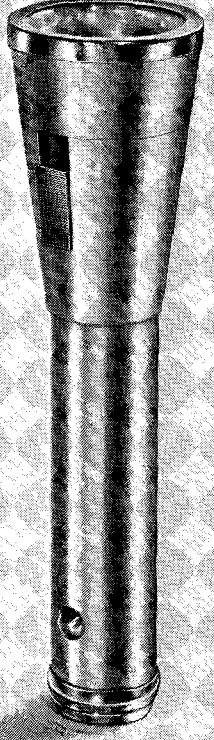

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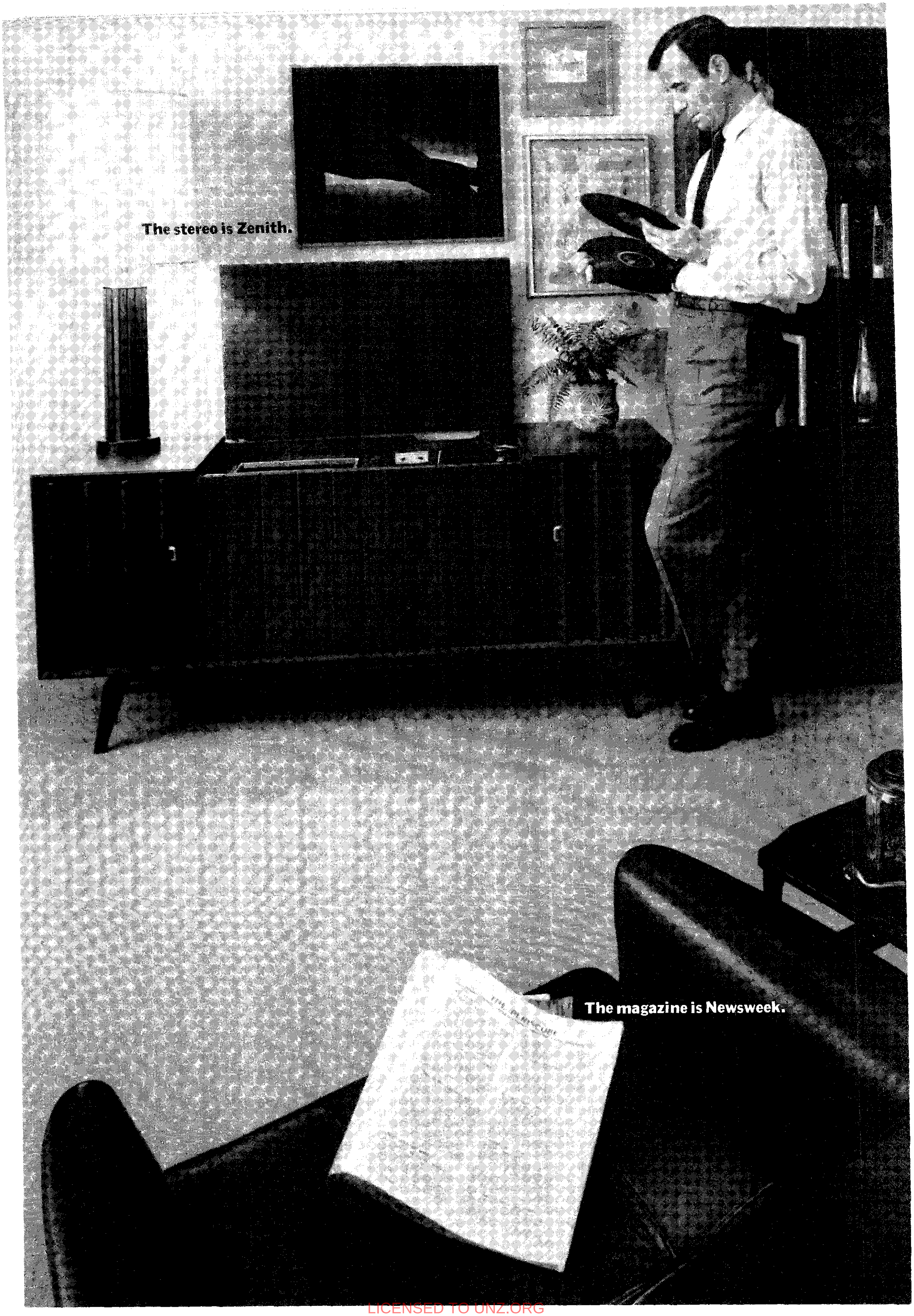
The stereo is Zenith.
The magazine is Newsweek.

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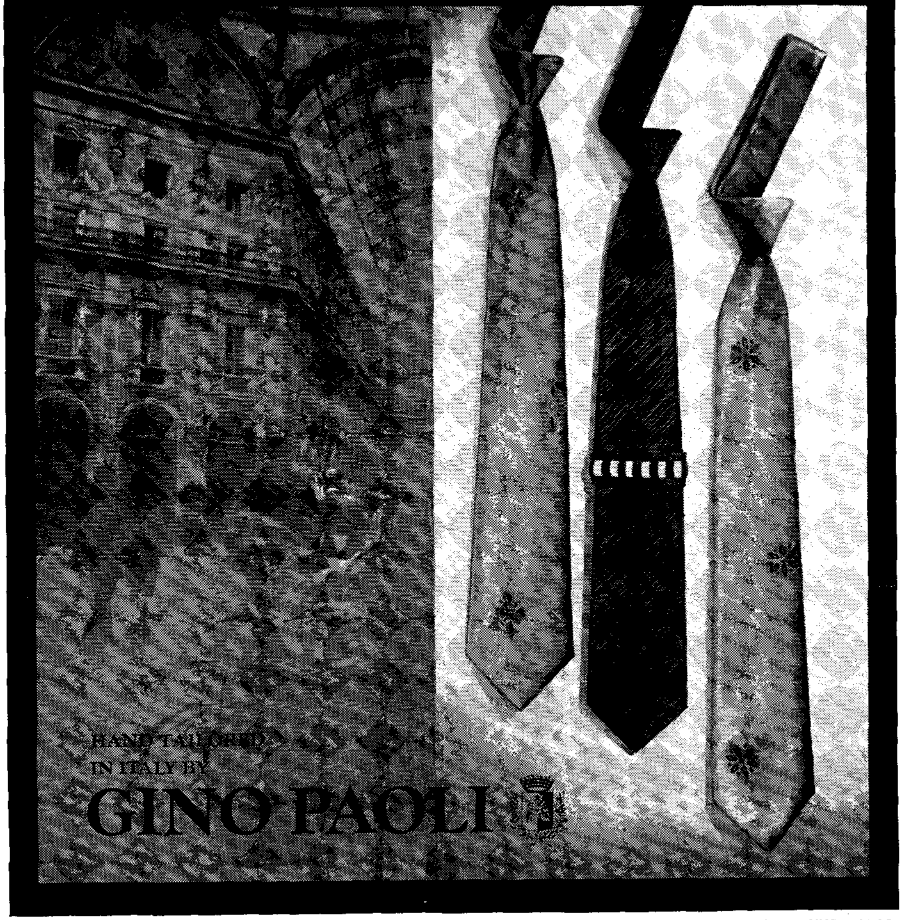
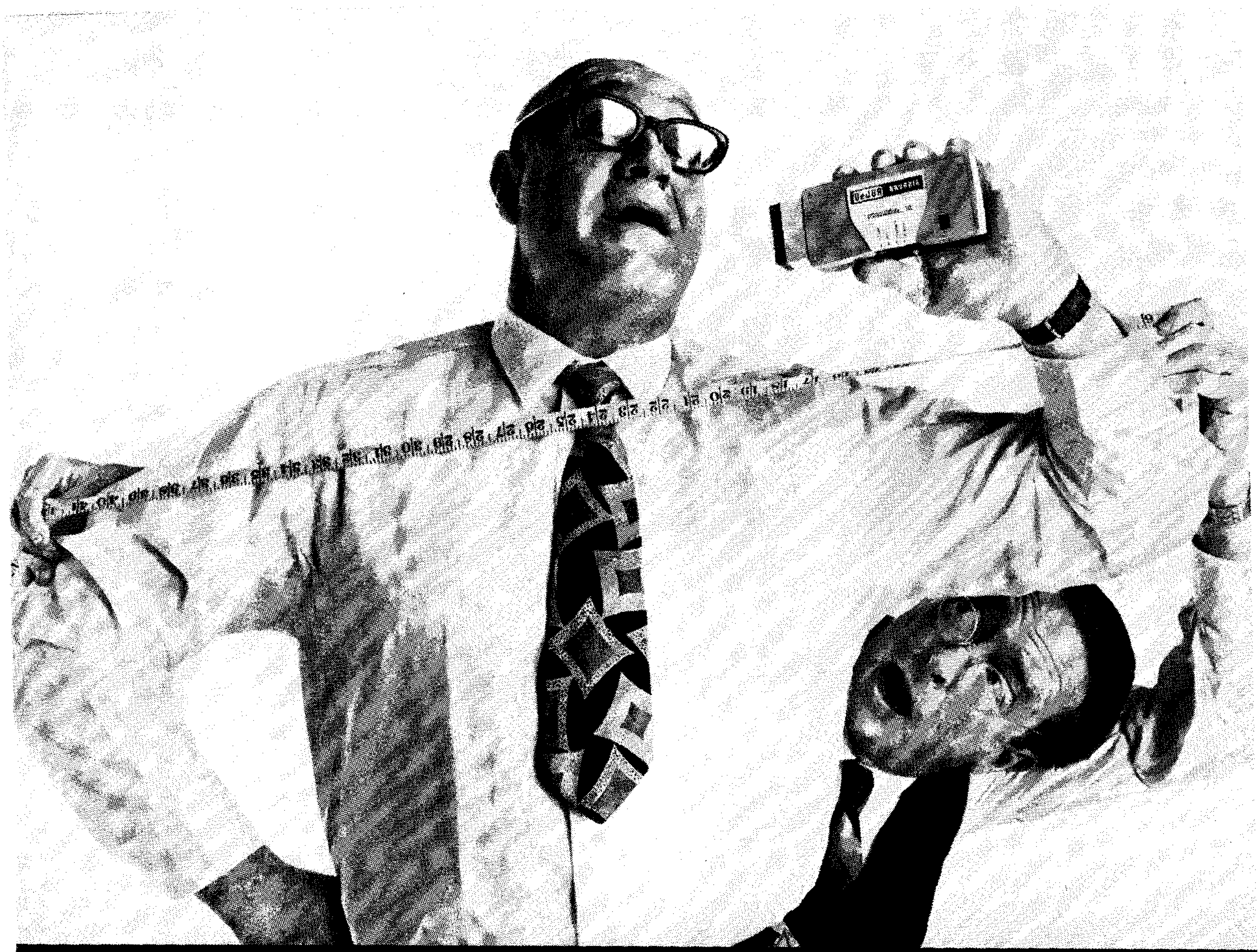


From the Splendido Collection to suit executive tastes. Gino Paoli, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, NYC 10019

mention over the family peace of mind. This truck has a hydraulic extension arm that really works—there's a hose mounted in the rescue bucket at the end—and the truck itself roars authentically as it answers an alarm. Best of all, though, there is a hose adapter in the side that can be hooked up to the garden hose, enabling the little fireman to douse anything within twenty feet. The hose adapter, the Structo people point out defensively, is removable, in case the situation gets out of hand.

We don't know whether all the talk about turtleneck sweaters had anything to do with it, but turtles are much in evidence this season. Gimbel's, for instance, has a green-and-blue spotted plush one, two and a half feet long and meant to be sat on, for $8.99. Stern's is showing what it calls a Turtle Table, which is made of wood, measures seventeen and a half inches high and thirty-one and a half inches in diameter, and has painted on it a jingle beginning, "I know a little turtle, and he lives in a box. . . ." Two stools with turtle-shaped seats come with this, and the price is $29.99. And then there is Tricky Tommy Turtle, a sixteen-inch plastic character who wears a bright-blue shell, a red sweater in the appropriate style, and a silly expression. Install two D batteries and blow the whistle that comes with him (or just shout "Go!") and he pops out his head and waddles toward you. Blow the whistle again (or shout "Stop!") and he pulls his head back in and halts in his turtle tracks. Look, kids—no wires! The head of the company (Remco) that makes Tricky Tommy caused a small stir not long ago when he announced that this toy had absolutely no educational value, and was just meant to be fun to play with. Fun comes *higher than it used to in the old* Yo-Yo days, though. Tricky Tommy costs $13.95 at Rappaport's.

MEANWHILE, in the game department, clairvoyance looms large. The old Ouija board, with its Magic Message Indicator—what Grandma used to call a planchette—is $3 at Polk's. Kreskin's ESP, to be had for $6.95 at Brentano's, features another kind of indicator, called a Mystery Pendulum, which is a plastic object shaped like a teardrop and suspended on a chain. Hold it over a board and ask a question ("Will Ken ask me to the dance Saturday?" is one suggestion in the set of instructions), and some primitive form of psychokinesis is supposed to start it swinging enlighteningly toward positive, nega-



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The Versatile III is hand-sized and a mere 13 ounces. (Half the weight of comparable units.) A simple thumb switch starts you off on 45 minutes worth of tape. (In reusable snap-in cartridges.)

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You can even complete a Go-Go office system. Just add the Versatile® V office transcriber. It's about the size of a desk diary and takes the Go-Go snap-in cartridge. And costs just $94.50 plus accessories.

So next time you have something on your mind and no secretary around. Or, you're waiting out a traffic jam. Or, sitting out a commute. Think about the Go-Go Machine. And what you could be doing.

See the Yellow Pages for your nearest authorized Stenorette dealer. Or, write us.

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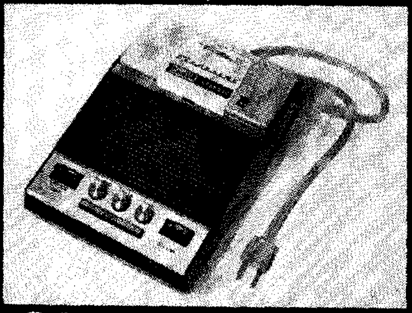

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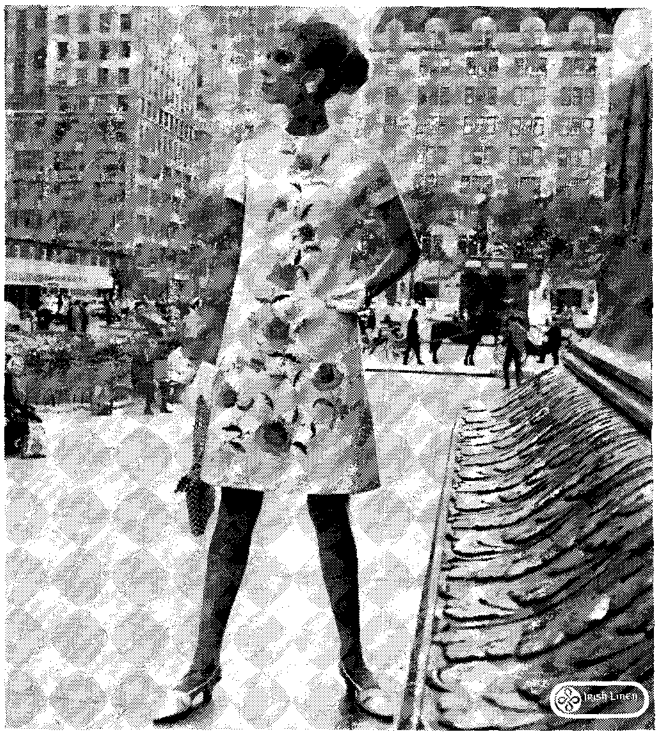

Pick this pretty floral, all hand embroidered from Madeira, in oatmeal, pink or oyster. Then let it shift for itself. The fashion is carefree, the linen is crease resistant. Sizes 8 to 20. About $100. At *Julius Garfinckel, I. Magnin & Co.*, Gus Meyer. / **William Ewart & Son, New York, Ltd.**

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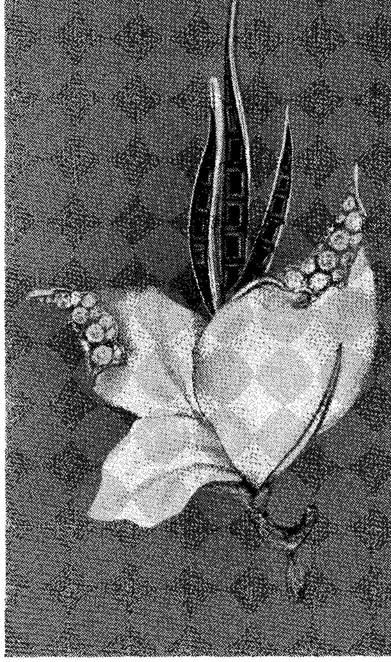

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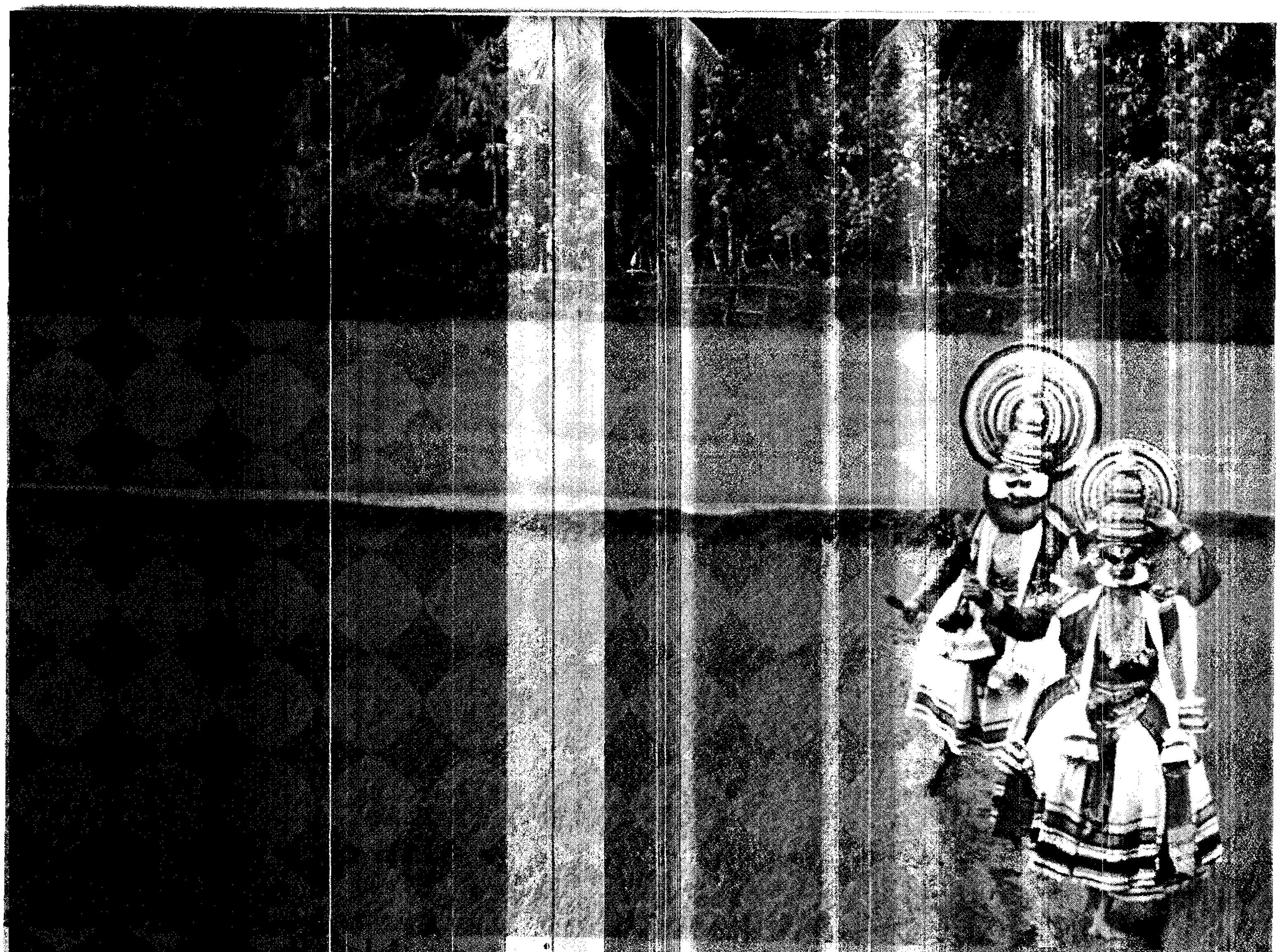
tive, or noncommittal symbols. The pendulum is balanced so that it does start moving rather eerily as soon as it is suspended above the table. Mr. Kreskin disclaims any "supernormal psychic talents," however, so, no matter what the Mystery Pendulum says, your friend had better not count on Ken until the telephone rings. Perhaps Madame Planchette might be of some help about Saturday night. The game of this name comes with a horoscope chart, a set of fortune-telling cards, dice, and a short treatise on astrology, and costs $4 at Schwarz. It doesn't seem as if a very clairvoyant mind suggested that this was the year to bring out a board game of strategy called Nile. But such a game there is. It has nothing to do with the Middle East crisis, though—just the placement of tiles on a board in such a way that they form a continuous, if wavering, line across it; $7 at Brentano's. Facts-in-Five, also at Brentano's, is an elaborate version of the old categories game. A deck of fifty cards listing over a thousand categories is provided, along with alphabet tiles, play grids, and the like; $5. The new game of RSVP is a kind of three-dimensional Scrabble, played on an upright, two-sided game board. The object of the game is not only to build words on your side of the board but to block off your opponent's chances on the other side; $5.95 at Schwarz. Or how about an *old* game—a hundred years old, in fact? Parcheesi first appeared in 1867, and anywhere from a third to a half of the games now on the shelves are patterned after it. Of course, it had a few predecessors itself. For the centennial celebration, the sponsoring company, Selchow & Righter, did a little research and discovered that one parcheesi forerunner, popular in the sixteenth century with the royal entourage of an Indian potentate named Akbar, had the players sit on a dais in the center of a giant outdoor court, toss seashells instead of dice, and, instead of counters, send concubines tripping along from space to space. Apparently, the people over at Streeter & Quarles, 1 Rockefeller Plaza, heard about this, for you can now go there and buy a Giant Parcheesi board, thirteen feet square. It's silk-screened on reinforced vinyl, and it folds for storage. The dice are six-inch plastic cubes, but no concubines come with it; instead, each player is his own counter. That's democracy for you. The price is rather regal, however: $350. If you decide it's no dice, the familiar set, with standard-size, tame old inanimate equipment,



[illegible] big surprise.

churches, several mosques, a Jewish synagogue, Dutch architecture, and Chinese fishing nets.

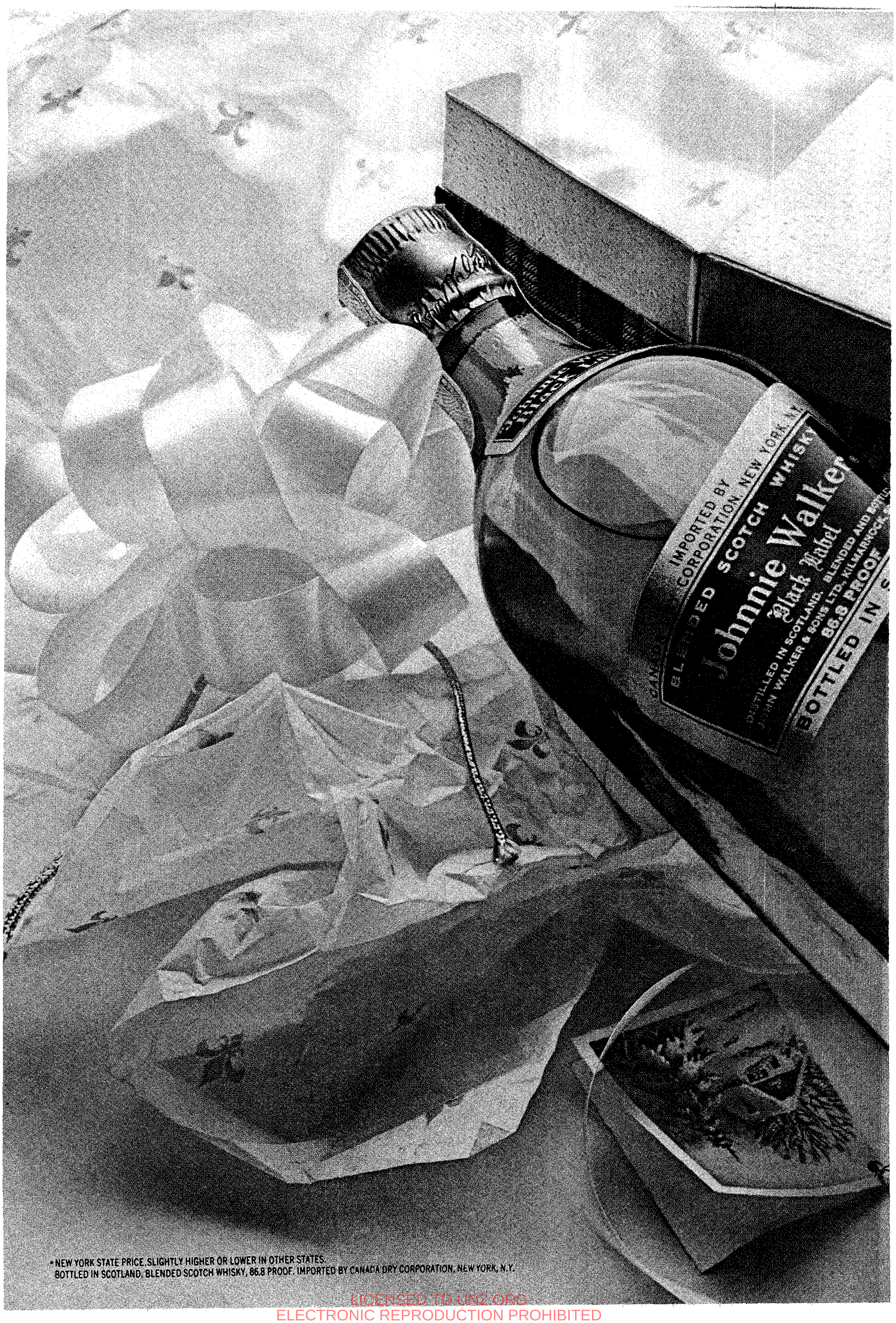
Kerala has beautiful beaches. Thickly wooded forests (sprouting, at last count, 600 varieties of trees). Lush inland waterways. And one of the most famous wildlife sanctuaries in the world.

Kerala has Kathakali, the pantomimic dance-drama which portrays stories from the great Hindu epics. It takes years of training to master the intricate hand gestures (64 in all) and facial expressions (one for every mood) required in the great Kathakali art.

Kerala also offers some lovely ways of getting about. You can [illegible] moving train to all the major cities. Or a charming, slow-moving (what's your rush) motor launch past dozens of sleepy, backwater villages. You can rent a car, too, and drive through miles of magnificent rubber and tea plantations.

There are a number of first-class hotels for you to stay at in this lovely Indian oasis. All serving fine Indian and Western cuisine. All employing exceptionally gifted bartenders. Your travel agent or the Government of India Tourist Office can give you more information. There is an office in: New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Also in Canada.

India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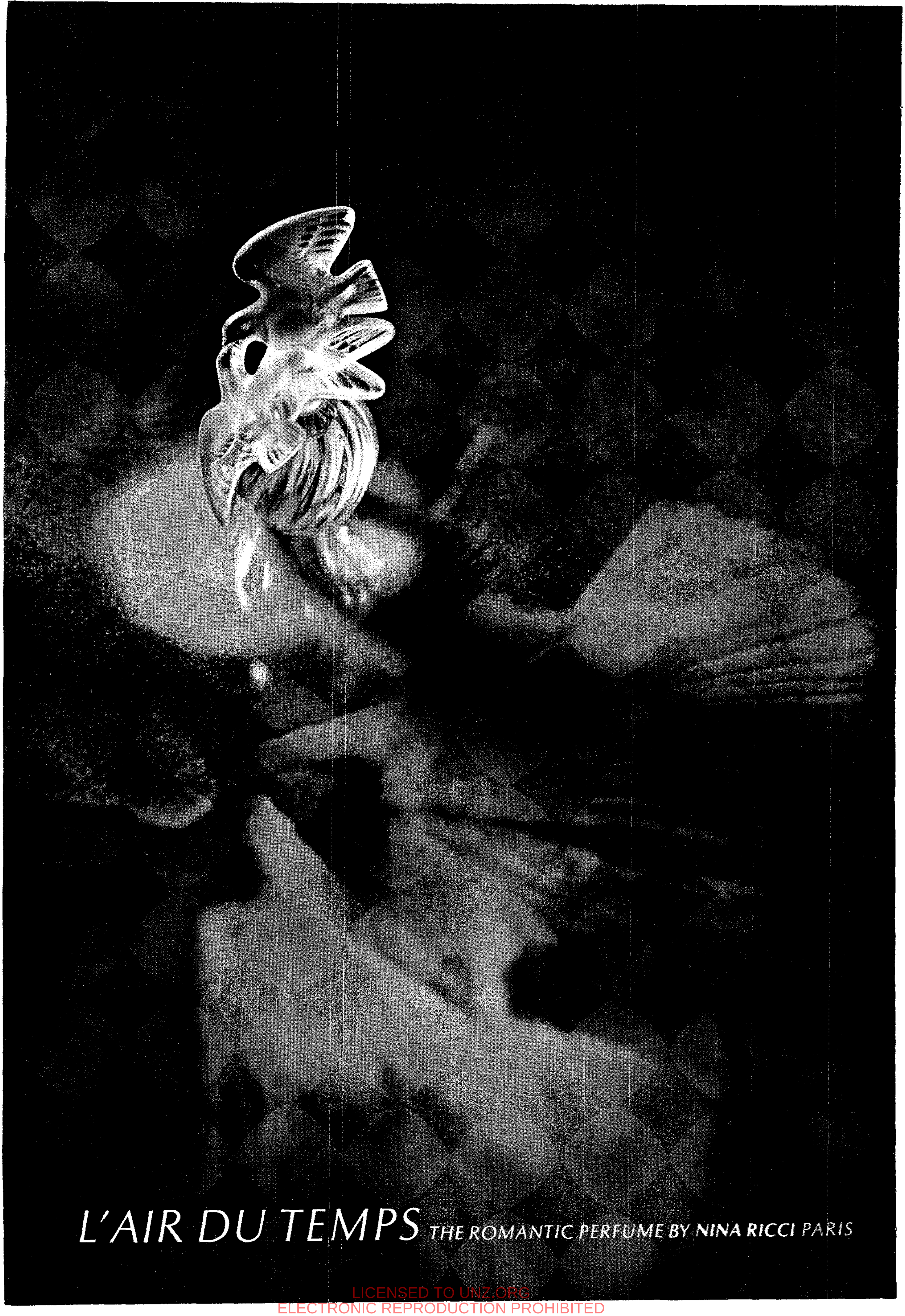
L'AIR DU TEMPS THE ROMANTIC PERFUME BY NINA RICCI PARIS

will set you back $3 at Rappaport's. Among the target games is a bright-colored masonite target two feet in diameter that spins (by hand power) and comes with two rubber-tipped suction darts. It can be hung on a wall or a tree or set up on legs, and costs $3.99 at Stern's. The Mechanical Duck Shoot game ($5.99 at Abraham & Straus) supplies three chipboard ducks who, thanks to a spring mechanism, whirl around the top of a metal stand four feet seven inches tall. Using a dart rifle and three rubber-tipped darts, the players try to wing the ducks in flight, and they flop over realistically when hit. (A boy will have to turn his Wild Life game pledge to the wall before getting involved with this one.) Target Pinball offers a mad-looking clown head on a chipboard-target surface two feet high, along with a dart rifle and four darts. The clown's eyebrows, ears, bow tie, and so on all have a point value, but when his red nose is hit a bell rings, a ball rolls out of his mouth and into a pinball area below, and the player's score rises rapidly; all this for about $9.50 at Korvette's. If you are looking for something for an older boy (and his father)—something closer to an amusement-park shooting gallery—consider an item called the Electro-Shot Arcade Game. It is about three feet long and a foot high, is enclosed in clear high-impact plastic, and stands on twelve-inch legs. A variety of targets, some of them spring-powered, occupy one end of the enclosure, and through a hole at the other end the marksman tries to shoot them down with steel pellets from a two-speed electric machine gun (battery-powered), which is fixed in the opening so that the pellets can't stray off the range; $17.95 at Reiss Brothers.

HEREWITH are some notes for anyone who has a children's record in mind. With one exception, all the records on this list can be bought at almost any store where records are sold, and all are 33⅓ r.p.m. and monaural. (A number of them are also available in stereo.) The exception is Dimension 5's "The Way-Out Record," which is the work of an ingenious pair named Esther Nelson and Bruce Haack, and you'll find it only at Schwarz and a few others; $3.95. Like previous Dimension 5 enterprises, such as "Dance, Sing, and Listen!," this one encourages children to rise up off the worn place in the rug in front of the television set and shout and dance to some varied and unconventional music. "Way-Out" puts them

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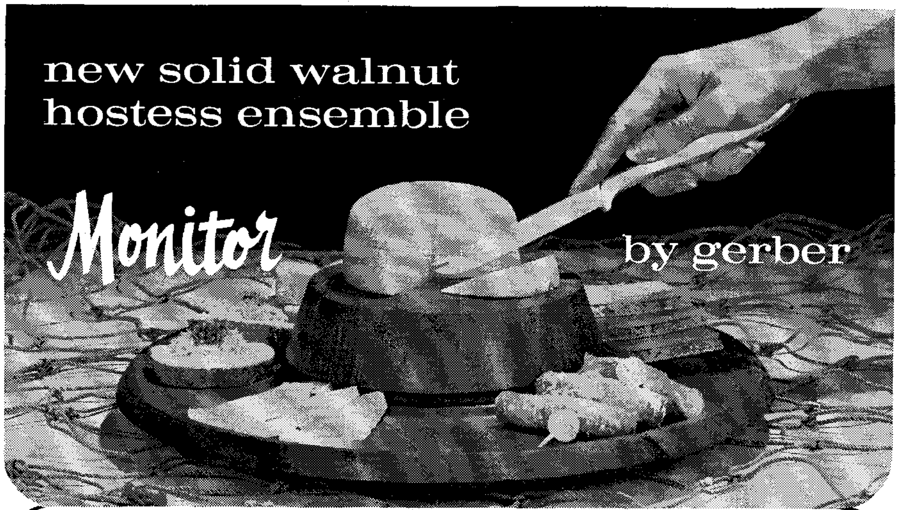
through quite a lively afternoon—steering a motorcycle, acting out an Indian story with a sort of yoga sign language (called mudra) to the accompaniment of a sitar, and pretending to be a pepper shaker ("If pepper comes, can salt be far behind?" the jacket asks jauntily). The producers are assisted from time to time by a nine-year-old boy named Tony Spiridakis, who also engages in a little soulful rock for the finale. This one comes in stereo only. You will probably not be at all surprised to learn that the current jungle fever has infected the record companies. On four Spoken Arts records, for instance, you can now hear eight stories from Kipling's "Jungle Books" ("Dear old India!"). Volume I (SA 929) offers "Mowgli's Brothers" and "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi." Volume II (SA 933) has "Tiger! Tiger!" and "Toomai of the Elephants." In Volume III (SA 951), it's "Kaa's Hunting" and "The White Seal," and in Volume IV (SA 952) you'll find "The Miracle of Purun Bhaget" and "Letting in the Jungle." These stories are read—"performed" is a more appropriate word—by Christopher Casson, formerly of the Old Vic, with the assistance of Eve Watkinson, of the Dublin Gate Theatre. Indian background music was provided by the family of a member of the Indian Embassy in Dublin, where the records were made, and the roar of tigers, the howling of wolves, the screeching of birds, and other horrendous sound effects come to you, it says on the cover, "through the coöperation of the inmates of the Dublin Zoo." Each volume costs $5.95. As is true of most of the other read-aloud records we mention, these stories are abridged, but the cutting is minor and respectful, and we don't think you'll miss a few "best beloved"s here and there. Besides, if a listener feels underprivileged he can always get the book and read the whole thing for himself, which may be the kind of thing you were trying to encourage in the first place.

Lovers of fairy tales are also in luck this year. Caedmon has brought out two new ones from the Hans Christian Andersen treasure house—"The Snow Queen" (TC 1229) and "The Little Mermaid" (TC 1230), both read in a stately manner by Cathleen Nesbitt. The first is about Kay, the boy who is carried off by the evil Snow Queen and is finally rescued, after many perilous adventures, by his good friend Gerda, who brings him home from the land of terrible cold. ("And it was summer—warm and blessed



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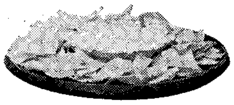

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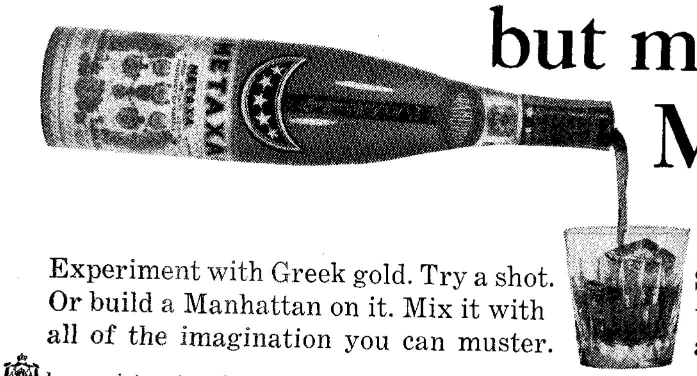

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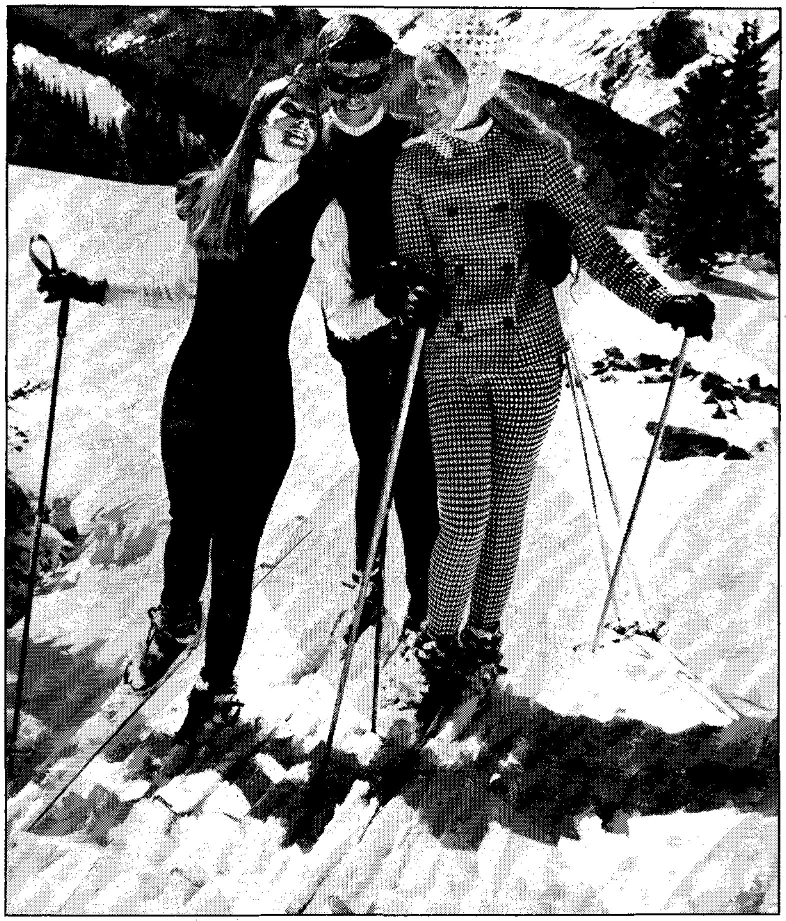
summer.") The other story tells of the little mermaid who wanted desperately—*and in vain*—to be a human being and capture a prince, like all the other girls in fairy tales. These records are also $5.95 each. More familiar material is dealt with in "Little Red Riding Hood and Other Best-Loved Fairy Tales" (RCA Camden, CAS 1081, $1.89). The "others" turn out to be "Rumpelstiltskin," "Goldilocks," "Puss in Boots," and "The Three Pigs." A group called the Make Believe Players take the principal roles. Fairy-tale buffs who are studying French are also happily situated, for Caedmon offers Danielle Darrieux reading Grimm's "Le Petit Tailleur" and "Blanche Neige," Perrault's "Peau d'Âne" and "La Belle au Bois Dormant," and Andersen's "L'Intrépide Petit Soldat de Plombe." (Do you suppose a Frenchman thinks the titles sound even more fascinating in English?) The stories are read in French, of course, but with the record comes the full text in both French and English (TC 1213, $5.95). "Fables de La Fontaine," too, are now available with a two-way text, which is read in French by the late Gérard Philipe and five others. "For three centuries now, children the world over have learned from La Fontaine not only what animals look like but how men behave. It may take them years to make a just application of this or that fable; but they quickly grasp the essential germ of thought. In due season, it bears fruit." So runs a hopeful paragraph of the program notes (Caedmon, TC 1211, $5.95). As for Aesop's Fables, in English, you might look into the set put out in the Columbia Read-Along series, which is actually a book-and-record combination. With the Giant Golden Book version of forty of the fables comes a record on which a talented actor named Marshall Izen reads aloud more than half the cautionary tales, talks over the illustrations as he goes along, and makes a few useful explanations ("A vixen, by the way, is a lady fox"). The lighthearted A. and M. Provensen drawings in the book show the animals against highly unlikely backgrounds—often those of *fin-de-siècle* Paris—and are marvellous. The Provensens also did the illustrations for another book-and-record dual entry. A generous collection of Mother Goose rhymes—this is a Golden Book, too—is sold with a record on which the rhymes are recited or sung, with suitable variations in style, by half a dozen amiable and unpretentious performers. The musical accompaniment for both



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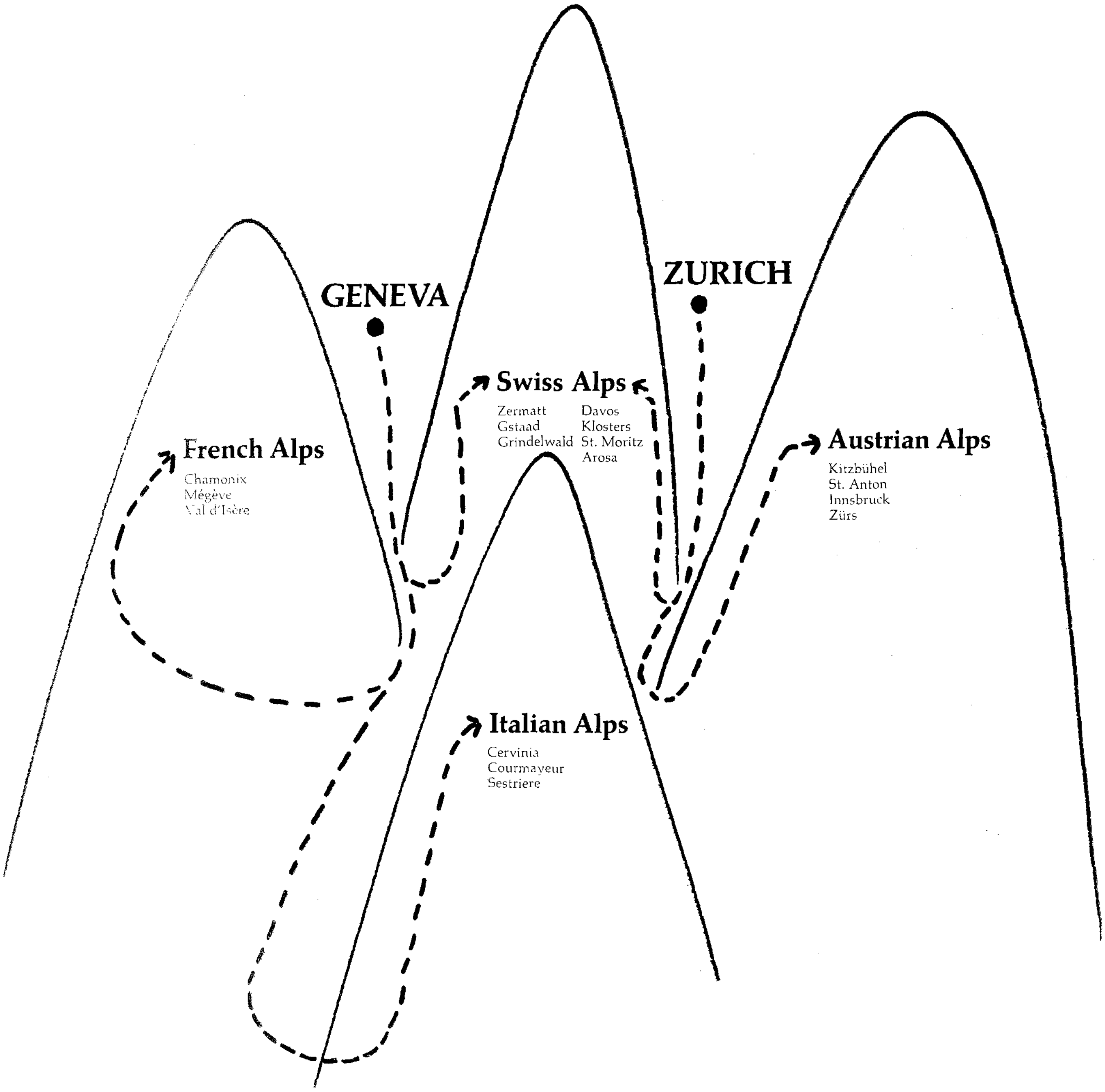
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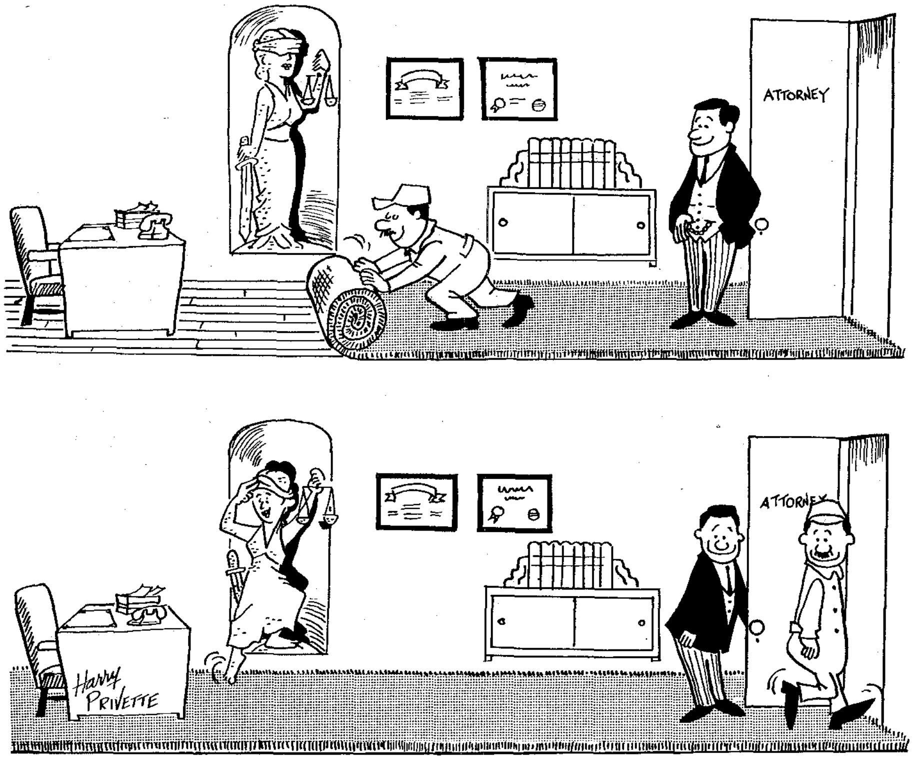

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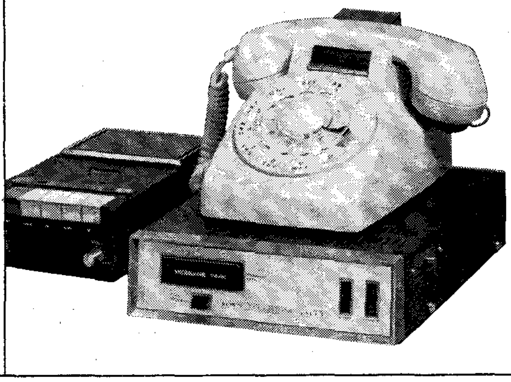

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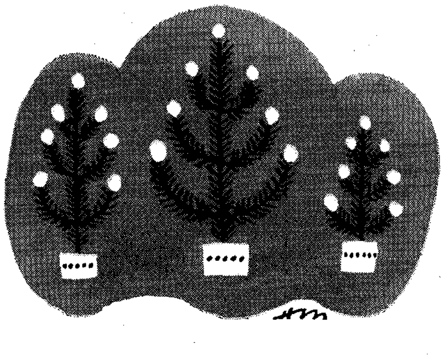
records is directed by James Timmens, an imaginative sort. From time to time, he calls on the harpsichord, which turns out to be just right ($4.79 each).

A number of Mother Goose rhymes and a few fairy tales ("The Pied Piper of Hamelin," for instance) are attended to by a Caedmon record called "Discovering Rhythm and Rhyme in Poetry," which is designed to show children, not too pedantically, how rhythm in literature consists not only of rhyme but of repetition, and how rhythm is, in any case, all around us—in the tides, in the alternation of night and day, in ordinary breathing. The syllabus was prepared by that old rhythm expert Louis Untermeyer, and Julie Harris and David Wayne do the honors (TC 1156, $5.95). " 'Reflections on a Gift of Watermelon Pickle . . .' and Other Modern Verse" continues the poetry seminar for somewhat older children (say, fourth grade and up). Paul Hecht and Ellen Holly read thirty-eight poems, by Theodore Roethke, William Carlos Williams, E. E. Cummings, and Ezra Pound, among others. Few of the poems take longer than a minute to read, and a good many of them run about a third of that. The record begins with Eve Merriam's "How to Eat a Poem" ("Don't be polite/ Bite in . . ."). The title poem, by John Tobias, starts out, "During that summer/ When unicorns were still possible/ When the purpose of knees was to be skinned . . ." The idea is to persuade children that poetry is not necessarily interminable, lugubrious, or remote from their experience but is often fun. The paperback book from which these poems were taken—it includes a hundred and fourteen in all—comes in the package with the record (Scholastic, FS 11007, $5.79).

Our national parochialism, which often makes us act as if the great country to the north were uncharted territory lying between our first forty-eight states and our forty-ninth, underwent some revision this past summer as the result of the thousands of family treks to Expo 67. To accommodate this altered viewpoint—or to further



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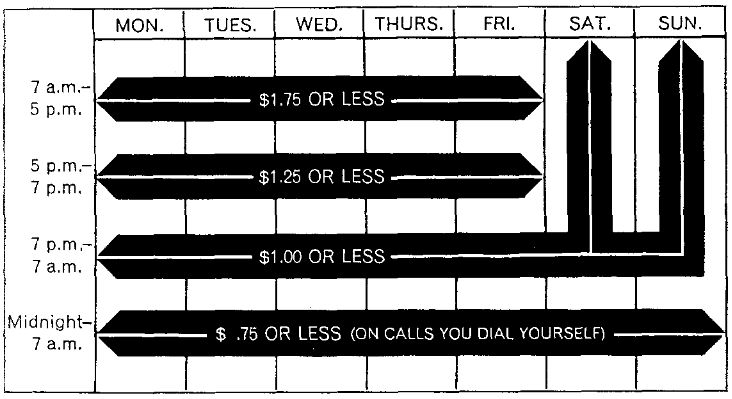

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P.S. Why not call early Christmas weekend and avoid the rush on Christmas Day? The low weekend rate will be in effect Saturday, Sunday and Christmas Day (Monday).

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enlighten those children who knew the world's second-largest nation was there all along—M-G-M has brought out a record called "Canada, a History in Story and Song" (CH 1042, $1.89), which it describes as "a musical cavalcade that traces the stirring events that have shaped the Canadian nation." The tracing is done mostly in narrative form, with the singing of folk songs and the dramatization of a few battles and other crises interspersed, and it carries the story up through the laying of Canada's first transcontinental railroad, in the eighteen-eighties. Children may develop a useful theory of relativity about history textbooks after hearing this. For example, according to the Canadians the first permanent English settlement in the New World was founded not in 1607 at Jamestown but two years earlier in Port Royal, Nova Scotia, a landfall that most young Americans have probably never heard of. Another area that in many children's experience was virtually uncharted until now is the story of Negroes in our own country. A record called "The Glory of Negro History" (Folkways, FC 7752, $5.79), narrated by the late Langston Hughes, goes a long way toward remedying this. "It *is* glorious," he begins. The contributions of such figures as Frederick Douglass, Nat Turner, Harriet Tubman, and Booker T. Washington are dealt with, and there are also musical intervals—spirituals, Leadbelly rasping out a song about an escaping slave, Bertha Chippie Hill singing of how the sun is going to shine in her back door someday, Louis Armstrong playing "I'm Not Rough." The tone of the history, it should be said, does not reflect Black Power dissonance. Claude McKay's poem about the need to fight back is included, but the final voice, ladylike and joyful, is that of Mary McLeod Bethune ("This is our day! Doors will open everywhere. The floodtide of a new life is coming in"). And any investigation of more purely local history would be considerably enlivened by a session with "Folk Songs of New York City," a rousing collection of twenty songs sung at various times over the past couple of centuries to commemorate fires, shipwrecks, neighborhood peculiarities, strikes, battles, murders, electoral contests, and gang fights in these parts. Included is a seditious anti-British ballad that, according to the album notes, a court ordered burned at the stake in 1734. You'll also find a Macdougal Street troubadour's song from around 1900 called "Down in Dear Old Greenwich Village" ("There the cheap

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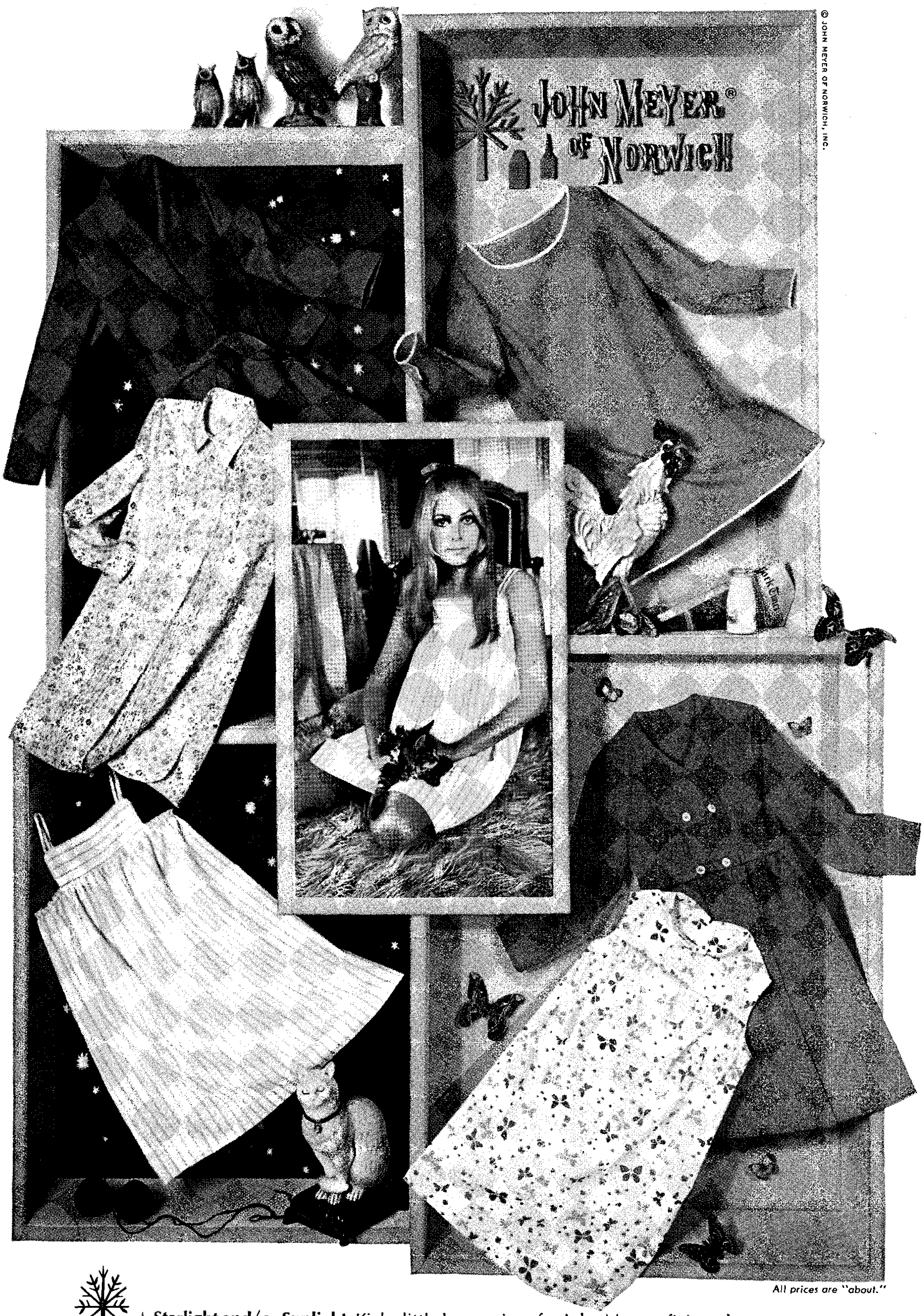

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Starlight and/or Sunlight. Kicky little happenings for John Meyer aficionados — sleepwear convertibles that also bloom by day. Neo-classic niceties in the most beguiling holiday colorings, tailored with infinite care. Such fun to give... and to receive!
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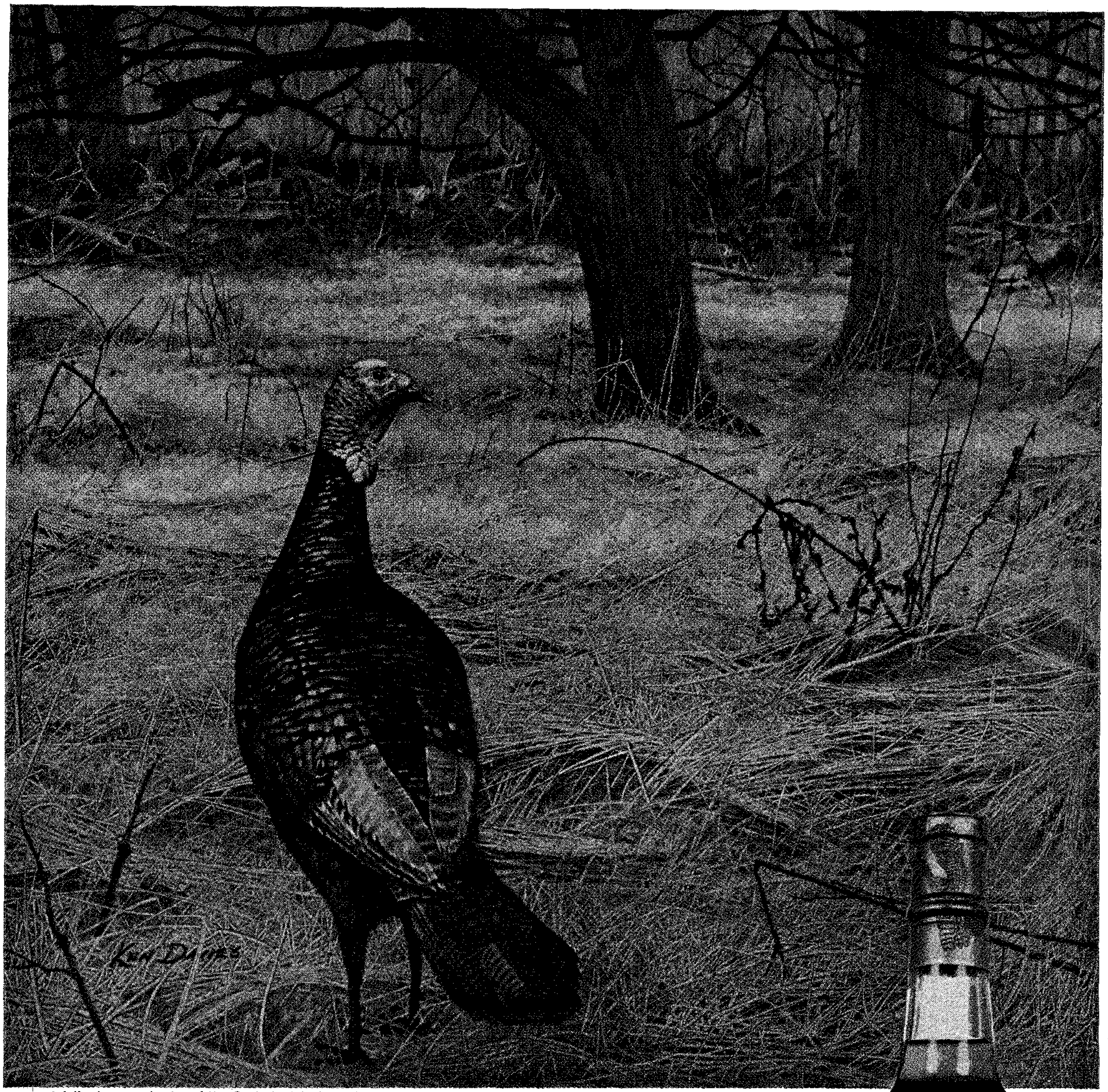

A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

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There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

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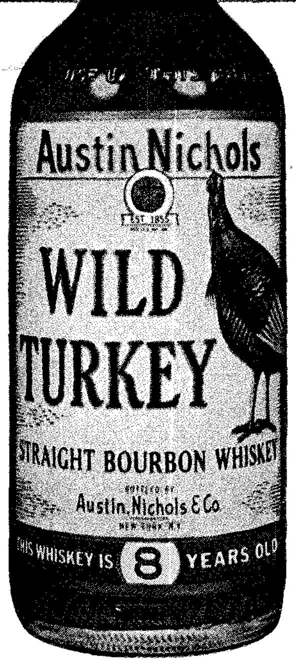
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THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

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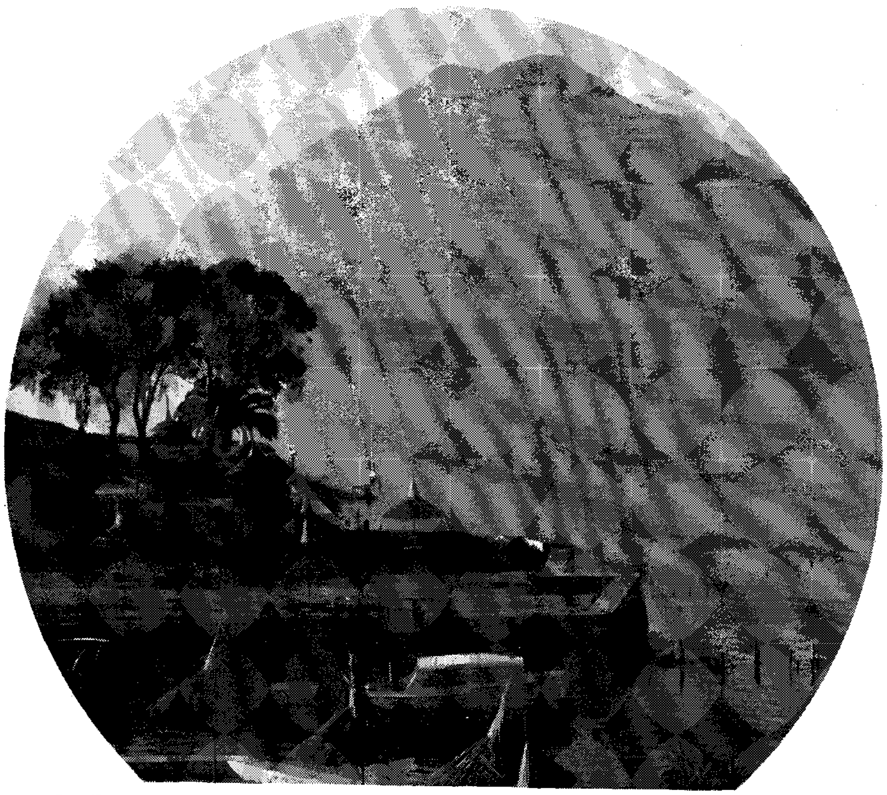
Bohemian fakirs and the boys from Wanamaker's/ Gather 'atmosphere' in Washington Square"). Another song, "The Patriotic Diggers," has nothing to do with handouts in St. Marks Place. Instead, it celebrates the way "men of every age, color, and profession" fell to and built a protective breastwork along Brooklyn Heights during the War of 1812. June Lazare collected the songs and sings them in a clear, pleasant voice. The cover portrait of the New York skyline will give you pause. It is a photograph that was taken in 1913, when the Woolworth Building, with its Gothic tower, was the tallest in the world (Folkways, FH 5276, $5.79).

When Pete Seeger comes out with a record called "Traditional Christmas Carols," no one expects him to have in mind the Church of England compositions of the last century. What he does present are twelve ancient English carols, some of which were lost and then rediscovered in somewhat different versions in the backwoods areas of this country, where they had arrived with the early settlers. It turns out that "The First Noël" and "What Child Is This" are among the old ones; several of the ten other simple, rhythmic ballads that Seeger sings, accompanying himself on his banjo, are more or less unfamiliar and remind us of how comparatively new the sounds of Christmas are that we have come to think of as going back nearly to the first Christmas of all (Folkways, FAS 32311, $5.79). And there is always with us the Caedmon "Christmas Carol," a fifty-minute version narrated by Paul Scofield, with Sir Ralph Richardson playing the definitive Scrooge (TC 5001, $5.95). For a companion piece, you might consider giving an especially deserving older beneficiary on your list this year a facsimile version of the first edition of the Dickens classic, published in 1843. University Microfilms, a subsidiary of the Xerox Corporation, has brought this out, with, of course, the original pastel illustrations, by John Leech. This earliest "Carol" comes in a red slipcase that says on its spine "Two Christmas Classics." The other classic is "A Visit from St. Nicholas" as it looked when its author, Clement Moore, copied it out as an old man. In a pocket of this book are facsimiles of the 1823 edition of the Troy, New York, *Sentinel* in which the poem was first published, anonymously, and of an 1848 pamphlet that marked its first independent publication. The pamphlet's illustrations, incidentally, show St. Nick looking rather thinner than the old boy we're used to, and wearing



Will you ever watch the sun rise on the "world's most beautiful lake"—ATITLÁN?

. . . OR JOIN THE MARKET-DAY THRONGS IN 16th CENTURY CHICHICASTENANGO?

Around the mile-high lake called Atitlán you can visit twelve villages named for the Apostles, where the proud descendants of the Maya Indians still live as they did when the Spaniards first came. Will you ever be there to sightsee, or water ski, or just sit on the hotel terrace and watch the sun set behind the three great volcanic peaks that rim the lakeshore?

Or will it be Chichicastenango for one of the fabulous market-days? While you bargain for handwoven fabrics and pottery, pagan rites are practiced on the steps of the four-hundred-year-old church of Santo Tomás.

And there's much more waiting for you in unspoiled Guatemala—where Spring seems to last all year and the faces are those of *amigos*... Just two non-stop jet hours away from Miami, New Orleans, or Mexico City. Four and a half hours from Los Angeles. Excellent connections from most other cities. Or you can drive the Inter-American Highway.

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a fur-trimmed cutaway and a kind of Cossack hat. It seems that even our red-suited friend is a comparative *arriviste*. The children may not recognize as a small parable of literary history the fact that the twenty-eight couplets of the holograph poem take up two and a half pages of the book and Clifton Fadiman fills the first thirteen pages writing about what it all signifies. The set costs $8.95 at Brentano's.

AND now for some odds and ends. At Macy's you'll find, for $1.39 apiece, three jigsaw puzzles that, when the pieces are put together, turn out to be roughly eighteen-by-twenty-three-inch replicas of three historic New York *Times* front pages. You have a choice of "Titanic Sinks Four Hours After Hitting Iceberg," "Lindbergh Does It!," or "Edward VIII Renounces British Crown." There are said to be more than five hundred pieces in each, but we didn't count them. Nor did we count the small glass pegs in eight colors that come with a latter-day, electrified pegboard called Lite-Brite ($6.95 at Rappaport's), but the manufacturer swears there are three hundred and eighty. There is a framed pegboard, about nine inches square, on which a child can superimpose any of sixteen blueprints for various designs—a train, a steamboat, a lighthouse, and so on. The child then fits the glass pegs into the holes according to the pattern and turns on a light bulb (this essential item isn't included in the set; it costs twenty-nine cents extra) on the underside of the frame, whereupon the whole thing glows very satisfactorily. Lite-Brite also includes six blank sheets of construction paper, so that a child can design his own Lite-Brite patterns. Something called a Spirograph has won prizes as the Toy of the Year in both England and France and ought to get an award from any born doodler of your acquaintance—say, ten years old or older. It is a set of eighteen transparent-plastic gear wheels in a wide range of sizes, each of them rimmed with tiny cogs and perforated with a hole that fits the point of a pen or pencil. There are also two rings, larger than the gear wheels, with teeth that mesh with those of the wheels, and there are two narrow oval objects, called racks, which have teeth that mesh with all the other teeth. All kinds of elaborations are possible, but in the simplest maneuver you pin a ring down on a sheet of paper with a thumbtack (part of the set), move one of the little gear wheels around inside it with pen in place, and the result is a design of precision and beauty. (Don't

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It's our own marvelous translation of the French body shirt with it's unusual buttons, new cuff treatment. By Aladdin in ribbed triacetate to pack instantly, beautifully. White, beige, yellow, turquoise or hot pink. 8 to 16 sizes, 15.00 Mail and phone.

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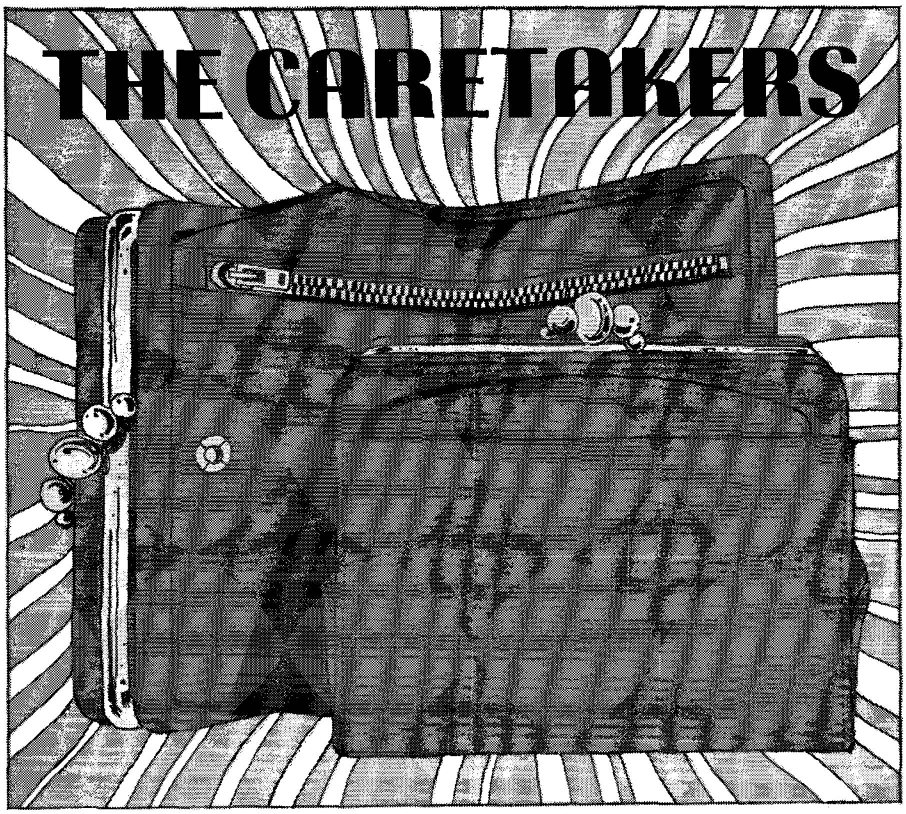

Gracious, how spacious. The St. Thomas Duo: *3-part leather-covered French purse* boasts a roomy coin purse and special pull-out pocket for bill withdrawal. Double cash compartment, one zippered; and pull-out card case takes care of the rest of your assets. Supple saddle-cowhide in fashion colors, from $6.

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Clever Christmas strategy.
Give her the Carmen Instant Hairsetter.
(You'll never see her in curlers again!)

'67 gift hit from Clairol: Carmen Instant Hairsetter.

Plugs into any handy outlet.

Sets hair with comfortable, pre-warmed rollers.

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Five minutes from roll-up to comb-out whenever hair needs doing.

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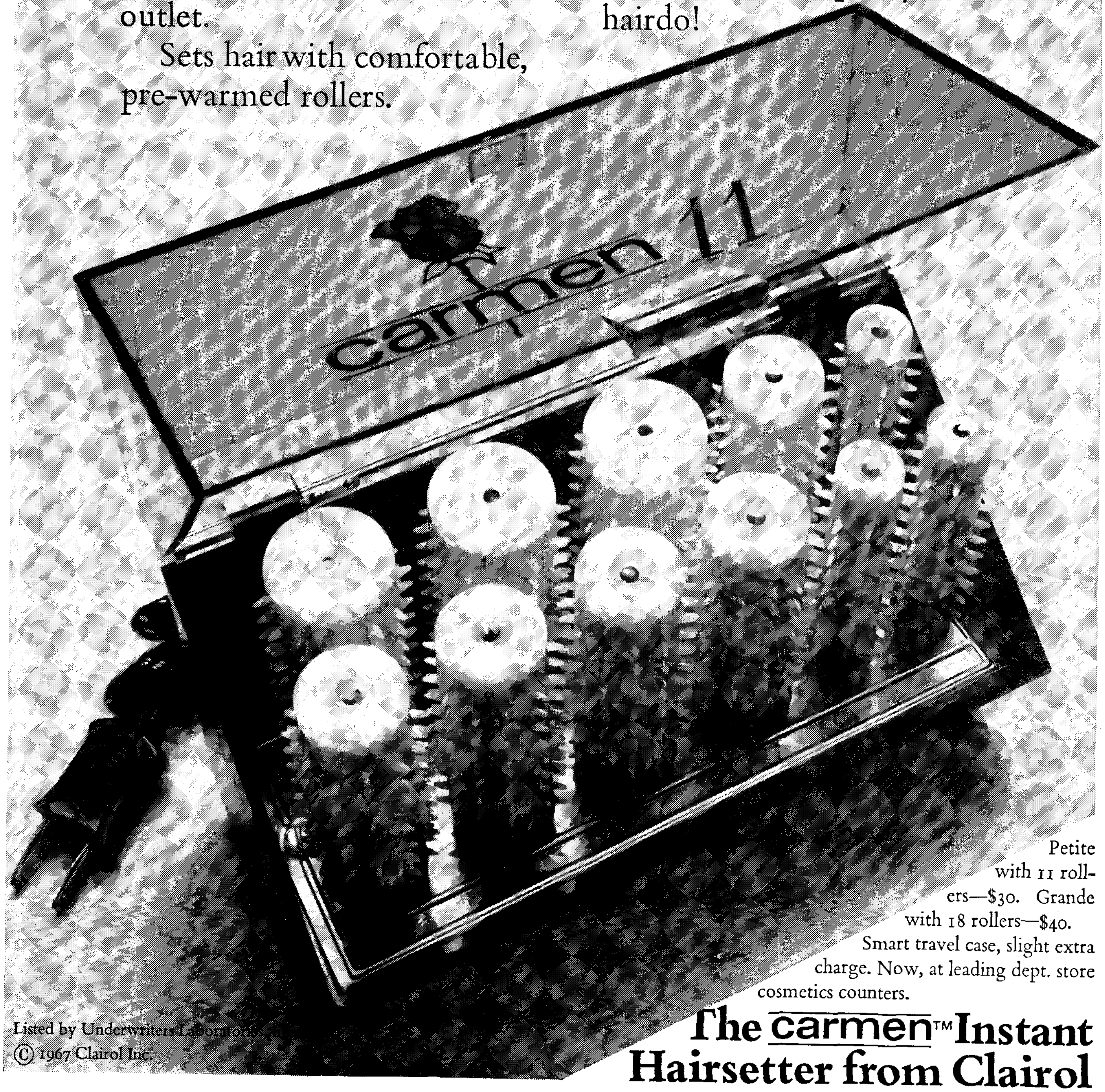

Petite with 11 rollers—$30. Grande with 18 rollers—$40. Smart travel case, slight extra charge. Now, at leading dept. store cosmetics counters.

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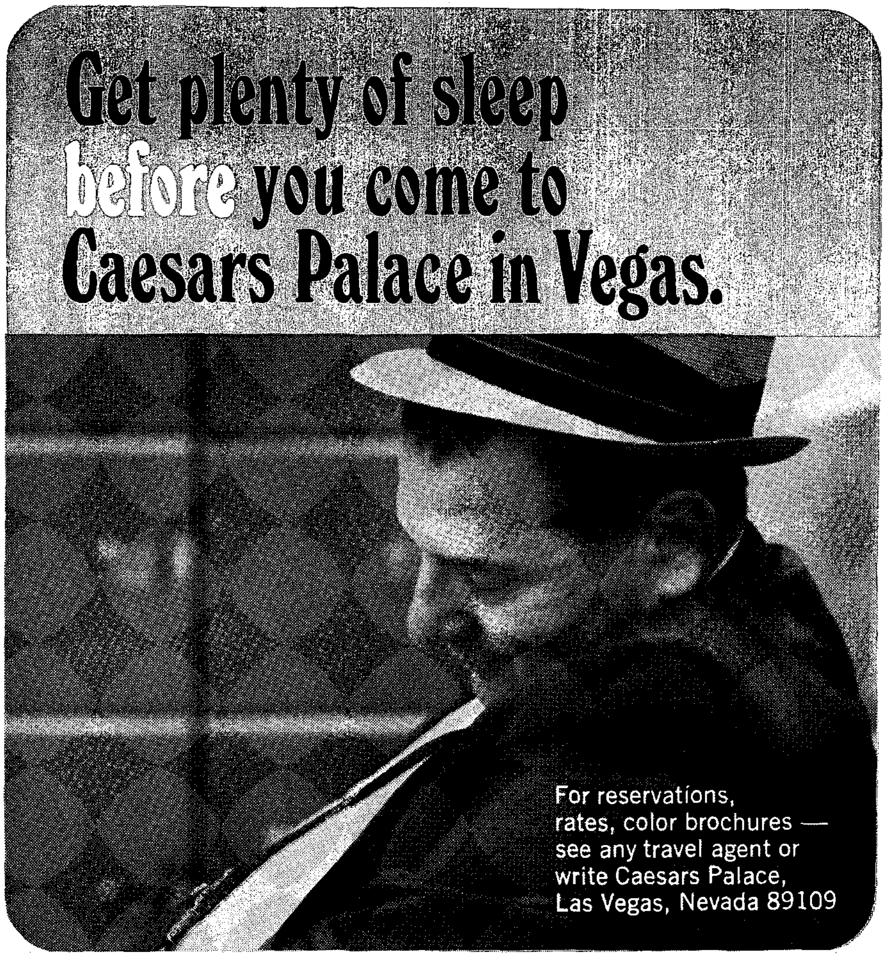

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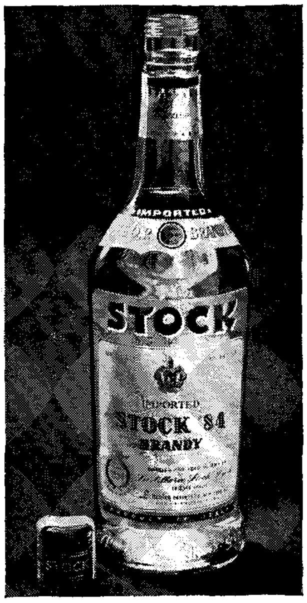
This brandy's not for burning!



Smooth, light Stock '84 brandy was born to be savoured in a glass. A snifter, cocktail, sour, old-fashioned, or with soda.

Flambé away, if you must. But it does seem a shame to have 10 years of aging and a century of breeding go up in smoke.

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boggle—it's easier to do than to describe.) The set includes four colored ball-point pens, a supply of paper, a storage tray, and a pattern book showing some of the possible designs and how to go about creating them with this fascinating array of tools; $3.98 at Reiss Brothers. Do you know a whittler or a boy or girl who would like to qualify? Polk's will sell you a Whittling Kit containing pre-sawed wood blocks, a knife, a whetstone and a leather strop, a brush, some sandpaper and other finishing materials, and step-by-step instructions for whittling out four figures of progressive difficulty, starting with a free-style fish in basswood and working up to a figure made of sugar pine that is clearly recognizable as an old salt smoking a pipe; $12.98. Or for $10 at the Crow's Nest, newly situated on the ninth floor of Abercrombie & Fitch, you can get all the essentials, including directions, for whittling a tiny model of the clipper ship Flying Cloud and inserting it in a quart bottle (they supply the bottle). For another kind of artist, 1-2-Kangaroo has a double easel, each side measuring eighteen inches by twenty-four. A set of paints and a large pad of drawing paper come with it; $10. Furthermore, you'll find artists' smocks, red and long-sleeved, in sizes 4 and 6, for $4 at the Lighthouse Craft Shop, 111 East 59th Street. A Big Burger Grill for a girl of a different bent is $9.99 at Stern's. Though the grill is twelve inches by seventeen, the cooking surface itself is only about five inches square, but that's big enough for a large burger, or two or three frankfurters, or a grilled-cheese sandwich, or the various other types of drive-in fare that are suggested in the pint-size cookbook that comes with this. Also included are molds for making hamburger or hot-dog rolls, small-portion mixes for such rolls, mixes for both buttermilk and blueberry pancakes, and packets of dehydrated condiments, such as ketchup and mustard. The grill operates, you may be surprised to hear, on one small-size 150-watt bulb, which is not provided. A heavy plastic safety hood keeps the young cook from coming in contact with the hot cooking surface unless she is absolutely determined to burn herself. A candy-striped cotton apron to use with this is $3.95 at the Gingerbread House and will fit a girl of up to six or so. In the spacious pockets she'll find ten different child-size utensils, including a breadboard and a rolling pin. (A blue denim apron with red piping, for a boy about the same size, comes fitted out with a hammer, pliers, a screwdriver, a ruler,

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At least once this year, did you make a date and forget to keep it?

Did you get to the party a week early? Or a week late?

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While you were waiting at the Regency, was she waiting at the Plaza?

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If you answered "yes" to any of these, chances are you tried to get through the year without an Eaton "At-A-Glance" Record Book.

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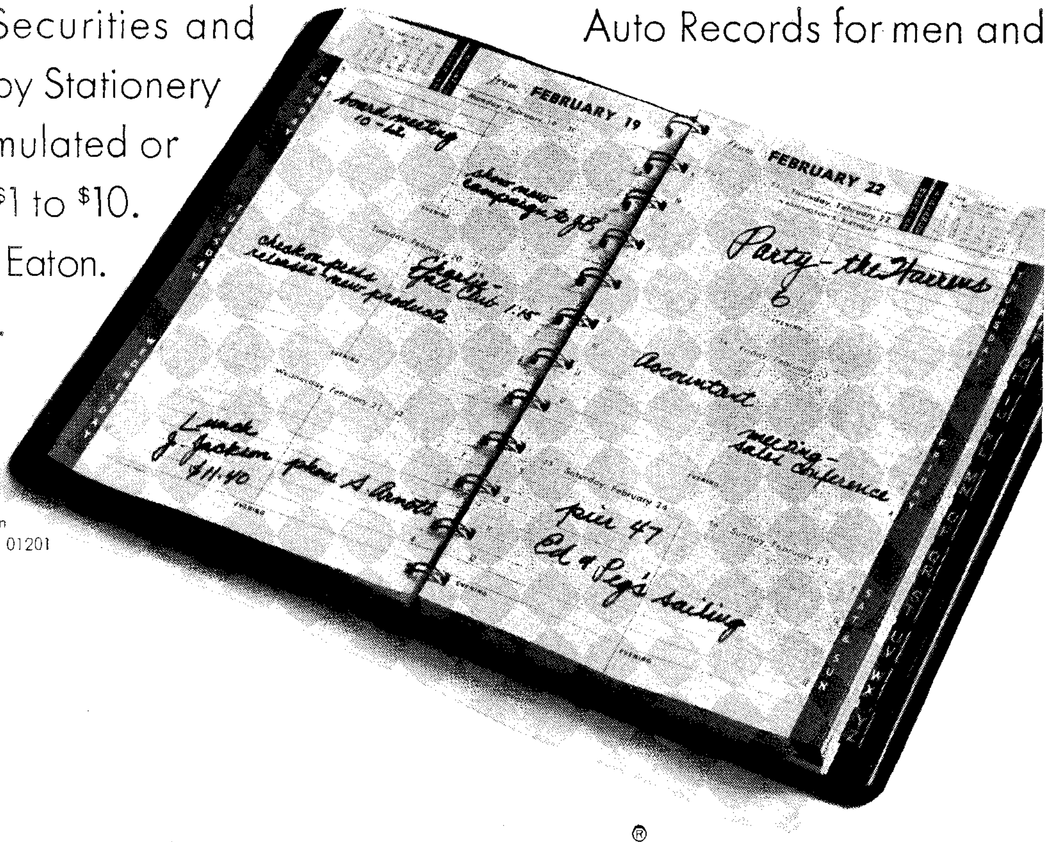

FEBRUARY 19
board meeting 10-12
show new campaign to JB
check on press release new product
Charlie Yale Club 1:15
Lunch J. Jackson $11.40
phone A. Barrett
FEBRUARY 22
Party - the Haurens 6
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meeting - sales conference
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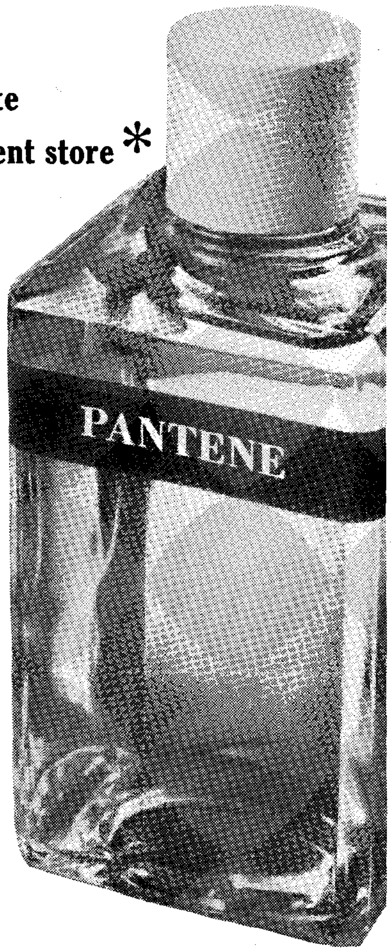
They remind you. Without nagging you.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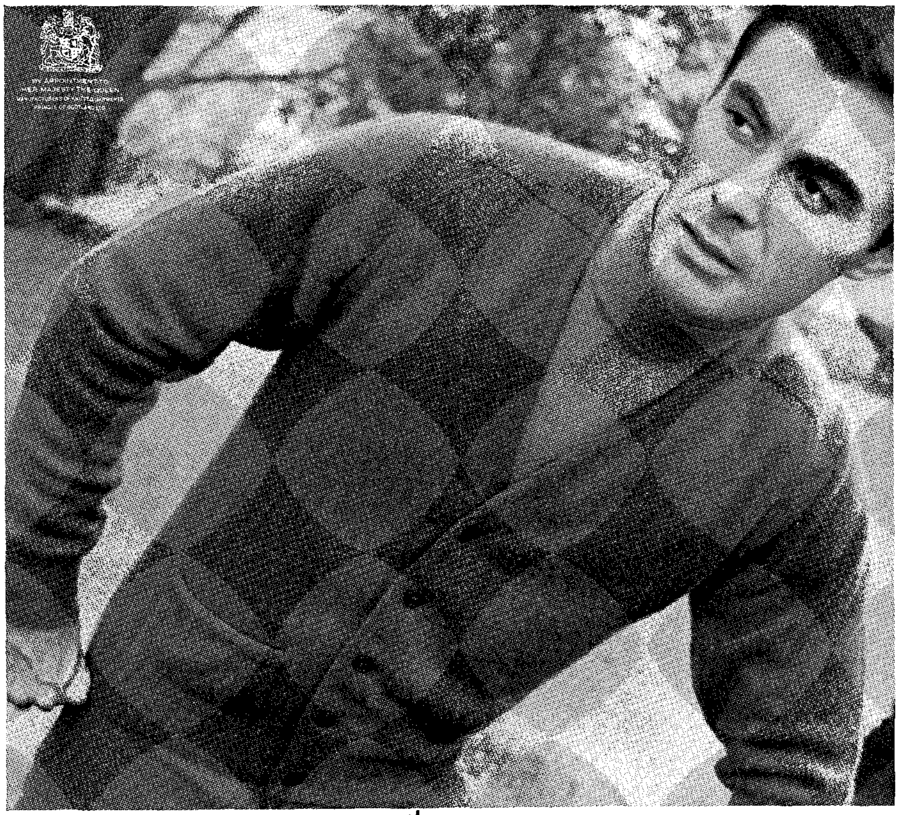
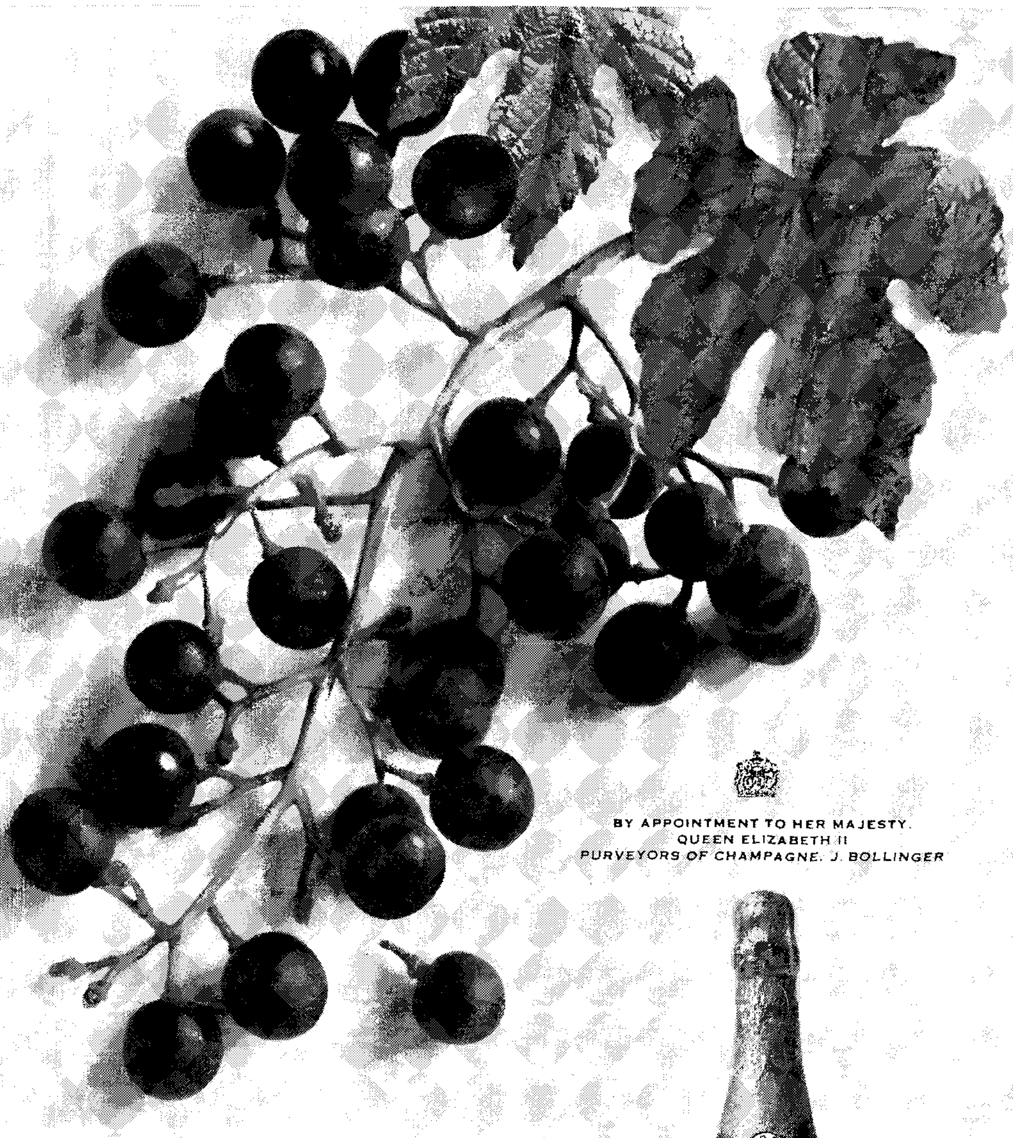

UNMISTAKABLY **Pringle of Scotland**

One glance tells you the kind of man he is. His sweaters are Pringle of Scotland. Mock-turtle neck in light weight wool. Pullover or cardigan in two ply elegant cashmere or luxurious lambswool. Twenty-four aristocratic colors. Sizes 38 to 46. At fine stores, or write Pringle of Scotland Ltd., 24 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

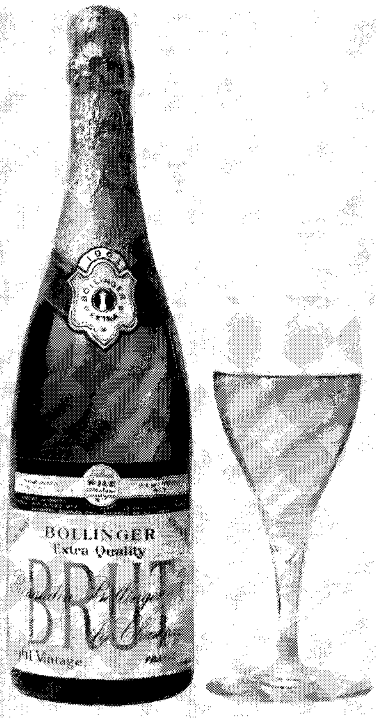
and a saw, and also costs $3.95.) And for that little girl who can't wait to develop housemaid's knee the Lighthouse Craft Shop has a set of goodies consisting of a bib apron, a sponge mop, a wet mop, a swivel dust mop, and a broom. The broom is about thirty inches tall, to give you an idea; $5.

1-2-Kangaroo still has a good supply of those toyboxes made of reinforced cardboard that are three-foot-tall copies of the Old Fashioned Quaker Oats box. At Papier Maché, 55 Greenwich Avenue, you'll come on some wooden signs, fourteen inches by sixteen, or thereabouts, that teen-age members of the family might not mind having around their quarters. "Pool Room, No Minors Allowed," says one, at $5.98. Another, marked $6.98, shows the N.R.A. blue eagle and says "We Do Our Part," and should give Grandpa a start. The Museum Shop at the Museum of the City of New York recommends a fourteen-by-eighteen-inch reproduction of the Currier & Ives print "The American National Game of Baseball," or, for horse fanciers, a scene (also Currier & Ives) in a blacksmith shop called " 'Trotting Cracks' at the Forge." Either print is $2. In the large collection of handmade hardwood doll-house furnishings at B. Shackman there is, for instance, a cherrywood sideboard six inches wide, with nine drawers. Every drawer opens, by means of a tiny brass pull. A rolltop desk with a chair in the same scale is the same price, which is $3.50. For $2.50, Shackman has an inch-and-a-half-tall copper lamp with a plastic globe that really works, together with the necessary penlight batteries. ("I seen the little lamp," tattered little Else whispers to her sister after she has caught a glimpse of the rich children's doll house in that story by Katherine Mansfield.) A fine small doll house to store these treasures in is $12 at the Gingerbread House. It occupies an area of twelve inches by nineteen and is sixteen inches high, and it has two floors and a removable roof. Of wood and hardboard, it is painted white with green shutters, and even has a pair of window boxes. Speaking of miniature toys, electric trains are smaller than ever. Now there is something called N gauge, or microgauge. One set calls itself the Postage Stamp Train. This is an over—no, understatement, since the cars are about half again as big as one of those oblong commemoratives. Even so, a whole five-car train is less than a foot long. A Union Pacific set this size, with a donkey engine, can be had at Polk's for $31.95, including the

Very few grapes qualify for the Bollinger way of making great French Champagne



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH II
PURVEYORS OF CHAMPAGNE. J. BOLLINGER



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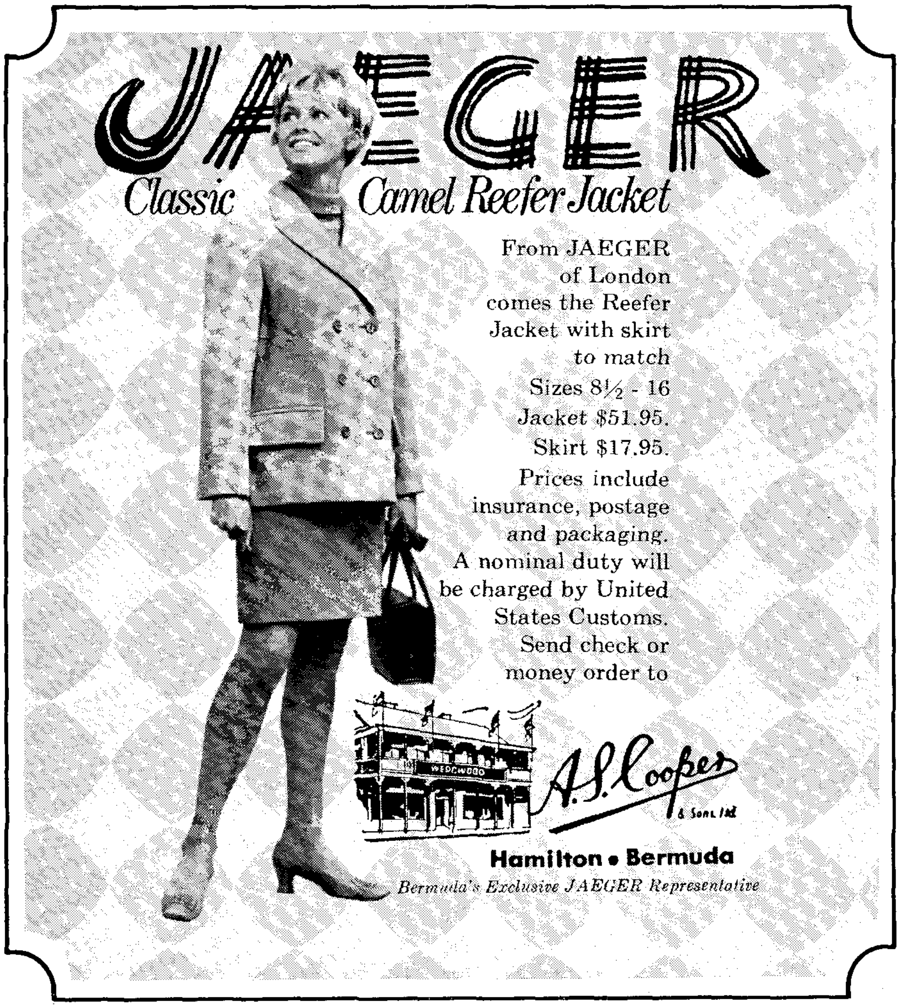

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power pack. Another item that packs a lot of power—and, in this case, utility—for its size is called a Swingster. It's a contraption thirteen inches long, less than five inches wide, and four inches thick that weighs only a little over three pounds with all four of its D batteries in place. Lift off the top and it proves to be a perfectly serviceable open-faced phonograph, which plays 45- or 33⅓-r.p.m. records of up to twelve inches; there's a pop-up spindle that adapts automatically. It has no tone adjustment, and it won't do for the lofty types who have moved on to the world of tweeters and woofers, but for those who just want to dance or listen to a fairy story, and who like to travel light, it has its points. Macy's will sell you the Swingster for $13.99. Or would you rather the children made their own music? 1-2-Kangaroo stocks a Hohner harmonica for $1.50. And down at the Gingerbread House you'll find, for $8, a fifteen-string Junior Zither. Made in Milan, it includes a tuning key, extra strings, and ten song charts that slip right under the strings, so that learning to play this zither is no chore at all. Among the songs in the lot are "Notte di Natale," which turns out to be "Silent Night," and "Jingle Bells."

AND now would you excuse us? We have to go turn on our Lite-Brite so we can see what the new baby's up to on his Crawligator. *Merry* Christmas!

•

EVENTS TO COME

Dec. 9th.—Auxiliary Rehabilitation Card & Bunco Party, Bizarre and Bake Sale. Auxiliary President Martha Mc Gella and Chairman Lucille Jones are reminding you that donations of Baked goods and home made bizarre items are needed. If anyone wishes to donate contact Lucille Jones at WE1-6534 or Lela Martin at TO2-2925. They will be very glad to hear from you.

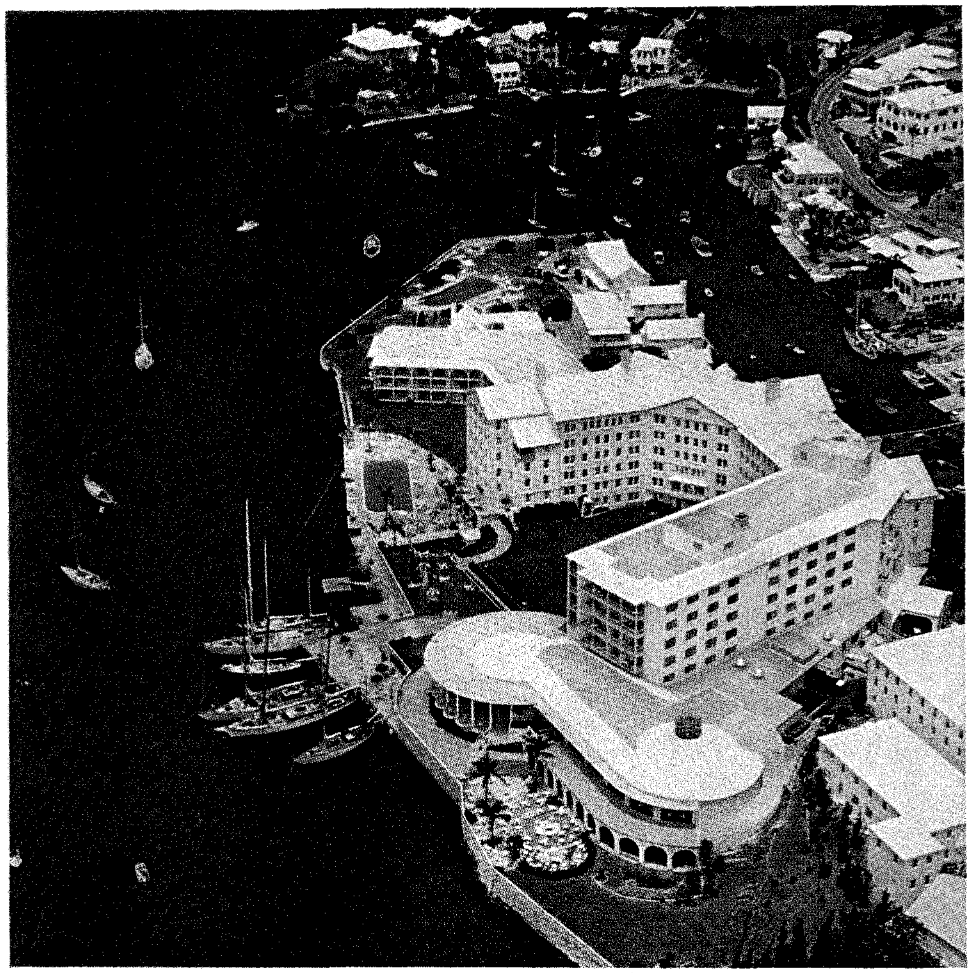
A workshop will be held on Wed. Nov. 8th. at 1:00 pm for those who wish help with ideas for bizarre items. Come on down and spend the afternoon with us. We welcome all the help we can get. —*Newsletter of the Hammond Victory Post 168, American Legion, in Hammond, Indiana.*

And bring your weirdo friends.

•

What could have been a sentimental 70th birthday fete for Jack Mitchell was instead rollicking. The West Hills Hunt pack of hounds tore through the Grand Trianon in full cry, and leapt onto the table of Mitchell and his wife.—*Los Angeles Times.*

No sentiment lost there!



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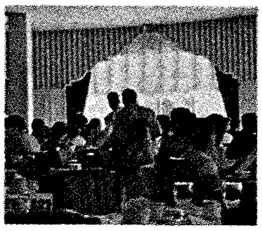

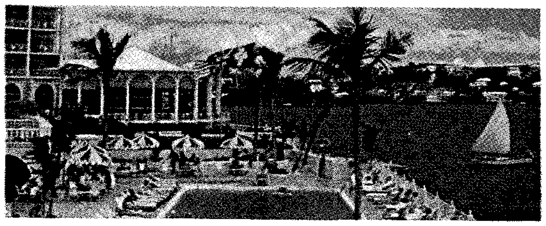

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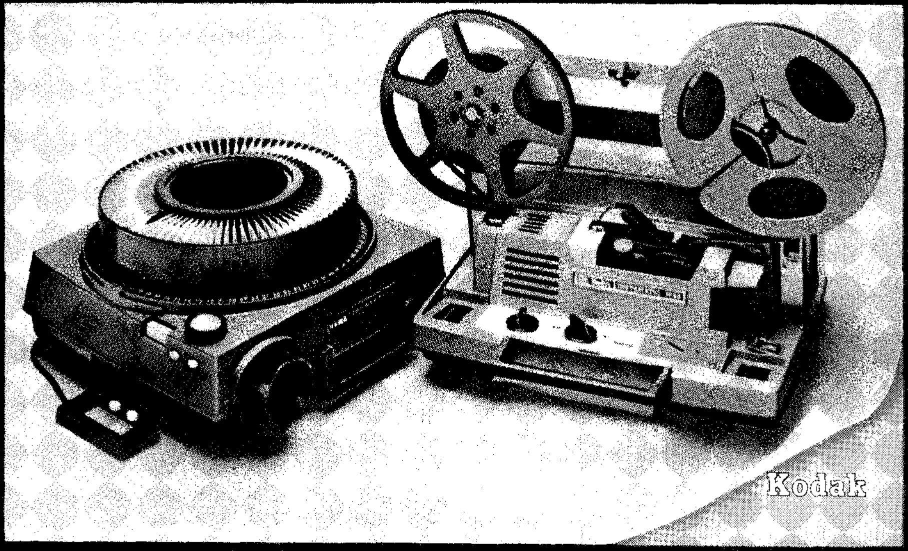

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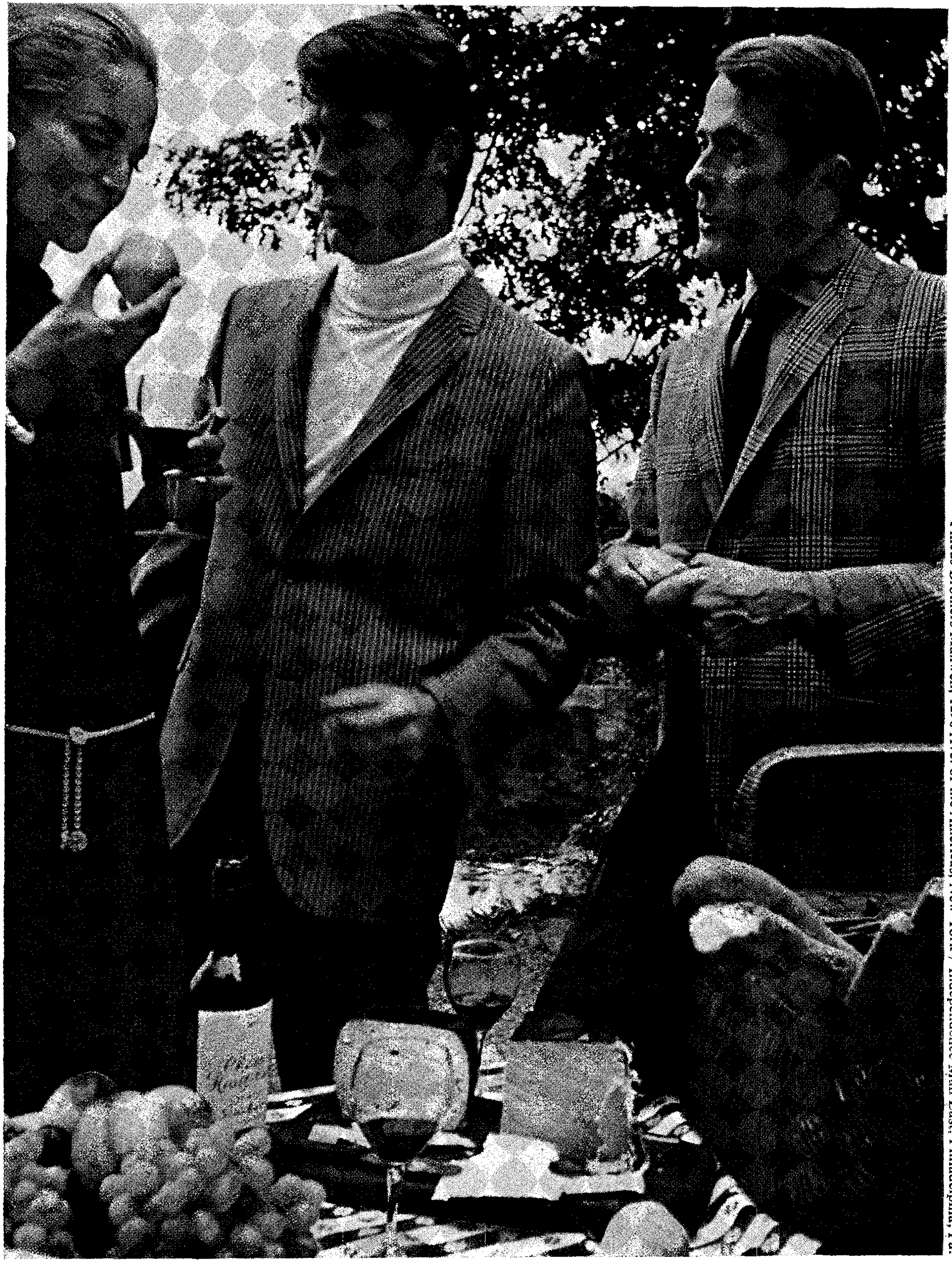

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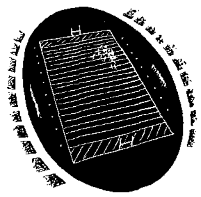
FOOTBALL

Wrong Ending Up

THE fortnight before the match between Army and Navy is always a period of withdrawal from the public eye, during which the two squads involved in the forthcoming public appearance devote little of their time to meditation and prayer. Navy, rated (and with reason) the less likely to succeed, emerged from its chrysalis in surprisingly excellent form—considerably better than seemed likely after a lively fall of bouts with the likes of Notre Dame and Michigan—and in a deployment (a three-man I alignment in the backfield) that worked very much like magic, whether Navy was sweeping the ends or trapping the middle of the Army line. T-formation quarterbacks have their days and their non-days, and Navy's Cartwright was having one of his crisp, hitting-nails-on-heads days; Army's Lindell, a good commandant but never an exceptional thrower since he broke a shoulder playing high-school football, was not having one of his days—passes too low, too high, too fast, too soon—and long before O'Toole went in in his stead, the Army board of strategy was considering the replacement. (O'Toole, it will be recalled, had been in charge of the plebe football squad a couple of years back, and Lindell was then his understudy.) It can be that the position of T-formation quarterback is too much to ask of anyone not in the best of health; in the course of the jumbledy season that is about to end, none of the T men have been what is known as "consistent." Well, Dowling of Yale, but then he had been out of service for half of the semester. Anyway, the order of merit for winning or the order of demerit for losing a match is forever allotted to the T quarterback; the quarterback of the single-wing team, who rarely handles the ball and, aside from doing the thinking and some of the blocking, is never under the steady pressure that can abrade the losing T quarterback, is never the solitary "goat" or the solitary "hero," if I must use these ugly four-letter words. And it is a reasonable guess that a performer who is not going to be the solitary "goat" or the solitary "hero" is not going to suffer acute mental dilapidation.



At any rate, Navy 19, Army 14, but one likes to ponder what would have happened if, as Army was coming from behind (its favorite pastime this fall), Jarvis had not lost the ball in the middle of the last quarter. Navy had put two men on him all afternoon, one of them a linebacker instructed to move with Jarvis no matter who else appeared to have the ball, and when Jarvis did lose the ball he was entombed under not only those two men but three or four others. Rewriting history is always fun, so rewriters can speculate, too, on lesser matters, such as what would have happened if Roberts, the Army center, had not, after repeated banging of a previously injured shoulder, been forced to withdraw. Blake was sent in for him, and Navy instantly sent in a player with orders to rush Kurilko, Army's fine punter, on the snap, for someone on the Navy bench (it is reasonable to suspect Steve Belichick, the retired pro fullback who now scouts Navy's forthcoming opponents with a microscope) knew that Blake had never snapped a ball this season under game pressure. Blake snapped the ball, and poorly, and Navy, roaring in on Kurilko, dumped him for a safety in his end zone. Rewriters can furthermore speculate on how Army would have rolled this season if O'Toole, a truly elegant thrower, had not cracked a collarbone right at the start of the annual festival. No one, though, can do any rewriting of Navy; Navy that afternoon had the élan (an *un*ugly four-letter word), the rapidity, the will, and the guile to upend just about anybody, and it did. Though not as much guile as the officials—the first really topnotch set of judges I have seen at work this fall. They, poor lads, had to resort to such maneuvers as going about the field and tamping down divots in an effort to make it less plain that the game was being held up, time and again (almost until darkness had set in), for as tedious an assemblage of television commercials as has ever been imposed upon a captive audience.

—J. W. L.

•

A young girl solid with the wonderfully ruddy olive complexion of the Sardinian peasant caught Tom's eye and tapped her forehead with an apologetic move of her lips.—*From "The Flags at Doney," by Harris Greene.*

Well, there was plenty going on, anyway.

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PENNSYLVANIA, Braddock	Carlton Men's Shop
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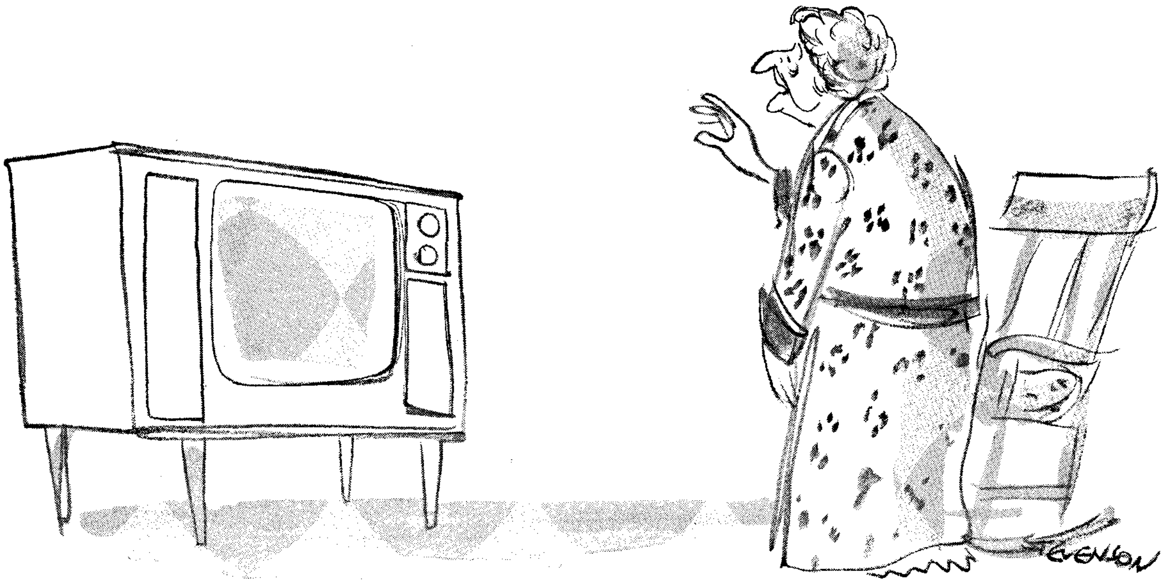
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 1

THE Secretary of Defense is leaving, but not quite yet, and it may be several weeks before a successor is named. It is hard to see how Robert McNamara's replacement could be anyone with a public commitment to either escalation or de-escalation in Vietnam, for the choice of a known dove or a known hawk would precipitate a dreadful row in the Senate, which might deny confirmation or embarrass the Administration by a long delay. Since the number of sentient Americans uncommitted to one camp or the other is small and growing steadily smaller, the President may be obliged to rank obscurity and a gift for ambiguity high among the desirable characteristics of a new Secretary. Whomever he names, there will be difficulties in the Senate, which has never been more suspicious of the executive branch or more jealous of its own prerogatives, and which is bound to see in the confirmation process one of its last remaining ways to influence national policy. Conceivably, the President could nominate a militant hawk and demand speedy confirmation on the ground that delay is unpatriotic and costly in American lives. If a Republican hawk were named, it might be possible to get a majority to override Senator Fulbright and others who, in general, share his view, but the price in political terms, both here and abroad, seems hardly less than prohibitive. The split in the Democratic Party would be widened, and the strongest of our European alliances might be fractured. Someone who combined the rhetoric of a dove with a willingness to get on with the war until his rhetoric was being listened to in Hanoi—someone, that is, like McNamara himself—might in time strengthen the Administration politically, but such a man would not satisfy either side in the Senate, the doves fearing that the rhetoric was fraudulent, the hawks fearing that it was not. An artful straddler would seem to be called for; if one is found, he will need an extraordinary talent if he is to remain on the fence after hearings by the Senate Armed Services Committee.

It is felt here that the President might have administrative as well as political reasons for filling the office with a political neuter. Heads of warring states have a way of becoming in time their own Defense Ministers, either by taking the portfolio themselves or by appointing men who seek no powerful or independent role in matters of high strategy. War is too important a business to be left either to generals or to politically unaccountable civilians; since the head of state must take the blame as well as the credit, he may as well run his own show, whether it is going badly or well. Because so much mystery has surrounded the whole policymaking process over the last two and a half years, it could be maintained that, at least as far as Vietnam is concerned, the President has been serving as his own Secretary of Defense for some time; if it is a fact that McNamara has seriously opposed escalation, then there can hardly be much doubt about it. But no one really in a position to know what has been going on in the inner councils has seen fit to tell the press or the public, and so, since McNamara shows no signs of outrage and has accepted the President's sponsorship for his new office as president of the World Bank, it is unwarranted to assume that there have been any substantial or principled differences. (If there had been, we would all be well rid of a Cabinet member capable of carrying out a policy wholly repugnant to him.)

However that may be, the President will in the coming year find himself in circumstances in which it would appear very much to his advantage to be seen as a man preoccupied with the conduct of the war and with diplomatic efforts to bring it to a conclusion. For one thing, his political advisers do not want him to go out among the people, as he did in 1964. They do not hesitate to say that they fear for his safety (and for their own), and they have for some time been urging him to make as few public appearances as possible. But there are reasons other than those of security for counselling a style different from that of 1964. If the war should be as bloody next year as it has been this year, the public might be deeply offended by the spectacle of a Commander-in-Chief hustling votes in the provinces and leaving matters of life and death to surrogates. He would do far better, it is felt, to stay in the White House and be frequently photographed studying maps and conferring with generals, admirals, and diplomats. To play this role convincingly, he would need a Secretary of Defense whose acquiescence would not even be a subject for controversy—not necessarily a meek or mindless man but one who, like so many of Mr. Johnson's present subordinates in the White House, has no interest higher than advancing the interests of the President. In this bureaucracy, as in any other, there is no shortage of such men, and although a nominee whose ideal was total subordination would please very few senators of either persuasion, many people here expect that the President will name such a man and ride out the dispute that follows, no matter how lengthy and disagreeable it turns out to be. There are those, however, who point out that if he settles the matter in this way it will be a distinct break with the past. For this man of many paradoxes has always,



"Night-night. See you in the morning."

despite his determination to keep a tight control over everything and everyone in the government, enjoyed appointing and keeping in office men of large reputation, strong character, and independent thought. This has not been his practice in the White House itself, but it has been elsewhere in the government. Few things about his Administration have been more remarkable than the way it has maintained the loyalty and services of the best of the department and agency heads appointed by John F. Kennedy. Harry Truman had not been a year in office before the last of the important appointees of Franklin Roosevelt had quit or been asked to quit. But Johnson has kept Kennedy's men in office longer than they might have been expected to remain if Kennedy had lived and won reëlection, and when he has replaced them he has almost unfailingly named men of equal or superior distinction. In a time when he has little room for anything but military maneuvering, he may wish to sustain this record, which is perhaps the only one that continues to win admiration from his critics. The admiration would be greatly diminished if he now appointed a cipher to what has become the second most important office in the government.

It is widely expected that post-McNamara policy, no matter who becomes Secretary of Defense, will be accelerated escalation in Vietnam. There is certainly no reliable evidence that this will not be the case. It is to be noted, however, that the expectation rests entirely on a reading of the past, and that the past has never meant much to Johnson, who, now more than ever, must have his mind on the immediate future. It seems altogether clear that unless his commanders in the field produce a victory that even they do not anticipate within the next few months, he will have to appeal to the electorate as a war leader too deeply concerned for the welfare of his troops to be arguing trivialities with his Republican opponent and glad-handing crowds in the plazas. But from this it does not necessarily follow that he must escalate in order to draw attention to his own performance or to persuade the electorate that it cannot dispense with his services. He might very well do better to show himself as a war leader anxiously and solemnly in search of peace, of measures of de-escalation, of negotiations. Hanoi and the National Liberation Front can no doubt do much to deny him any such role and to make him look absurd if he tries to

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play it. He must nevertheless attempt it, at least part of the time, for he himself said long ago that both parties in 1968 will field "peace" candidates and that it will be the job of each to argue that he will conduct the search for peace more vigorously and effectively than the other. It is unlikely that any candidate, with the possible exception of Ronald Reagan, could in 1968 defend the case for escalation as a means of ending the war. Back in 1965, it had a certain plausibility, as almost any untried procedure does, but it is plausible now only in the most bizarre sense—for example, it seems probable that if there were one heavily armed American in Vietnam for every Vietnamese between the ages of ten and eighty, "pacification" would ensue. The fact that the argument is no longer plausible is no assurance that escalation will not take place; war has its own logic, which is often highly implausible. But there are signs that if the President succumbs (or, as some believe, has already succumbed) to the logic of war, the Republicans will attack him on this very ground. Richard Nixon, who is now well ahead in the contest for his party's nomination, felt compelled, on the day before it was announced that his daughter and Dwight Eisenhower's grandson were to be married, to dissociate himself from the former President's proposal to authorize the "hot pursuit" of enemy forces into the territory of neighboring states. "I do not question General Eisenhower's judgment," Nixon said, but "from a political standpoint I would be very reluctant to take action that would be regarded as an invasion of North Vietnam, Cambodia, or Laos." Given a situation anything like the present one, it would be surprising if the President allowed the Republicans to outbid him for the support of those who sense, as he has always claimed to, great danger in a widened war.

McNamara's departure may have very little impact one way or the other on Vietnam policy, but it is already affecting a good many other things, among them the climate of opinion here. Whether or not the Secretary exercised a "restraining" influence on the conduct of the war, the belief that he did is widespread, and so is the belief, which rests on quite solid evidence, that he was an administrator of unique gifts and that these gifts enabled him to establish firm civilian authority in the Pentagon. Thus, there is already much anxiety over the whole future role of the immense military establishment he managed to control so adroitly, and this anxiety is not, of course, lessened by talk of the possibility that the President will deliberately seek a "weak" successor. There seems little doubt that McNamara succeeded as none of his predecessors did in making the military responsive to civilian direction, and it appears most unlikely that a Secretary who would go along with any Vietnam policy the White House determined to follow could at the same time prevail over the uniformed personnel as McNamara was able most of the time to do. The misgivings, therefore, seem well founded—especially to those who are persuaded that the decision to give the generals their way has already been taken by the President. But while McNamara's experience has shown that a forceful and imaginative Secretary of Defense can check the power of the military, the fact remains that in an expanding war military power is bound to grow, no matter who is in charge. In McNamara's first four years in office, we were not heavily engaged anywhere, and his mission was to modernize military procurement methods and to join to our capability for nuclear warfare—which was about the only capability we then had—the kind of forces later called into use in Vietnam. His accomplishments were large, and some of them are likely to be enduring, but there is reason to believe that sometime in the two years that followed the escalation in 1965 the McNamara spell was broken, and that since then he has been much less effective in containing the generals and the admirals than he was in the earlier years of his tenure. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have contradicted his congressional testimony on many occasions. He appears to have been forced to go against his better judgment in the development of an anti-ballistic-missile system. Whether or not, in Vietnam, the President has taken the advice of General Westmoreland and the Joint Chiefs over objections raised by McNamara, he has encouraged General Westmoreland's appearances before Congress and the public as a spokesman for Administration policies, and he has not come to McNamara's defense when military people have challenged the Secretary's statements of fact and of policy. It seems altogether possible that awareness of a growing ineffectiveness made resignation attractive.

It is therefore doubtful whether McNamara's leaving will remove any formidable obstacle to the growth of military influence, and equally doubtful whether any new man, even one of his temperament and strength, could do what McNamara seems lately to have been unable to do. It is not likely that the President himself—even if he gave nearly all his time to the problem—could do very much. In a democracy, a President who has solid public support can prevent the military from actual domination of the whole society, but in a democracy engaged in a war of steadily mounting intensity there is bound to be a constant erosion of civilian authority—and not only in matters directly related to the war effort, such as diplomatic policy and economic priorities, but in many other matters as well. There is reason, for example, to believe that if the present war goes on much longer, the war on poverty, which many think will be abandoned, will in fact be militarized to a large degree. Unable because of the high cost of Vietnam to get Congress to appropriate funds for nonmilitary spending, the Administration will be more and more tempted to try to achieve its social ends by clandestinely financing them as part of the military budget, which Congress can always be counted upon to approve with a minimum of investigation. Just as C.I.A. money was used to finance projects that Congress could never have been persuaded to support, the Defense Department—thanks, if thanks are due, largely to McNamara—is already paying for many training programs whose justification is less military than social and political. It is using its influence with defense contractors to have them build plants in ghettos and employ ghetto labor, not because this is a good way of getting military hardware but because it is a practical way of relieving unemployment and poverty. It has not been suggested that there is anything essentially wicked about this or that it is part of an attempt to militarize everything in sight. On the contrary, some people who oppose militarization are relieved to know that not every dollar in the defense budget is being spent on destruction. But it does show how war inevitably leads to an extension of military responsibility for civilian functions.

If the President does try to serve as his own Secretary of Defense—in the sense that Franklin Roosevelt was his own Secretary of State when Cordell Hull held the title—it seems unlikely that he will be very effective by any

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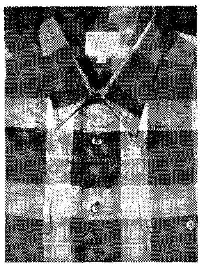
Hand-turned—or put it another way—cuffs that are turned by hand, and double buttoned.



Deeper, take-more-fabric-to-do-it button pockets to hold the 100 millimeter cigarette packs.

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of the customary measures of effectiveness. His knowledge of military matters is meagre, and (although he once served on the Senate Armed Services Committee) he has, unlike most war Presidents, shown little interest in them. Some of the issues he will have to face without McNamara's knowledge and advice are abstruse and almost metaphysical in nature. Others are far too technical to be grasped by men who have not been educated to deal with them. He may choose to compensate for his deficiencies by holding on to as many members of McNamara's staff as he can talk into staying, and by using them as advisers. But unless the military influence is diminished by a reduction of the size and ferocity of the war, it is hard to see how he or anyone else can stem the present tide.

IN announcing that he will enter several primaries in the spring, Senator Eugene McCarthy said that one of his aims is to alleviate "this sense of political helplessness and restore to many people a belief in the processes of American politics and of American government." He went on to say that he thought his candidacy might "counter the growing sense of alienation from politics which I think is currently reflected in a tendency to withdraw from political action, to talk of nonparticipation, to become cynical and make threats of support for third parties or fourth parties or other irregular political movements."

This may be a noble approach to the whole problem of alienation in this country today, but it is also a rather odd—even a quaint—one, and if this is really what Senator McCarthy is hoping to achieve, his try should win the approval of the White House. For what he seems to be saying is that he wants the dissenters to play the game according to the rules—not only the rules of American politics, which allow for third parties and other "irregular" movements, but the rules of the two-party system and, even more specifically, those of the party to which he and the President belong. He hopes to mobilize anti-Administration sentiment behind his candidacy in the primaries and, if he has any luck at all, on the floor of the Democratic Convention. This is all standard practice, a normal adherence to what he calls "the processes of American politics." The prospect, of course, is that on the floor of the Convention the McCarthy forces will lose, as opponents of an incumbent President invariably do. But the rules, or processes, are not thereupon sus-

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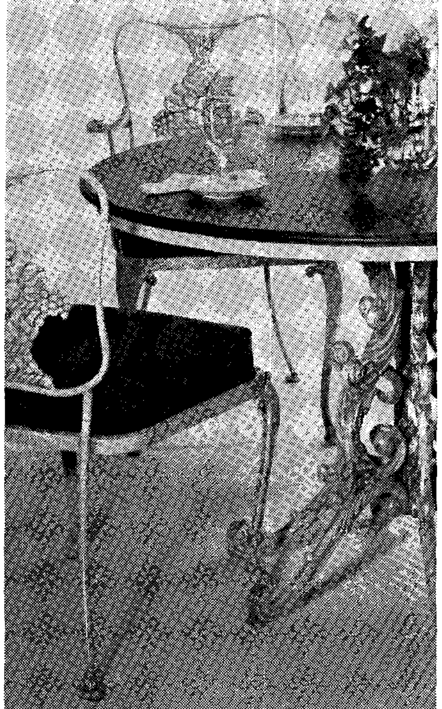

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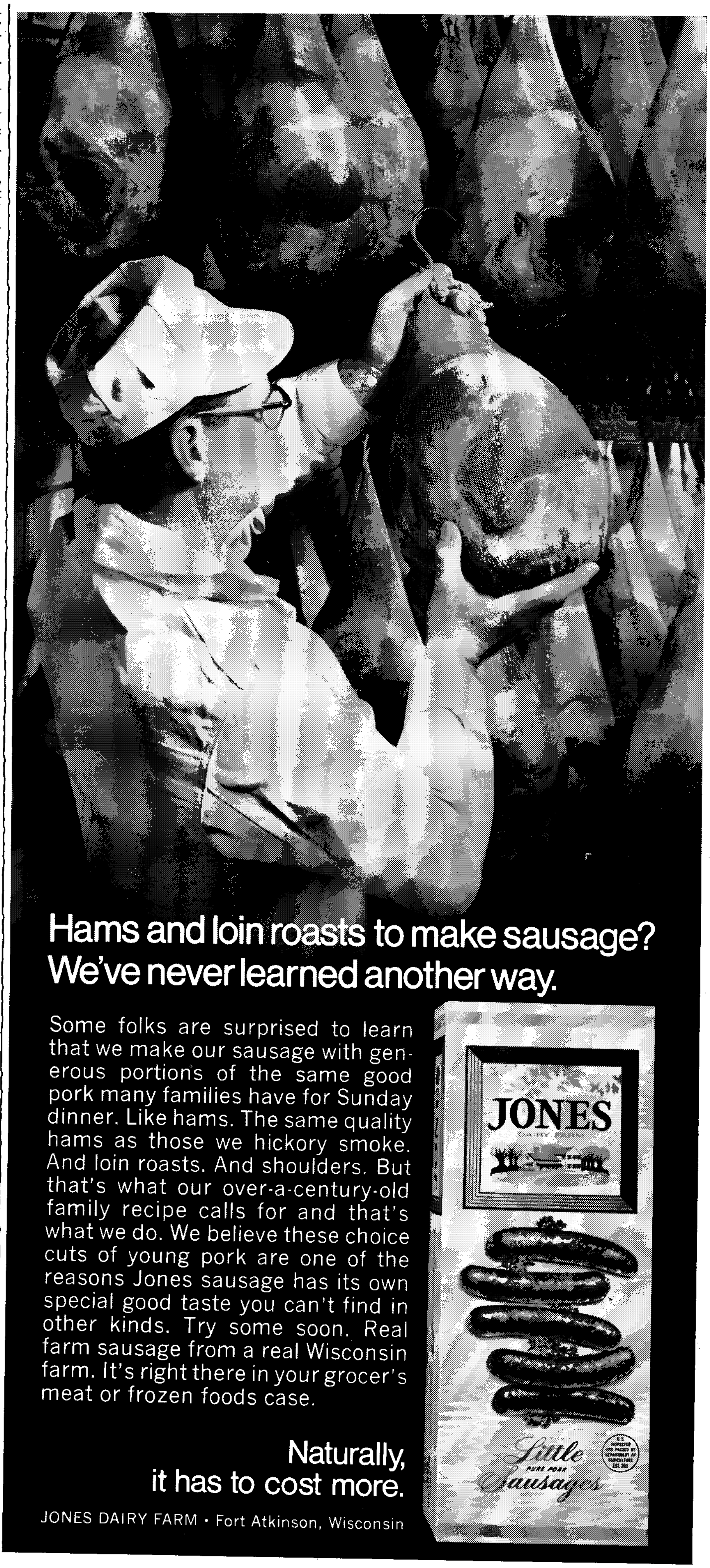
pended. Those who have been playing by the rules are expected to take their defeat in a sportsmanlike fashion, accept the verdict that has been arrived at by what is generally regarded as a democratic process, and get out the vote for the candidate. Unless Senator McCarthy is an incorrigible romantic, he cannot believe that the prospect of following a process that could end in their being honor bound to support the President will have much appeal to people who want only to work for the defeat of the present Administration.

The Senator's candidacy is not expected here to contribute much to the dissipation of cynicism and alienation of the kind he discussed at his news conference yesterday—the kind that he said he encountered on a visit to Berkeley, which was one of the experiences that set him on his present course—but it is regarded as an important political development on many other counts. It will, for one thing, make McCarthy a national figure—the first really interesting one to emerge since the Kennedy era. He is a physically attractive man of great charm, eloquence, and wit. He is no kind of fanatic, and has tended as often to avoid issues as to confront them, but, once committed, he is firm and diligent. He will bring out the sizable anti-war vote in the Democratic Party, and he may do a good deal more than that. Samplers of opinion are generally agreed that there is a widespread distrust of the President that is not consciously related to any disapproval of the war. If McCarthy can create an awareness of his existence, he may win over a good many people who do not share his outrage but would nevertheless like to vote for someone other than Johnson. Some observers have said that he doesn't have anything that Robert Kennedy lacks, and that if there is to be a serious challenge to the President it will be made by Robert Kennedy, who will add to his own large following those who have been attracted to McCarthy during the primary campaigns. This is the way things may work out, despite Kennedy's pledge of support to the President. But the size of Kennedy's following is not what it was two or three years ago (he is as unlikely as Senator McCarthy to have any lasting appeal to the alienated youth), and he has plenty of enemies, which McCarthy, up to now, does not. There is thus a chance that McCarthy will end up as a larger figure than Kennedy and that his efforts this year will bear their real fruit in 1972.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE



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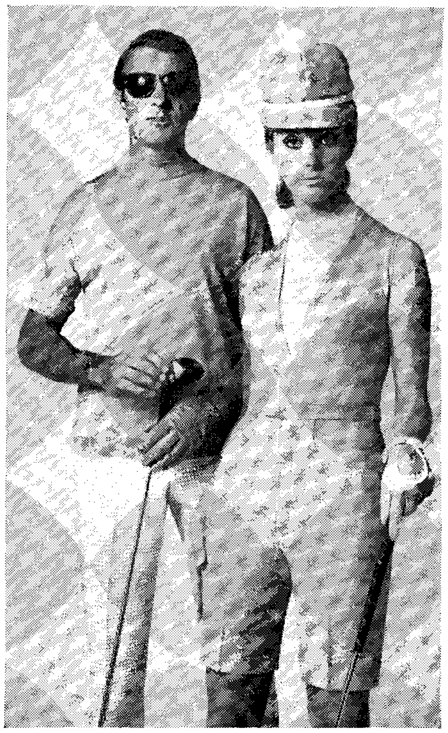

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THE RACE TRACK

Winter Doldrums

FOR some years, the gentry in Albany have had the feeling that since the state's take from the pari mutuel runs into a lovely dollar, the season in New York closes too soon. Months ago, there was a suggestion (tantamount to an order) that five days be added to the schedule to make up for the revenue lost when Aqueduct was closed by the horsemen's boycott last April, and so they were, the season being extended to December 15th. Well, everybody had a taste of winter racing at the Big A the latter part of last week—snow, and mediocre horses plodding through mud and mist—and nobody liked it.

The weather was brighter on Saturday, but colder. The racing was livelier, too—particularly the Stuyvesant Handicap, at one mile, in which Sun Gala, a 23—1 shot, led almost from the start. This was probably due to his liking the footing, which was damp but fast. Understanding, winner of the race a year ago, was second, and R. Thomas third. Jim J., who had had an astonishing workout, two days before, of three furlongs in 0:32⅗—the world record for that distance on a circular course is 0:33⅕—was close to the leader for a while, but dropped back and finished seventh. Obviously, he had run his race in that workout. Reflected Glory, who showed a flash of his winning Hialeah form at Aqueduct the previous Saturday, was outrun. Maybe he had a recurrence of shin trouble. Sun Gala, a three-year-old bay colt by Sun David out of Gala Night, was bought not so long ago by the Gedney Farm, which had such success with Gun Bow three years ago. Luck will find a way.

NOW and then, the Remsen Handicap, the last stakes race for two-year-olds hereabouts, is won by a potential topnotcher. Last autumn, Damascus took it. Before that, there were Northern Dancer and Victoria Park, who are Canada's best, in my book; Carry Back; Apache, a noted sprinter; and Johnstown, who Jim Fitzsimmons once said was as fast a horse as he'd ever trained. It's too early to assess Salerno, who showed the way home to eleven other runners in the fifty-fourth running of the Remsen at Aqueduct last week. Verbatim was second, Mr. Hasty was third, and Family Fun, who was third in the recent Garden State Stakes, was fifth. Salerno, owned by James P. Mills, an eight-goal man in the days of polo at Meadow Brook, is rather a plain big bay colt by Sir Ribot out of Winsome Woman, and has been the winner in four of his eight starts. He will go to Florida (if he hasn't gone already), where he will be pointed for the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah and the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. I've a notion he is worth remembering.

THOUGH the final tabulation is three weeks away, it's a good bet at any odds you can get that Velasquez will head the national jockey list. He rode his four-hundredth winner of the season at Tropical Park last week. Only Shoemaker, with 485 in 1953, and Hartack, with 417 in 1955, top him in the records. Born in Panama, where Baeza, Gustines, Pincay, and Ycaza come from, he started riding there in 1964 and came to this country in 1965. When he failed to finish first in eight tries at Tropical last weekend, he was booed off the course. Horseplayers are like that.

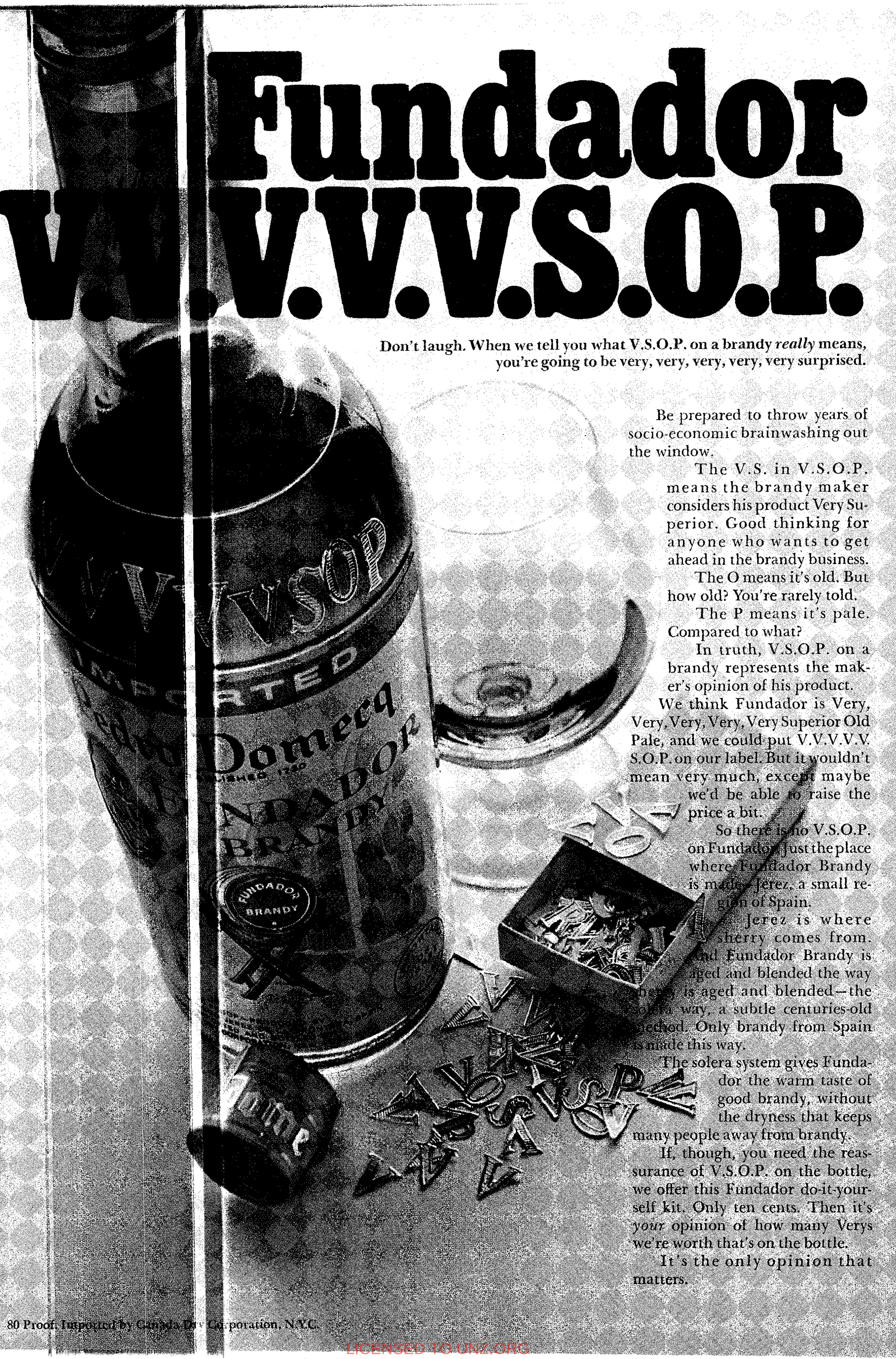
AND may I suggest a book for your Christmas list? It's "The World of Show Jumping," by Neil ffrench Blake (Doubleday; $12.95). A British newspaperman and photographer, Mr. Blake has done a polished job. Here you will learn about some of the planning and hard work that go into preparing an international jumping course, and will also find a lucid and witty account of competitions and about a hundred and eighty pages of photographs of the top horses and riders from seventeen countries in action. In addition, a number of experts discuss horsemanship, and their advice is pointed up by shots of horse-show jumping that are as remarkable as any I've seen. Douglas Bunn, the British team captain last year, does not say in his foreword that Mr. Blake has ever ridden. He must have—either that or a sixth sense puts him in the right spot at the right moment to snap a picture.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Yakov seized his hand to press to his lips but Bibikov had gone.—*"The Fixer," by Bernard Malamud.*

Gives you a turn.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

INDIAN JOURNAL

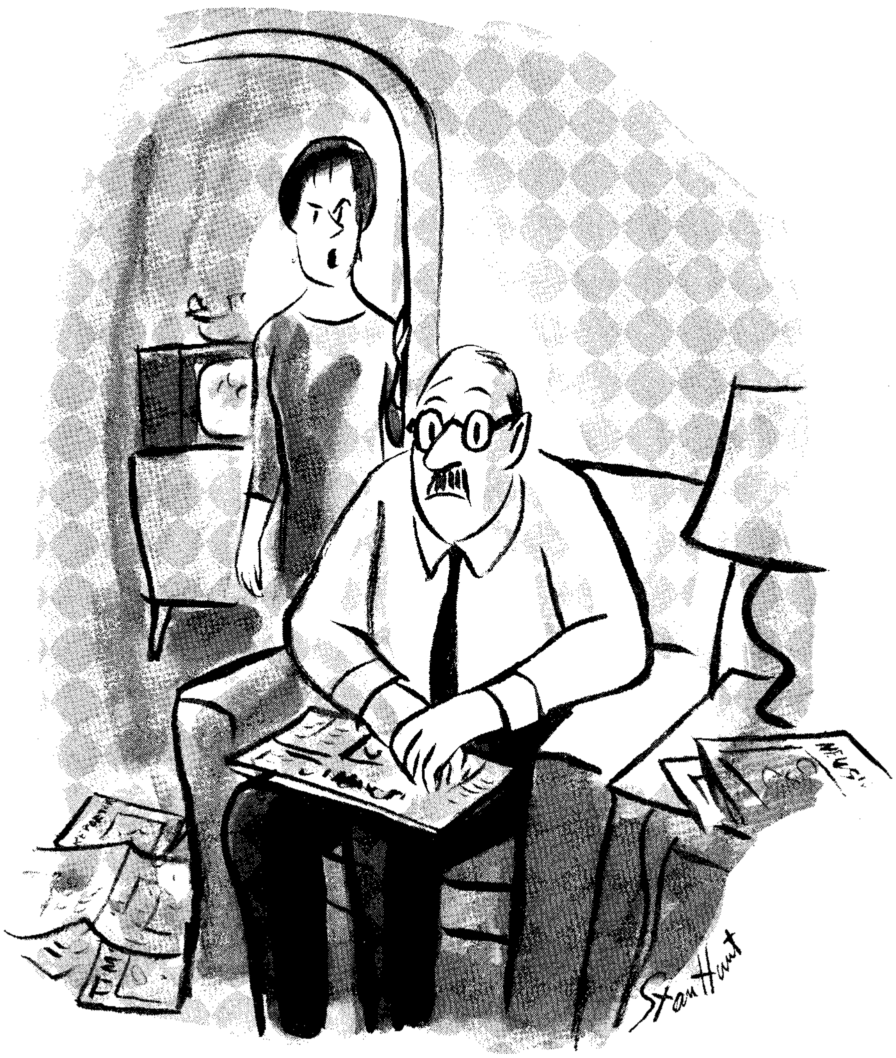
II—NATIVE WOOD-NOTES

All India Radio Music Festival: Willard Rhodes, director of the Center for Studies in Ethnomusicology at Columbia University, who is at present spending a sabbatical year in Madras studying Indian classical music, said recently, in a lecture, "Music is . . . as universal as language, and there are as many musics as languages. . . . The Westerner is ofttimes perplexed by the strangeness of Oriental music, and the Asian is apt to have difficulty in understanding the music of the West. An unprejudiced ear, a receptive mind, and a little knowledge will go a long way toward the understanding and enjoyment of a foreign musical culture. If people can be bilingual and multilingual, they can be bimusical and multimusical." I consider myself multimusical. While I was growing up, in India, I spent many years learning classical Indian music, with a view to taking it up as a vocation, and later, in the United States, I studied a little violin, accordion, and piano. In any case, I feel completely at ease with the music that Narayana Menon is now picking out on his *vina*. I also feel a little nostalgic, reminded of the summer of 1959, when the poet Dom Moraes and I first met Narayana, here in Delhi, and found his home a refuge from the lacerating world outside. In "Gone Away," a book in which Moraes told about some of our travels together in India, he recounted:

> Narayana Menon lives in a cool second-floor flat with a . . . drawing room . . . the walls palisaded with paintings by modern Indian painters. He waved his long hand toward one and said in his light and gentle voice: "Do you like that? Hussein's latest. He painted it only the other day. I think it's good, don't you? Come and sit down. . . ." The servant brought in gin-and-limes, and a pretty little girl came in behind him. "My daughter, Mala," Narayana said, and his face grew gentler than ever. . . . "She likes to hear me practice. . . ." We said, "Why don't you? We'd love to hear it."
>
> "Would you really?" Narayana smiled. "Mala, fetch the *vina*." Narayana twiddled a few keys, tightening the strings, then bent over the instrument and began to play it. The long, very flexible fingers of his left hand [actually, his right hand] struck the strings slowly, and a long-drawn-out succession of notes, like the calls of a mechanical bird, filled the room. Each faded out and was imperceptibly replaced by another, or overlapped and sung at different ends of the same golden bough.

On this winter day in 1965, as I sit in Narayana's drawing room again, with some of those paintings still about me, I reflect that the intervening years have only mellowed the calls. Mala, now in her teens, is doing her homework in the next room. Twiddling the keys, Narayana talks about our fortuitous meeting the other day, after so many years. We ran into one another at the Paris airport, of all places, while I was on my way to India for a long stay and Narayana was returning home from an international conference, which he had attended in the capacity of acting director general of the All India Radio. "It had to do with satellites," he explained. "Several of us—leaders in our fields from different countries—were invited to Paris to discuss the problems connected with communications satellites. The day is at hand when you will take your letter to the post office and it will be photostated there and, a minute later, transmitted ten thousand miles by satellite. The airlines have already started to worry for fear that business executives will find it easier to send such instantaneous letters than to travel themselves."

Narayana seemed almost giddy at the prospect of the brave tomorrow, and since I thought of him primarily as a musician, his enthusiasm struck me as a bit bizarre. Now, in Delhi, he talks about the way the bureaucracy is wearing him down; the confirmation of his appointment as director general has become a political issue, because he is a Malayalam-speaking Keralan from the south, the home of the Carnatic system of music, and many northern Indians want a Hindi-speaking northerner who is familiar with the Hindustani system of music—the two systems being the two branches of Indian classical music. Narayana says he wishes to escape from India and settle down in London or New York. At the moment, however, he is grateful for the refuge provided by the All India Radio Sangeet Sammelan, or the Music Festival,



"Well, that's what you get for being so damn well informed."

which he has organized and has invited me to attend.

"A full week of planned concerts, and the President of India will open it!" Narayana says, again speaking with enthusiasm. "Bismillah Khan and Manik Varma and Ali Akbar Khan and Kumar Gandharva and Begum Akhtar and Bhimsen Joshi will all be performing. The program is not as good as some programs we have had in the past—I wish we had Vilayat Khan on the *sitar*—but it's still splendid for the money available. We have got, playing the *sarod*, Ali Akbar Khan, whom I personally consider the finest Indian musician performing today. In sheer depth and musical feeling I would put him above Ravi Shankar. And Bismillah Khan is the outstanding exponent of the *shahnai*, which he has converted from a band instrument into a highly refined and sensitive chamber-music instrument. He's one of the half-dozen musicians in India who are most in demand and get the highest fees. Kumar Gandharva is an extraordinary character. He had a meteoric rise as a musician. By the age of fifteen or sixteen, he was established as one of the more impressive bright young singers. Though he is a classicist, he is also very much of an innovator—the orthodox would say *too* much of an innovator. Begum Akhtar sings that light-classical form of love lyric, the *thumri*, with wonderful elegance and charm. Though she may have passed her peak as a singer, she, too, is an extraordinary character. As the wife of a barrister of Lucknow, she is a tremendously energetic society lady. Manik Varma is a good singer, although not easy to enjoy the first time you hear her, because she does go on a bit long. If I take Mala, she says, 'Daddy, let's go out and have a Coca-Cola now.' Incidentally, how about having a whiskey on the rocks? Everyone drowns whiskey here, and in summer I like it drowned myself, but in this cold weather I like to taste my whiskey."

I accept.

THE Sangeet Sammelan concerts are held in a broadcasting-studio auditorium amid the paraphernalia necessary for live broadcasting, and most of them are of Hindustani music, which is said to derive from the Vedic chants written over three thousand years ago; so closely does it resemble this ancient form, in fact, that in the view of some musicians, the two are fundamentally alike. The Hindustani system of music, which does not employ harmony or counterpoint, is built around some thou-

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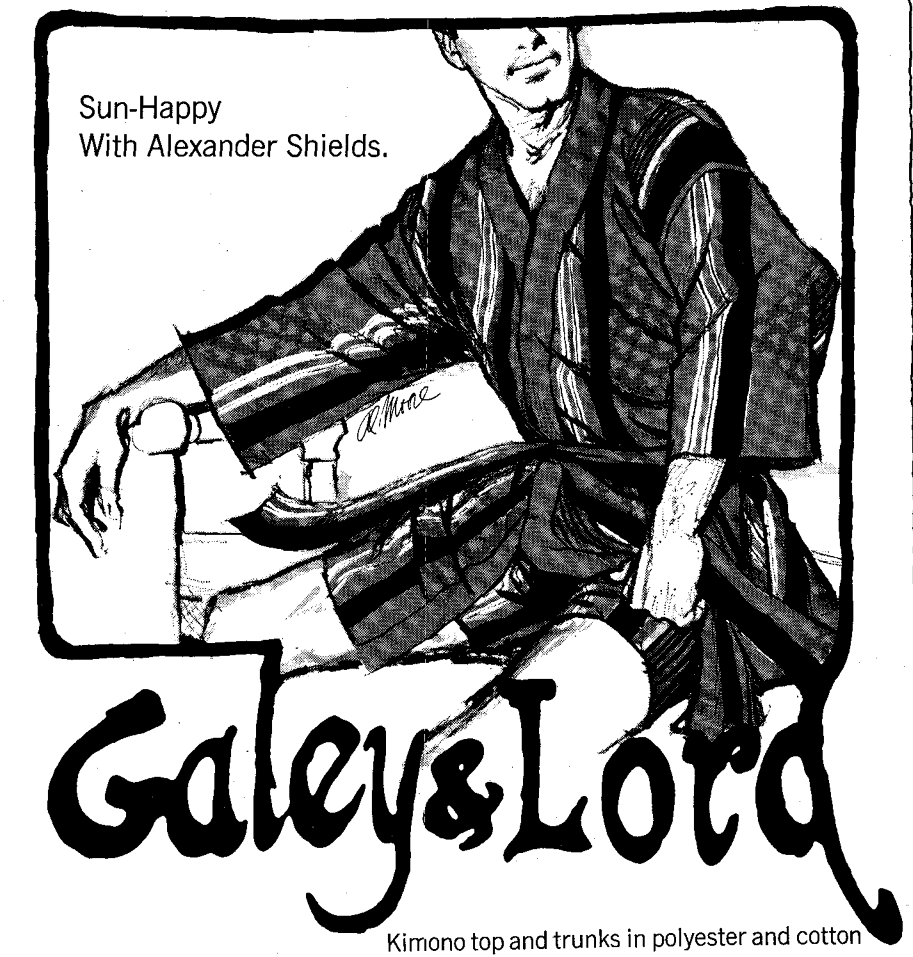
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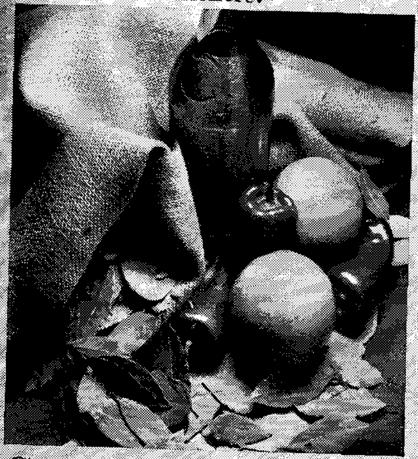

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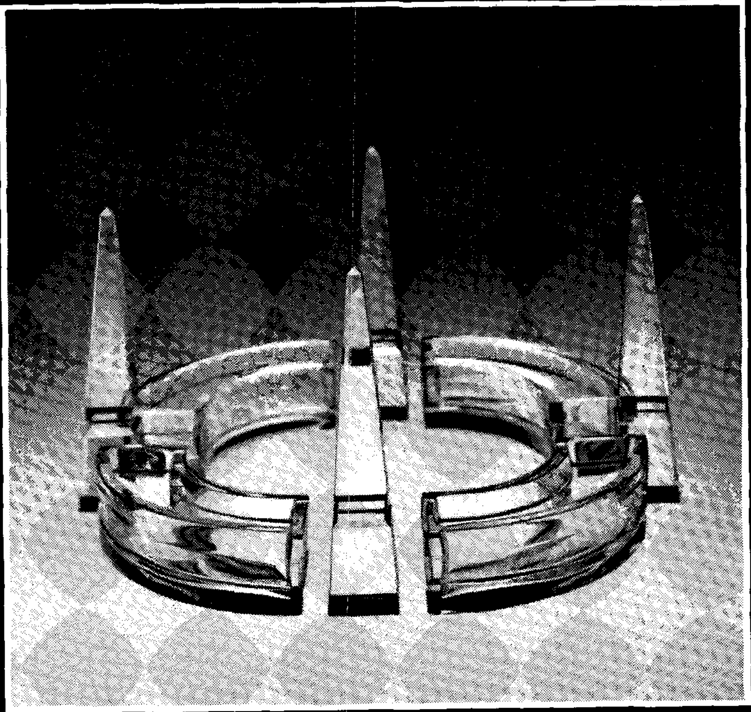

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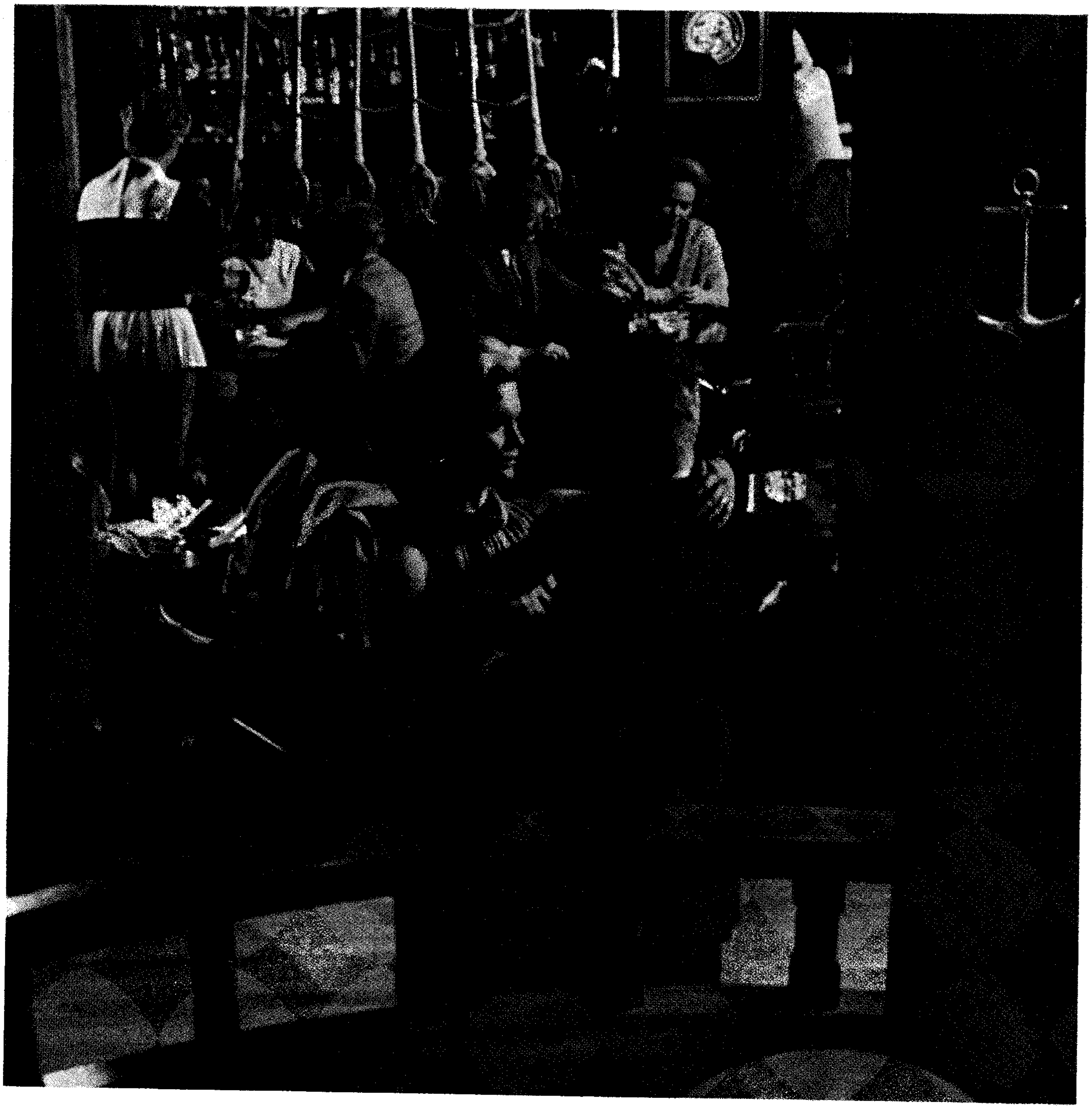
sands of *ragas*, or melodic scale patterns, each *raga* having its own particular traditional combination of notes—chosen from among the twelve possible tones of the octave, with the tonic and sometimes the dominant fixed—and each *raga* being based upon one of seventy-two *melas*, generic scale patterns that have their own ascending and descending structures. Each *raga* has its own texture and character, and, because it celebrates either a time of day or a season of the year or a specific occasion, is essentially atmospheric. There is practically no notation, and everything is left to the ability to improvise imaginatively—to wring new combinations from the given structure of the *raga*. A typical *raga* played on an instrument—a *sarod* or a *sitar*, perhaps—has two or three distinct phases. It may open with a slow, exploratory invocation (*alap*), which gives way to a melodic variation together with a rhythmic passage (*jor*), which, in turn, moves into a rapid flourish of runs (*jhala*). But this may be only an introduction to the second phase (*gat*), which is governed by one of a hundred and seventy-five *talas*, or rhythmic cycles; these range from units of three to units of two hundred and sixty-one beats, or pulsations, in various traditional combinations of stressed and unstressed beats. Since the *talas* and beats are a matter of tradition, there is considerable difference of opinion on their numbers, one authority maintaining that there are three hundred and sixty *talas*, which range from units of three to units of a hundred and eight beats. In any case, the musicians tend to use the same few *talas* again and again. The *talas* are drummed out on a pair of *tablas*, or hand drums, in accompaniment to the instrument during the *gat* and the *jor*, so that alongside the melodic structure is established another, rhythmic structure. Tensions between the melodic instrument and the rhythmic instrument develop and increase, the two being held together only by the coincidence of the fixed notes of the *raga* and the principal stresses of the *tala* as runs, variations, and recapitulations build up in a crescendo.

The festival concerts are likely to begin at the awkward hour of 6:30 P.M. and last only an hour and a half, which includes an interval, and, besides being tantalizingly brief, they are uneven. But I attend them all, for the music and the musicians create in my imagination the atmosphere of some elfin royal court, recalling my childhood as nothing else can.

At the first concert, Bismillah Khan,



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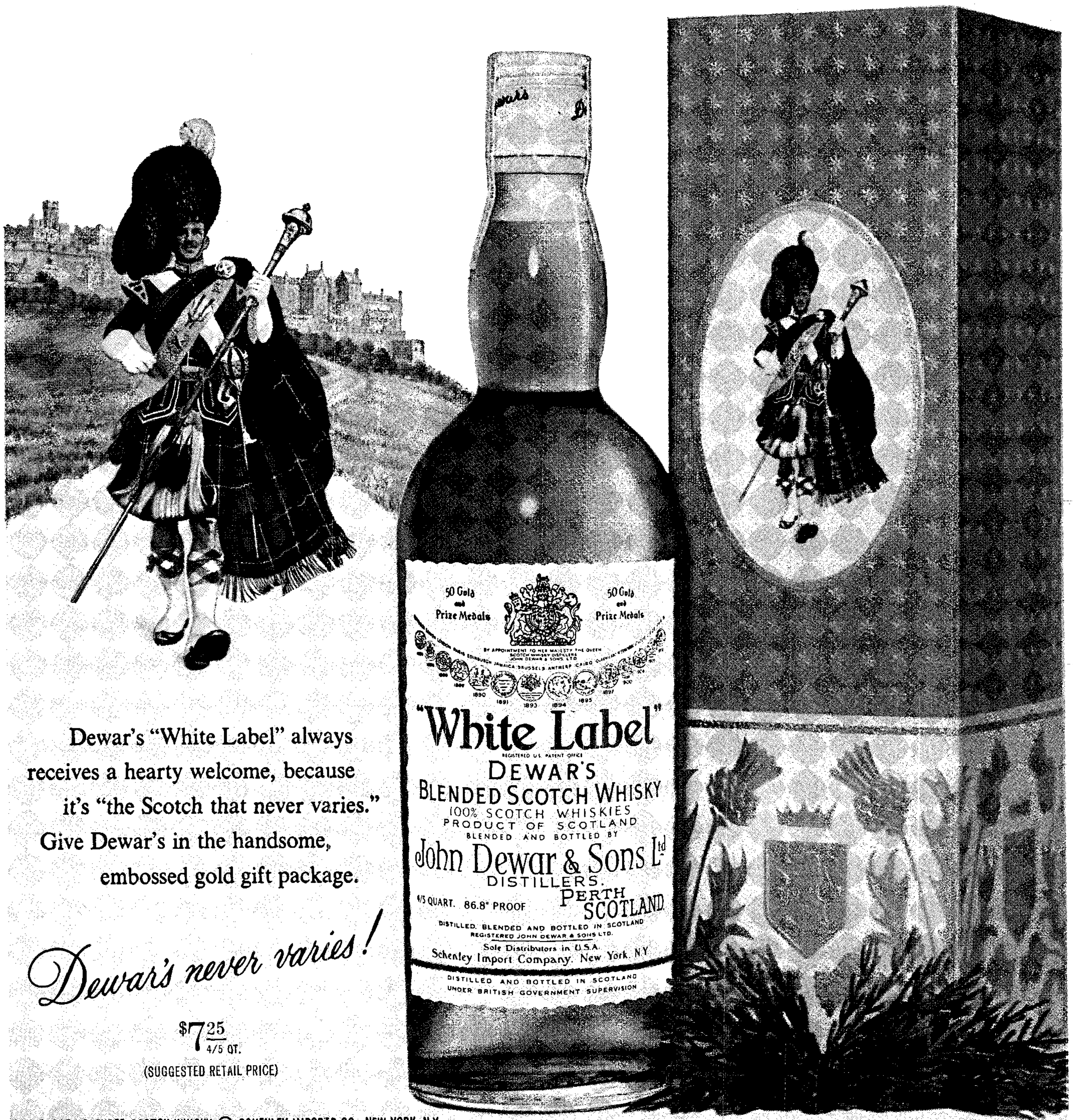
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a man of about fifty, wearing one earring and a neat little mustache, presides, with his *shahnai*—an instrument resembling an oboe—over a troupe of half a dozen. The *shahnai* that takes possession of the auditorium is as shrill and piercing as a child's pipe, but its wailing, nasal sound is somehow transformed into music by Bismillah Khan's playing. As he plays, another *shahnai* serves as a drone, a couple more start echoing and answering Bismillah Khan's phrases, and, throughout, a drummer, working in deep concentration, flicks, raps, and cuffs the *tablas* in a rapid pitter-patter. Bismillah Khan settles down to a progression of lilting runs—singling out a phrase, toying with it, embellishing it—and the listeners, who are mostly government officers and their wives invited to the concerts as guests, nod gently and tap their feet lightly on the floor. Bismillah Khan now holds a note on the *shahnai* for a painfully long time, and the listeners hold their breath in sympathy until the note trails off into a barely audible squeak. Then, having taken a long breath, Bismillah Khan suddenly fills the hall with a burst of thin bagpipelike notes, and the hall explodes with cheers: "*Wahwah!*" and "*Bohut acche!*"

Another day, Ali Akbar Khan takes the stage, and he sets me to thinking about how well the *sarod* would do for jazz. The instrument consists of an unfretted metal bar with about a score of strings, some constantly resonating in the background, some serving as percussive drones, and some tuned to the tones of the *raga* to be played. Its muted twang can be compared to the sound of a banjo, but in the hands of Ali Akbar Khan the *sarod* is as expressive as a complete jazz combo. Whether Ali Akbar Khan tunes the instrument—as he often does, in the middle of a *raga*—or snaps a string, or suddenly launches into what sounds like the refrain of "Lemon Tree," or clicks his nails against the bar as his left hand moves swiftly up and down, or subdues his playing in deference to the stir caused by a distinguished late arrival—all is somehow gathered into the accommodating *raga*, which he plays much of the time in an almost impenetrable trance, his eyes closed.

The concerts of Manik Varma and Begum Akhtar send my thoughts in a different direction. (Begum Akhtar sits on the floor of the stage, decked out in emeralds and diamonds—including a nose ring—and with a green shawl to match the emeralds thrown carelessly about her shoulders. A coquettish smile

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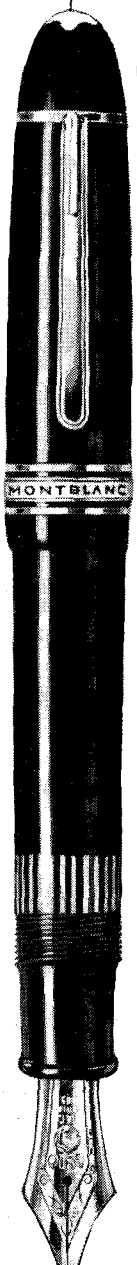

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on her lined face, she sings love lyrics with abandon, sending the audience, young and old, into raptures.) They start a multimusical discussion in my head about the limitation that all Indian singers have imposed on themselves from ancient times by singing only from the throat, and closing off the enormous range of chest tones and head tones, so that their voices always have the light quality of childhood. It is clear, though, that this in no way disturbs the enjoyment of the listeners, who exuberantly nod to the rhythm until they seem to be physically controlled by the performer. Their musical experience, limited to unharmonized melodies, is more akin to that of medieval Christian monks, limited to plainsong, than to that of a modern Western audience, whose appreciation encompasses the vast body of complex music that includes Monteverdi, Wagner, and Webern. The music reviews published in the Indian newspapers seem appropriately pre-Baconian. One, in the English-language *Times of India*, is headlined "UNFORGETTABLE RECITAL BY K. GANDHARVA," with the by-line "By Our Music Critic," and reads, in part:

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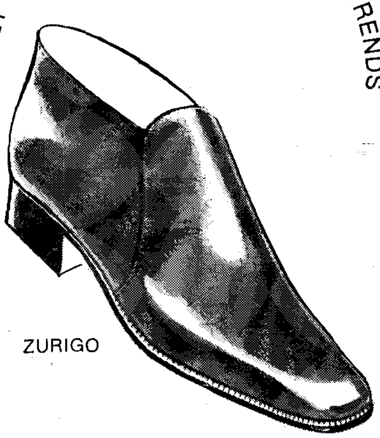
But saying that the music of Bismillah Khan, Ali Akbar Khan, and the rest is uncultivated may be rather like Milton's saying "If . . . sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child, Warble his native wood-notes wild." In some ways, the music appears wholly contemporary. Sometimes the absence of a key signature makes it resemble that of the atonal school. At other times, the engrossing inventiveness, the vast room for improvisation, variation, and embellishment, makes it seem akin to jazz—not all jazz but some. Moreover, many



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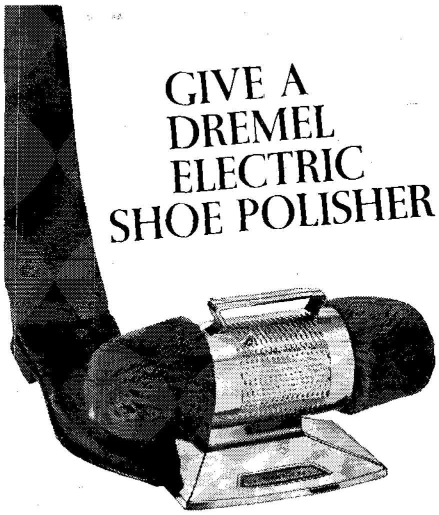

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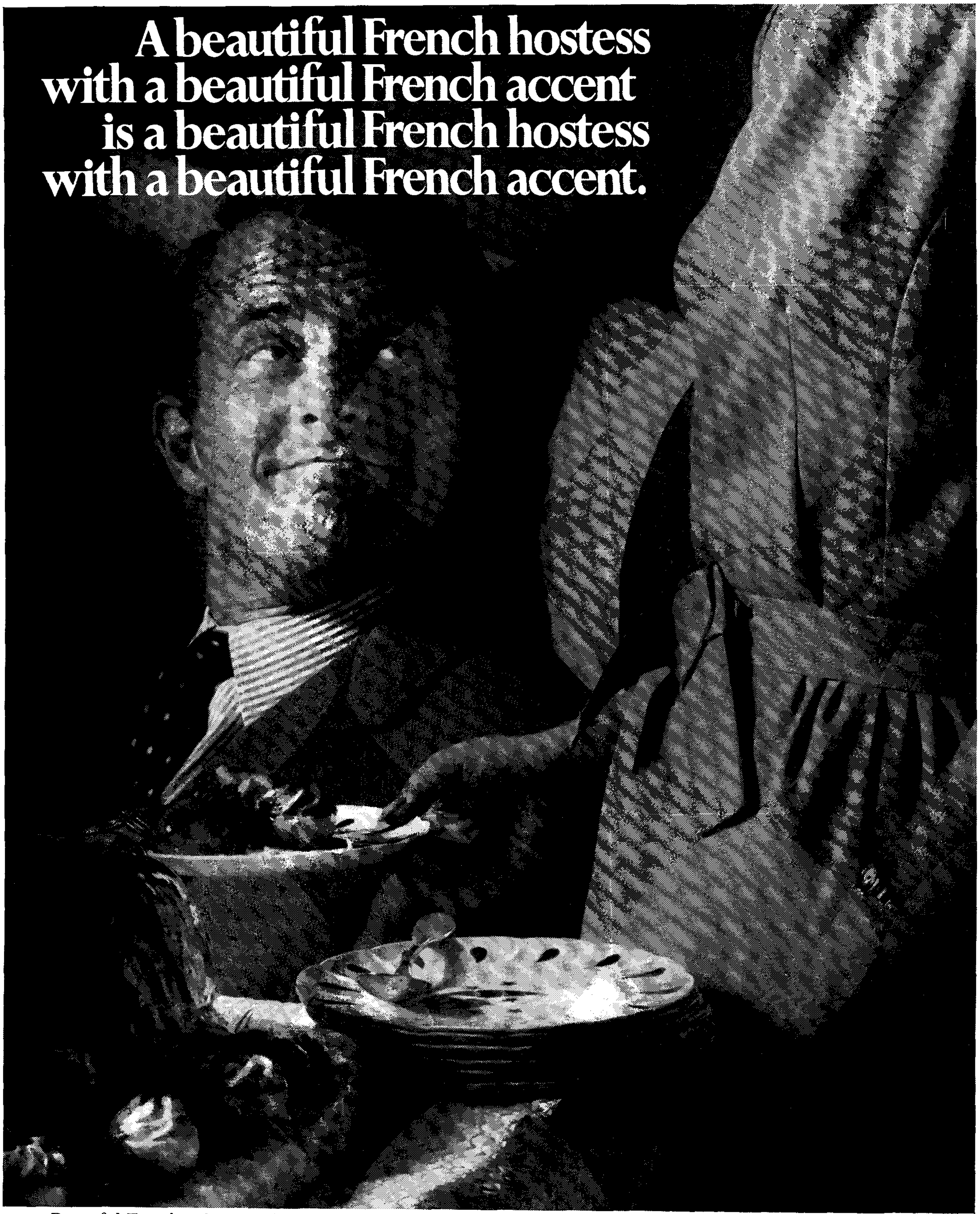
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of the instruments, which at first may grate on Western ears, open up a new world of sound, in which the seeming dissolution of half tones into quarter tones, eighth tones, and so on—the result of endless elisions—endows the squeaks, peeps, drones, and twangs with unexpected lyrical qualities. The very delicacy of their music commands attention. Similarly, the vocalists, given their laryngeal limitations, perform marvels. By the end of the series of concerts, therefore, I find myself sharing in the exuberant enjoyment of the listeners around me.

THE TWO SYSTEMS AND SUBBULAKSHMI'S VOICE: Mostly, Subbulakshmi sings the Carnatic music of the south, yet she thrills audiences brought up on the Hindustani system of the north, to whom her music is, as it were, Greek. (Although the Carnatic system shares *ragas* and *talas*, and its origins and basic concepts, with the Hindustani system, and also has no harmony, the two systems have developed in regional isolation over so many centuries that some practitioners have not been aware of the common ancestry of the systems, and this is still true, despite the fact that some of the minor distinctions between the two—like the difference in instruments, such as the use of *mridangam*, a single barrel-shaped drum, in the Carnatic system instead of the *tablas* of the Hindustani system, or the varying degrees of emphasis of instrument and voice in the two systems, or the use of two different names for the same *raga*, or, conversely, the use of the same name for two different *ragas*—have lately been melting under the heat of nationalism. The reason the practitioners of the two systems at times still appear hostile, like nationals of warring countries, is that the two systems do, in a sense, differ in fundamentals. Carnatic music, because it has some notation and a body of compositions—the result of a succession of pupils noting down the performances of their masters—is likely to be intricate, rigid, mathematical, and intellectual, whereas Hindustani music is likely to be simple, flexible, charming, and elegant.) The voice of Subbulakshmi is the closest thing to an Indian lingua franca. The music she sings is not easy for the uninitiated to comprehend, yet the Indian populace, which as a rule enjoys only sentimental love songs, is overcome by her performances, especially when her songs are devotional—and they generally are. Narayana Menon, who, like many other enthusiastic Indians, tries to enhance home-

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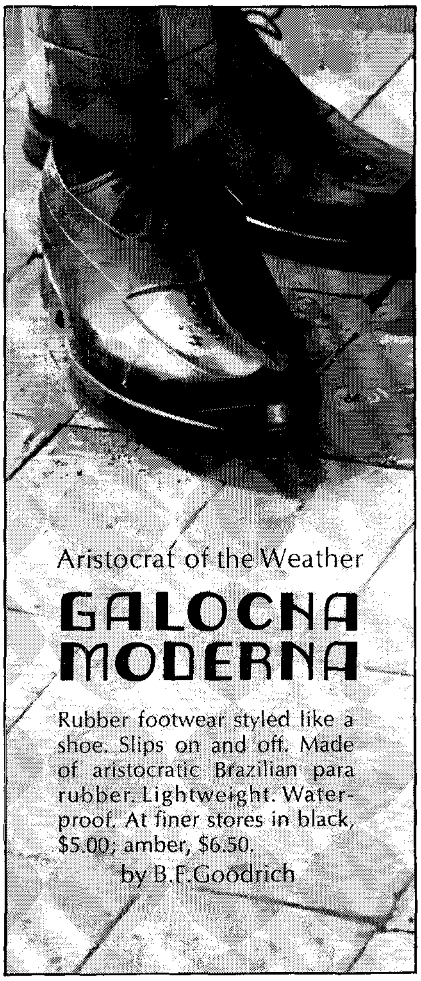

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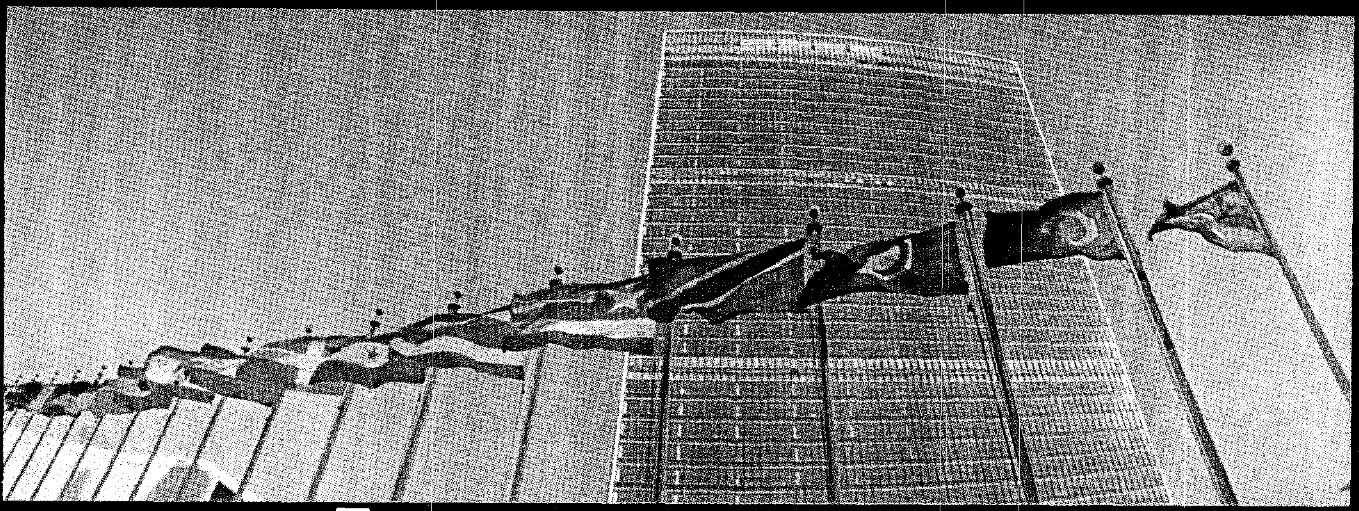

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grown talent with the magic of foreign associations, has written, "Subbulakshmi's reputation today is not unlike Galli-Curci's or Melba's. . . . More aptly, her following can be compared with that of Om Kulsum's in the Middle East. Neither has a world reputation like Pablo Casals or Yehudi Menuhin, but in their own spheres both have left perhaps stronger imprints. And the spheres are by no means constricted geographically or in terms of population."

Today, I am in Madras, in the house of Subbulakshmi, which breathes an atmosphere of politics, journalism, and, above all, religion. It is evening, and I am talking with Subbulakshmi's husband, T. Sadasivam—renowned as her "guide, philosopher, and friend"—in his offices, which take up the ground floor of the house. He is a tall man, wearing a dhoti, a *kurta*, or loose shirt, and eyeglasses. In the manner of the orthodox Hindus, his head is shaven except for a *bodi*—a tuft of hair at the back of the head. And, in the manner of the ultra-orthodox, his forehead is smeared with even stripes of white ash. He tells me that his wife helped to found his periodicals—the popular weekly *Kalki*, in Tamil, and the weekly *Swarajya*, in English—both of which today specialize in advancing the fighting views of C. Rajagopalacharya, who was once a leader of the ruling Congress Party but is now the tutelary of the anti-Congress, rightist Swatantra Party. After our talk, Sadasivam takes me up a wooden staircase, which leads to a huge veranda and a crowd of people. He introduces to me a woman in her thirties named Radha, who is his daughter from a previous marriage; Mr. K. S. Narayanaswami, a *vina* player; Mr. V. V. Subramaniam, a violinist; Mr. T. K. Murti, a *mridangam* player; a dozen other people, identified simply as family members; and, finally, Subbulakshmi. She stands in the background, with her hands pressed together in the Hindu greeting. She is petite and plump, with almond eyes and a cupid's-bow mouth that breaks easily into a smile. Her hair is drawn tightly back into a chignon surrounded by flowers. Besides diamond earrings, she has a diamond on either nostril, in the fashion of a southern lady of means. She is dressed in a dazzling luxurious sari of heavy green silk shot through with purple and bordered in black and gold, but she shows no signs of discomfort, though the heat is suffocating. (It is said that autumn, winter, and spring in Madras are hot, and summer is hotter still, but, whatever the season, the

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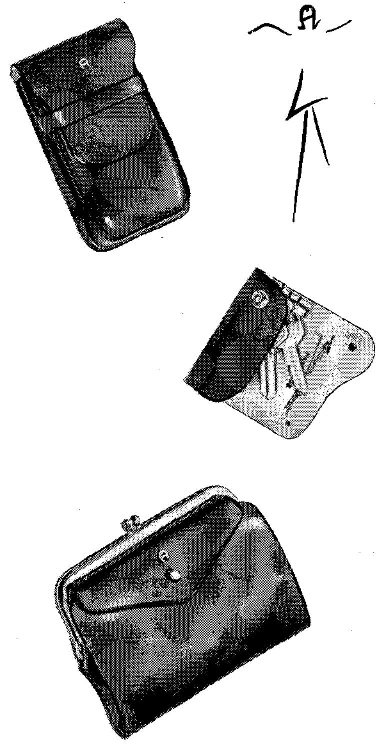
All of us follow Sadasivam in a sort of procession into a living room with pink walls, on which hang several pictures showing Subbulakshmi and Sadasivam with other famous people. Sadasivam gives a signal, and everyone sits down on green straw matting on the floor facing Sadasivam, who himself sits on a divan, asking me to sit beside him. "Our Carnatic music is old," he says to me, in the manner of one beginning a lecture. The musicians are tuning their instruments and warming up with little runs and snatches of *ragas*. Subbulakshmi and Radha—who is also wearing a chignon with flowers and a silk sari with a black-and-gold border—quietly arrange themselves on the floor, as if in a tableau. "We owe most of our Carnatic music to three great composers—Tyagaraja, Muthuswami Dikshitar, and Syama Sastri," Sadasivam goes on. "They were all three contemporaries of Beethoven, and they were all born in Tiruvarur, a village in Tanjore, but Dikshitar composed almost all his songs in Sanskrit and Tyagaraja and Sastri composed theirs in Telugu. These composers are known as the trinity of Carnatic music." As if in that household private concerts were a daily occurrence, Sadasivam reels off a program of songs for Subbulakshmi to sing. Every one of them is religious. He tells her to start with a hymn in praise of the goddess Kamakshi, to go on to hymns addressed to Shiva and to Vishnu and his incarnation, Lord Krishna, and to conclude with a couple of hymns from "Meera." In one period of her life, Subbulakshmi acted and sang in a number of Indian films, the most successful of which, perhaps, was "Meera." For a serious religious film, built around the life of Princess Meera, who was a saintly poetess and a love of Lord Krishna, it became extraordinarily well known throughout India.

The drummer and the violinist leave off their exercises, and then the *vina* player also falls silent, and Subbulakshmi, without so much as clearing her throat, starts to sing. Her voice, easy, with a fine resonance, has the hypnotic quality of the Pied Piper's flute, or of the *shahnai*, and the violinist, the *vina* player, and the drummer, when they begin playing, seem to follow slightly behind her, note by note, rather than to accompany her. Radha sings along with Subbulakshmi, also note by note. (Traditionally, in Carnatic music, a star pupil learns by imitating his teacher, in concerts as well



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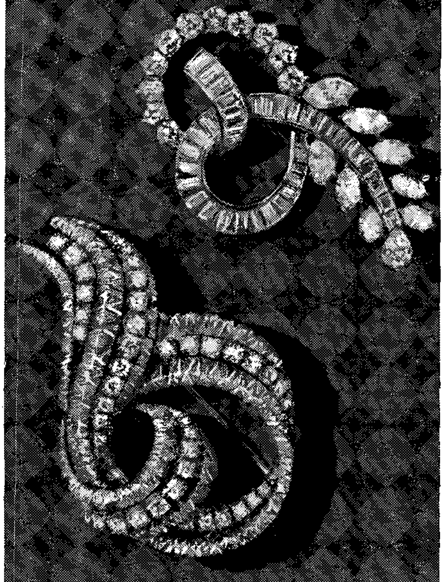

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as in practice sessions.) Sometimes Radha's singing clouds the voice of Subbulakshmi, making her sound as if she were singing with tissue paper over her mouth. At other times, the supporting voice serves as a sounding board for Subbulakshmi's stronger one, and one forgets that she is being accompanied. The words of Subbulakshmi's songs are always simple. What gives the singing its power is the cadenzas, each more intricate than the last. As she sings, almost in a samadhi, she taps the floor in front of her with her left hand.

When Subbulakshmi begins singing the hymns from "Meera," everyone in the room seems to be caught up in her samadhi, and the sweetness of the hymns makes me remember the remarks of a critic who, in a spoken introduction on the sound track of the film, said, "The story of Meera is the story of India, the story of Indian faith, devotion and ecstasy. Meera . . . has no equal, no sequel, rather, in any part of the world . . . [though] Santa Theresa, Saint Cecilia were great lovers of the mystic and had communion with Christ. . . . I am sure that whoever hears this wonderful voice [of Subbulakshmi], whoever comes under the enchantment of her great gifts, will agree with me that she is not an interpreter of Meera but Meera herself."

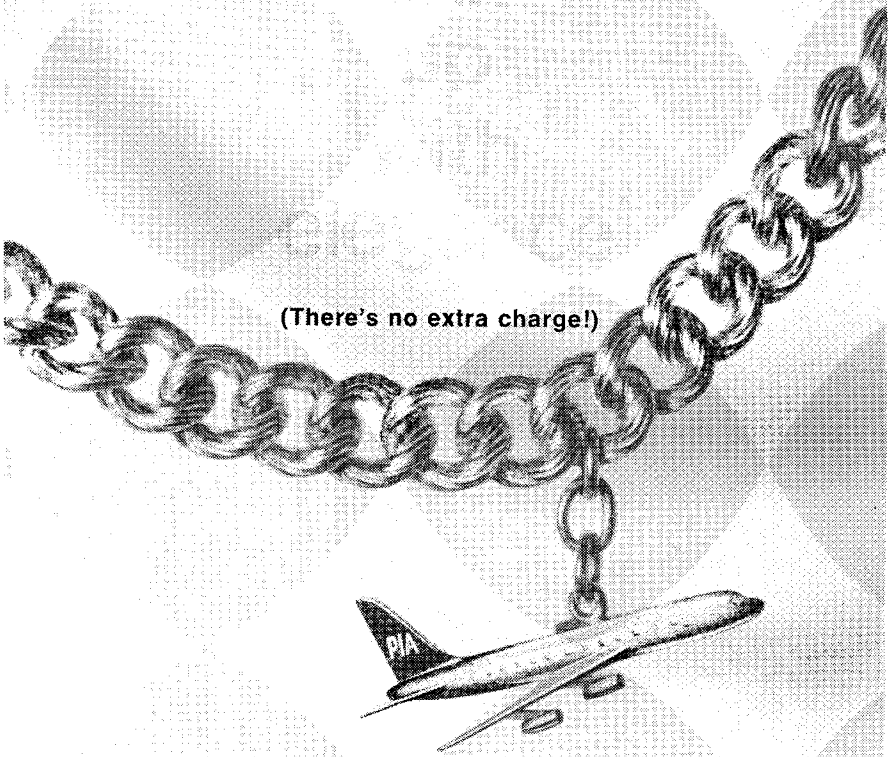
Subbulakshmi finishes the hymns.

"Now the encore," Sadasivam says, breaking the spell. And Subbulakshmi at once resumes singing. This time, it is "Shambu Mahadev": "O Lord, whatever sins I may have committed, either by word of mouth or by thought or by act, let me take the blame for them."

"This is a *raga* with the peaceful atmosphere of the dawn," Sadasivam whispers to me. "She sang it recently at the Edinburgh Festival, and the man in the next seat said to me, 'Her song makes me feel I am melting away into nothingness.' "

"O Lord, whatever sins I may have committed, either by word of mouth or by thought or by act, let me take the blame for them," Subbulakshmi repeats again and again.

After the private concert, Sadasivam ushers us all into a large dining room, with paintings of Hindu deities and princely personages looking down on high-backed carved chairs and a long table set with brass bowls and banana leaves. The charm of the room is heightened by a swing, made of polished wood, and larger than a bed, that hangs from strong metal cords at one side of the room. Sadasivam stands at the head of the table, and Subbulak-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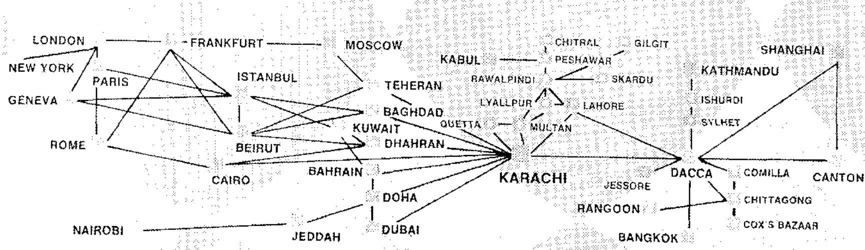
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shmi goes to the foot. The rest of us line up along its sides as Sadasivam directs. As soon as we take our seats, servants start heaping the banana leaves and brass bowls with one kind of food after another, mostly combinations of rice, curd, and lentils with ghee, spices, and coconut chutneys. Each dish has its own name. I count nineteen names and then give up as my banana leaf continues to be heaped with new foods, until it almost overflows. Everyone eats, and what little conversation there is has to do with the food.

By and by, though, I try to draw Subbulakshmi out on the subject of her training as a musician and her life before her marriage to Sadasivam (all such facts about her have been obscured by myth), but she seems to have left matters of this sort far behind. She lets Sadasivam do all the talking, even though he is at the opposite end of the table. She appears happiest when he talks about their life together and their religious devotion.

"Subbulakshmi has a very simple nature," Sadasivam says, his voice filling the room. "There is nothing in the world for her except her music and her devotion to God. I first saw her in 1933, at the All India Spinners' Exhibition. We were married in 1940. Subbulakshmi, who has since given hundreds of concerts for charity, began her charity at home. She has absolutely no conception of money, but when I decided to start a paper, she helped me by making films. With the money from one picture, I was able to start *Kalki*. In 1954, when Subbulakshmi was awarded the title Padma Bhushan, at a public gathering, she became tearful and said, 'How am I to deserve all this honor?' Then she somehow got the courage to speak up, and she said, 'My husband has been advising me throughout my career. He is my *guru*, so all the honor must go to him.' That is Subbulakshmi. She is a good Hindu wife. Now her mind is removed from all mundane things; she has given up everything for a life of religion, because in 1956 she had the great good fortune to meet the holy *jagadguru* [universal teacher] Sankaracharya, of Sri Kanchi Kamakoti Peetam, in Kanchipuram, on a propitious day. Kanchipuram is where the first *jagadguru*—some say he lived three hundred years ago, some say twelve hundred—became one with the Lord. Subbulakshmi had a weak back, but she wouldn't wear a brace. The doctors couldn't cure her, but our *jagadguru* cured her, with sacred ash. Since Subbulakshmi met the *jagadguru*, she has been going to Kanchipuram

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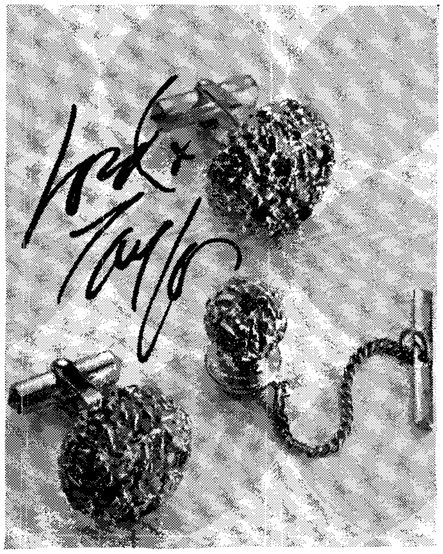

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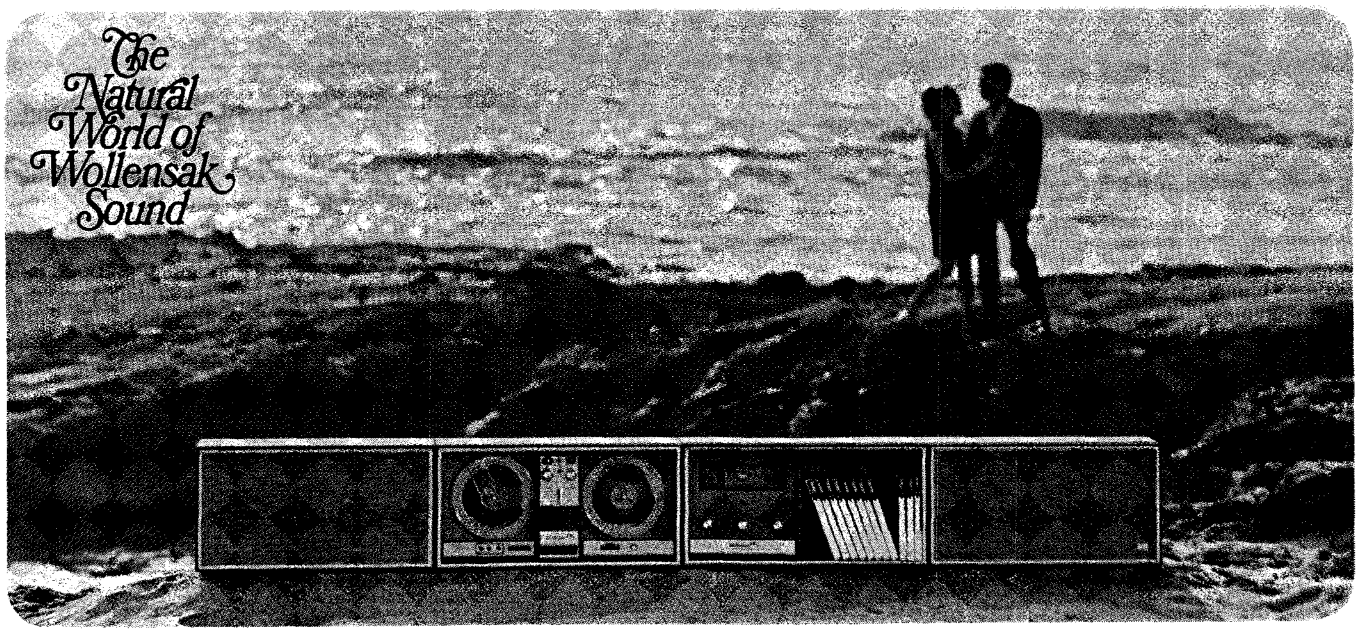

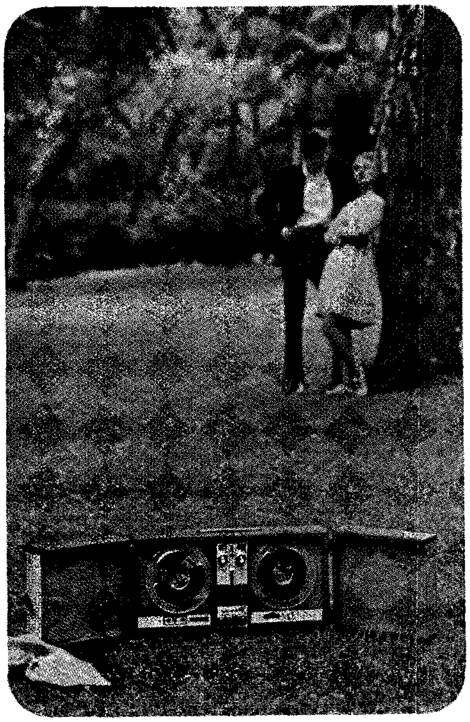

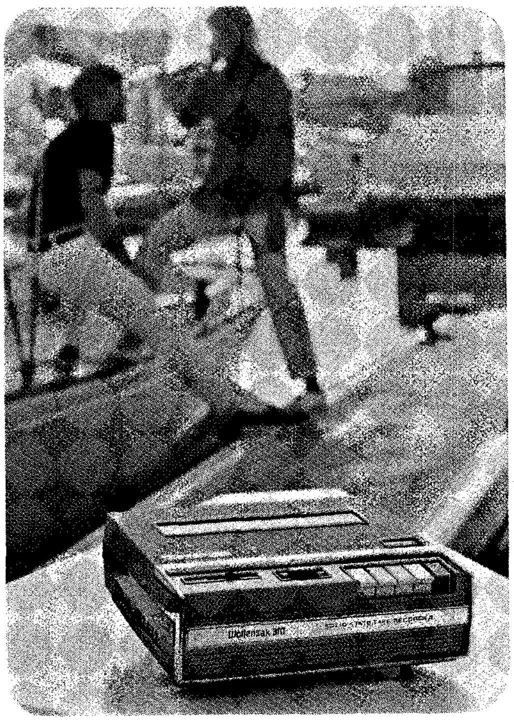

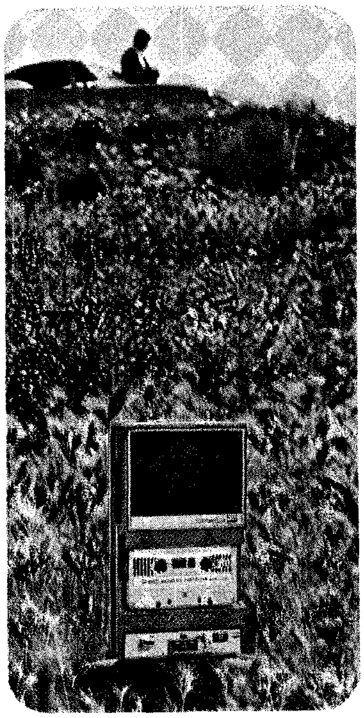

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every year to sing for twelve hours during the Durgapuja. And she spends a great deal of her time in the puja room in this house."

PUPIL: I decide to ascend to the musical heights by seeking out the legendary, versatile Alauddin Khan, who is known simply as Baba (Urdu for "old man"). He is Hindustani music's unrivalled *ustad* (Urdu for "master"). Actually, "*ustad*" is a sort of Muslim counterpart of "*guru*," and since Baba, unlike *ustads* traditionally, has had many Hindu pupils, he is considered to be *ustad* and *guru*. Ustad Alauddin Khan—Khan is a common Muslim name—has not only taught but adopted, along with a few pupils of promise, many students with no talent at all, because, orphaned or unwanted, they were desperate for some means of subsistence. He has tried to give them a trade that could also offer them solace, though many of his fellow-musicians feel he has set himself the thankless task of extracting, as they said, "music from stones." He has made his real son Ali Akbar Khan his heir apparent by revealing to him all the secrets of the art (even today the techniques of music are passed down only by word of mouth, as they have been for centuries), and has further insured the continuation of the musical dynasty by marrying one of his real daughters to another of his pupils, Ravi Shankar. On different occasions, I talked with both the heirs about Baba. They gave confused and somewhat conflicting versions of his life, but they agreed that, except for Baba himself, His Highness Maharaja Sir Brijnath Singh Ju Deo Bahadur, K.C.I.E., was the best authority on it. He was Baba's first *chela*—or, rather, *shagird* (Urdu for "pupil"), "*shagird*" being a sort of Muslim counterpart of "*chela*"—and for much of his life has been Baba's patron. As Maharaja of Maihar, one of the several hundred autonomous princely states that were integrated into India after Independence, he once wrote about his master:

> No lover of music is unfamiliar with Baba, whose lifelong devotion to music and whose perseverance—a veritable penance—in enriching it add a glorious chapter to the history of Indian music. . . . I, his first student and the recipient of many an act of kindness and love, have also enjoyed the privilege of being consulted by him on many personal matters. . . . It is our devout wish and prayer that to Ustad Alauddin Khan, who is not only a truly great musician but, with his simple way of life, a virtual saint, and his wife, who is one of the finest examples of a dutiful, devoted wife, and highly re-

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spected for her nobility and grace, may be granted the complete span (a hundred and twenty years) of healthful life.

The Maharaja, who is seventy, has, since the loss of Maihar, lived a retired life about a hundred miles away in the town of Jabalpur—both are in Madhya Pradesh—and, having been asked to lunch, I am today waiting on the veranda of his house. A slim, sprightly man of medium height, apparelled in a gray suit and looking no more than middle-aged, strolls up the drive with a newspaper under his arm, followed at a discreet distance by a couple of servants, and they by a car. He is the Maharaja, returning from a preprandial constitutional. He greets me like an old friend and takes me into a large drawing room containing ornate pieces of furniture, a big picture almost hidden by ropes of marigolds—His Highness identifies this as a picture of Baba—and many smaller pictures, which make up a sort of family album on the walls. Every now and then, a dozen or more children dressed up in bright-colored clothes dart in and out of the room, shrieking with laughter. The Maharaja ignores the children, and, as we sit on a capacious sofa, says, with a deep laugh, "The man in that picture of a tiger shoot over there is me. I did a lot of shooting in my day. My total score must be over two hundred tigers." From an adjacent room come sounds of women fervently chanting prayers and singing hymns in chorus. The prayers are accompanied by the ringing of bells and the clanking of fire tongs and the clashing of cymbals, and also by the sputtering and crackling of ghee and incense thrown on fire—all of it sending into the drawing room aromas and reverberations such as have been associated from time out of mind with Hindus worshipping around a brazier. "*Om jai jagdish haré*," the women intone. The idea of such prayers in the middle of the day anywhere except at a temple seems strange to me, and I say as much to my host. "I like to live my life—pass the day—to the sound of prayers," he explains affably. "The praying goes on from morning to night. All the women in the house pray, for at least an hour at a time."

Throughout lunch, which is served to us at a table in the drawing room, and which consists of fried fish, *tanduri* chicken, and pea pilau, the Maharaja talks serenely over the bedlam. He dwells on the sad times on which he has fallen, mentioning the burden of supporting upward of forty members of his immediate family, and also his servants, who are equally numerous; the

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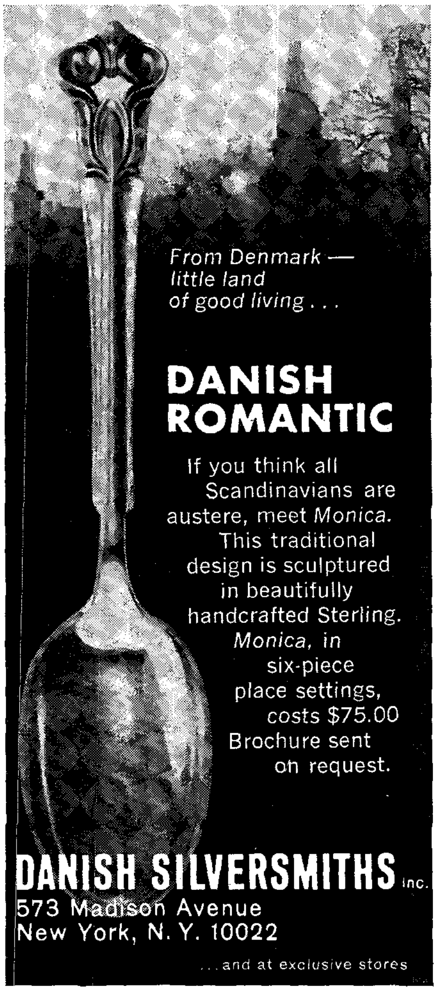

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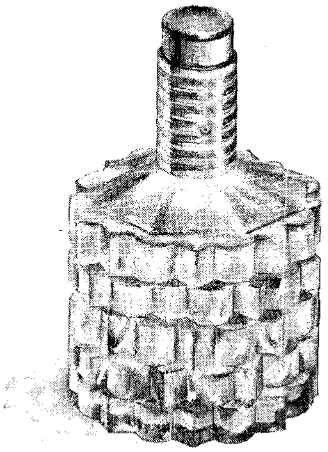
difficulty that his older children, brought up in the palace in Maihar, face in adjusting to their new situation; and other problems associated with the cut in his income. He supplements the privy purse allotted him by the government of India—it is calculated at ten per cent of his former income—with money he receives from two cinemas he now owns in Jabalpur, but he finds his present income inadequate. He is in a reminiscent mood, and I am in no hurry to press him on the subject of Baba. After all, I am sitting with a maharaja, and I am curious about the changes that have been visited upon the dispossessed potentates, who as recently as twenty years ago were absolute rulers, enjoying feudal powers of life and death over their subjects, and who still have their titles in perpetuity; their privy purses; their tax-free lands; immunity, in large measure, from arrest or suit; and the rights to fly their own flags over their residences and cars, to have special armed guards for their residences and special license plates for their cars, to fish and hunt without licenses, to have free medical and telegraphic services, and to have their birthdays celebrated as public holidays. Besides, my host, who often caps his remarks with an apt *shloka*—a verse from Sanskrit scriptures—has a touch of the scholar about him, and is very congenial company, whatever the topic.

"In my time, I was the Secretary to the Chamber of Princes, and I have known practically every maharaja who ruled an Indian state in this century," he says nostalgically. "Under the British, the highest prince got a twenty-one-gun salute, the lowest a nine-gun salute. For some reason, the salute was traditionally an odd number. One of my closest friends got twenty-one guns, but he's no better off today than I am, and I was only an eleven-gun maharaja. We all sleep under our beds instead of on them, and with cotton in our ears, we are so frightened of the government. They are talking about cutting off our privy purses and taking away our rights. I came to Jabalpur because the only alternative I had was to stay with my people and weep. When the British departed, the Viceroy, Lord Mountbatten, said that we maharajas could choose whether or not to join independent India. But did we actually have such a choice? Had any of us not joined, we would have been dealt with as the Nizam of Hyderabad was. When he made trouble about acceding to India, Hyderabad was integrated through a so-called police action by Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, the strong-arm Minister



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in Nehru's government. V. P. Menon, who helped engineer the accession of the princely states, was a good civil servant—he did what he was told. Toward the end of his life, he came to live here in Jabalpur and I got to know him very well. He said to me that if he could do it over again, he would form a federation consisting of Pakistan, India, and all the princely states, in which each of the three units would have equal weight. He thought that the integration of the princely states into the Indian Union had killed their individual character."

At several points, I think of taking issue with the Maharaja on his rather partisan view of events. Maybe the people of Maihar do regret the departure of their ruler, but I imagine few of them would vote today to reinstate a monarchy. Maybe the kind of federation that the Maharaja speaks of would have been ideal, but could it ever have come about? And, if it had, would it—being made up of, among other things, hundreds of feudal states—have survived long in times like these? But such objections, like some of the questions the Maharaja raises, belong to the "ifs and cans" of history. In any event, as I listen to him I haven't the heart to tamper with any of his memories or opinions—particularly when he goes on to say, "I am seventy now. I can't have much longer to live. I can't even play polo or go on a shikar any more, because of a bad knee. The world I knew has passed. All the friends I had have either died or been left behind in Maihar. I go to Maihar only twice a year now, to see Baba and to pray at the temple of Sharda Devi. Before I die, I would like to sell my palace in Maihar. Death duties are so heavy that it is better to dispose of it while I'm still alive. The rooms are too vast for it to be converted to a hotel, so I will probably have to sell it to the government. They could perhaps open a military academy there."

After lunch, the Maharaja suggests iced coffee and orders a servant to bring two tumblers of it, with lots of ice. "Incidentally," the Maharaja then says in a booming voice, his earlier sadness giving way to a little rakishness, "I am looking for a wife for one of my sons. I would like him to have a wife so pretty he would never look at another girl. In fact, I want the prettiest girl there is—preferably a Rajasthani girl from Jaisalmer. Those girls have the best complexion and carriage, and are very spirited. If, in your travels, you hear of such a girl,

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will you let me know? I have arranged for my son to have an income of sixteen thousand rupees a month for the rest of his life." Although I very much doubt whether I will come across a girl who would fit his specifications, I say I will keep his request in mind.

From the adjacent room comes the diminuendo of the closing benediction: "*Om shanti, shanti, shanti. Shan-ti, shan-ti, sha-a-an-ti.*" But if this marks the end of one group's devotions and the beginning of another's, the change is scarcely apparent, for the prayers start anew without a pause: "*Om jai jagdish haré.*"

"Would you like to hear me sing?" the Maharaja asks, adding, "I have given up singing for palmistry, which I now find all-engrossing. Some time ago, I had a heart attack, and I realized that in old age the voice cannot remain the same."

I am a little mystified, but the Maharaja calls for a record of his singing to be put on a phonograph. A servant obeys immediately. To the general din a loudspeaker now adds, at almost full volume, the lusty voice of the Maharaja singing a hymn in praise of Lord Krishna. The rendition is passionate but blurred, partly because a note-for-note accompaniment by a harmonium threatens to drown out the voice. "The beauty of Indian music is that it expresses the deepest emotions of man and therefore has the power to give him inner tranquillity," the Maharaja says, leaning toward me. "Western music is too chaotic—it only adds to one's tensions and confusion."

When the record ends, I at last raise the subject of Baba, asking the Maharaja what he regards as Baba's most lasting achievement.

"His greatest contribution was the band," he says. "Its history is unique. After the First World War, there was an influenza epidemic, which left many children orphaned in Maihar. I got some ayahs for the children, and when the children were a little older, I put them in Baba's care. He started teaching them instrumental music, and made them into a band."

I ask whether he wouldn't rank Baba's own music just as high.

"The heavenly music of Baba I have not encountered in any other musician in the world," the Maharaja says. "He used to accompany the birds on his *sarod* and talk to them with his flute, and you couldn't tell the birds' song from his music."

I am curious to know how a protégé who was a non-princely Bengali Muslim happened to make a *chela* of his

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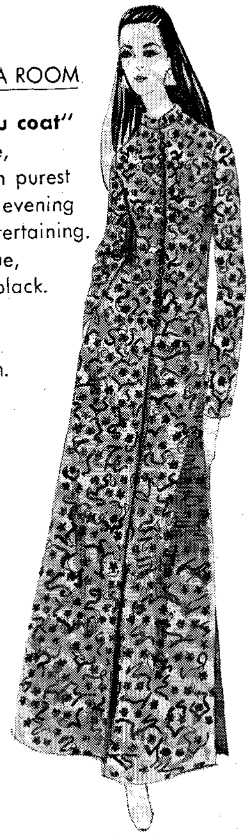

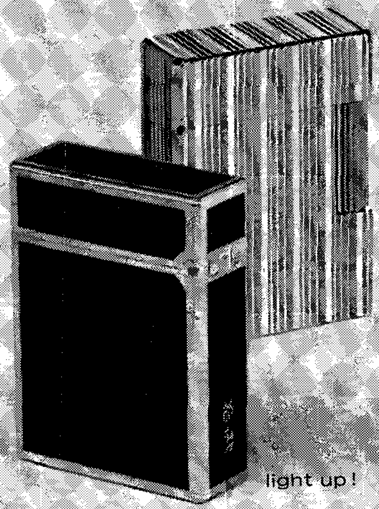

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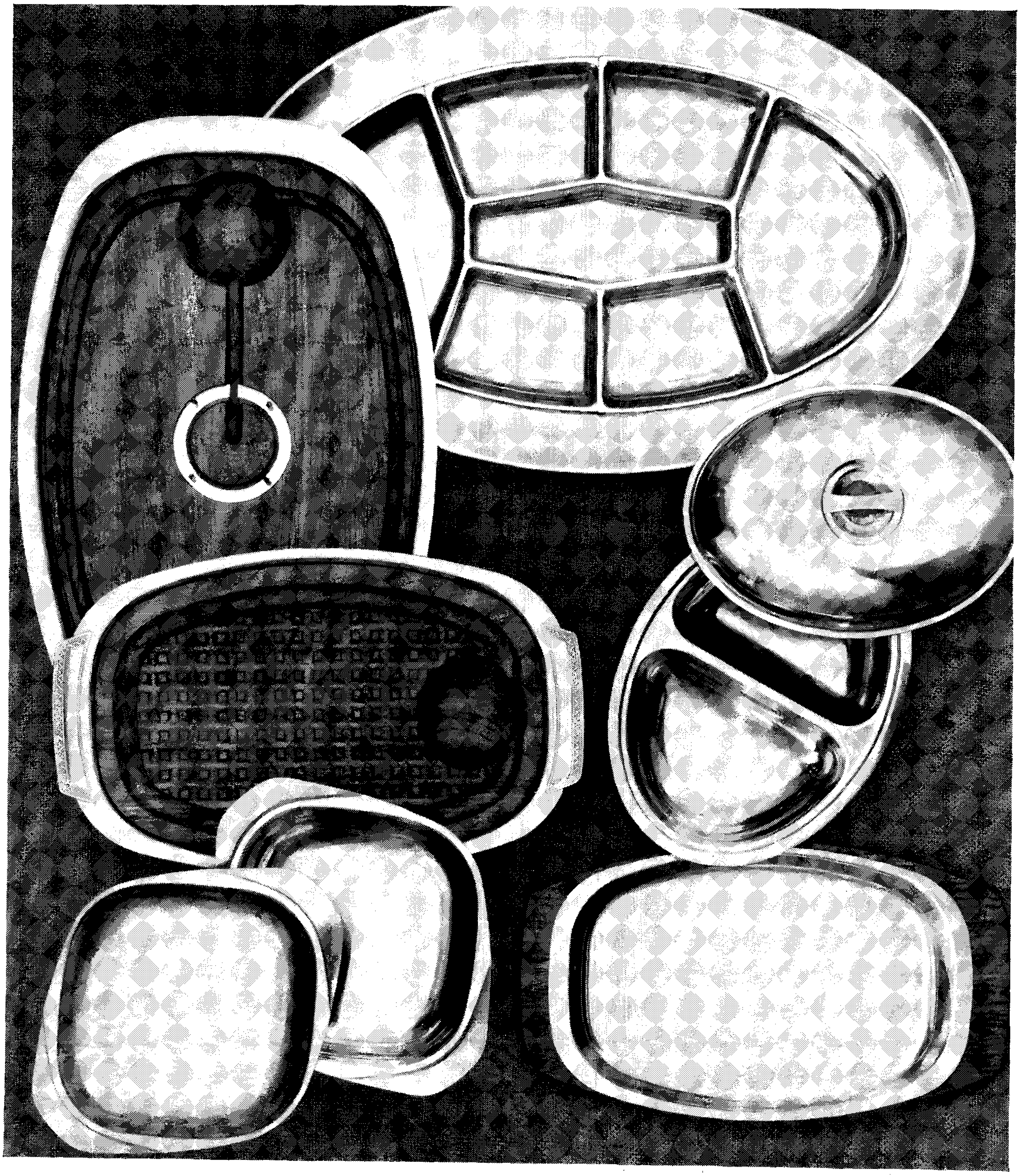

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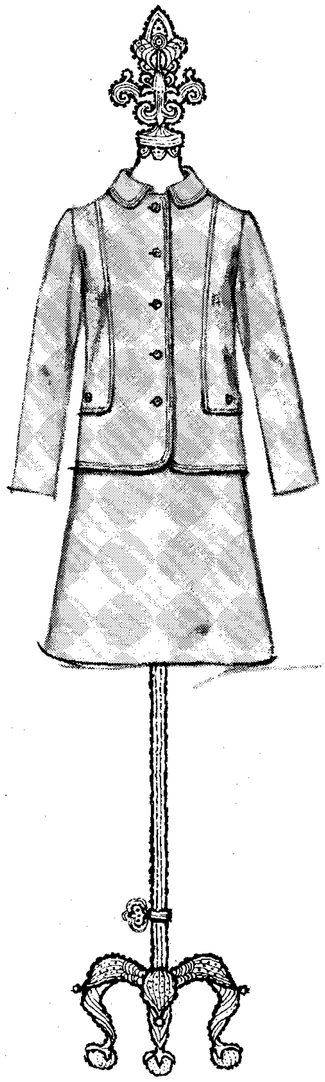

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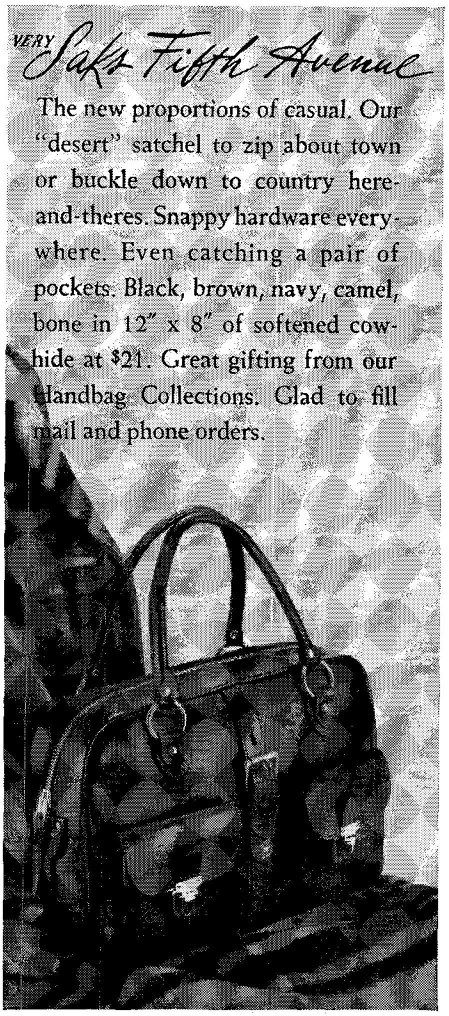
patron, a Hindi-speaking Hindu prince. When I ask the Maharaja about that, he says, "I was his *chela* for thirty-five years. Every day from two o'clock in the afternoon on, Baba was at the court teaching music—to Ministers and servants alike. He would stay for dinner, and in the evening he would teach. At the end of the evening, I would give him pan, spices, and scents. I gave his children Ali Akbar and Annapurna their names. 'Annapurna' is a Hindu name. As a Hindu, I always wished that Annapurna might marry a Hindu, so when Uday Shankar came to me and asked my permission for Baba to accompany his troupe of Indian actors, dancers, and musicians on a European tour, I gave it on condition that after the tour Ravi Shankar, Uday Shankar's brother, should come to Maihar, become Baba's *chela*, and, in the traditional manner, marry Annapurna."

"How did you and Baba meet?"

"I was in Gwalior in 1918 to celebrate the Maharaja of Gwalior's birthday," he replies. "About eight hundred musicians were in attendance. After we had heard them all perform, Gwalior asked me which of them I liked best. I said I didn't like any of them. He dispatched one of his aides-de-camp as a scout to the great *ustad* Wazir Khan, in Rampur. Wazir Khan introduced the A.D.C. to Alauddin Khan, and the A.D.C. brought him to Maihar. At the time, I was celebrating my twenty-first birthday and my receipt of a colonelship from Sandhurst. The British had to work for their colonelships, but we maharajas were given them. Baba played at the celebration, and I was charmed by his sweet hand at the flute. I offered myself to him as a *chela*, and he tied a sacred thread around my wrist. Once, when he was teaching me, he hit me with a book. Then he realized he had struck his own monarch and benefactor, and he fell down at my feet and began to cry. I picked him up and said, 'Baba, after all, you are my *guru*.' "

MASTER: Nowadays, I have been told, Alauddin Khan makes no appointments but simply welcomes friends and strangers alike at his cottage in Maihar in the late mornings and late afternoons. All the same, it is with trepidation that today, late in the morning, I go unannounced to his cottage, which is known as the House of Peace. I feel that the designation could easily apply to the whole of Maihar—a drowsy place that seems isolated by its three surrounding hills, for the inroads of modern civilization



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amount to hardly more than a few bicycle rickshaws. On one of the hills is perched a diminutive shrine to Sharda Devi, who is renowned among the neighboring villages for her healing powers. At the gate of the cottage, I am greeted by an elderly man who looks very much like a little white bear. He has bright eyes, a full face, and a white mustache and goatee. With a *kurta* he wears a sort of sarong—both are ash-colored—and an ash-colored cap and tennis shoes. This is Baba.

I introduce myself, and immediately Baba takes me by the shoulder and begins showing me around his cottage. There is a small garden planted with roses, rhododendrons, and queen of the night; beyond the garden is a well, and beyond that is a sizable cowshed.

"I think of the cows as my mothers," Baba says while we are in the shed. "They have given me milk. Until recently, I used to mow the grass and feed them with my own hands." Patting the rumps of a couple of calves, he adds, "I wouldn't mind being reincarnated as Silver or January here, but in my next incarnation I want to carry on all I have learned in this one. I am a hundred and twenty-six."

The fantastic figure does not take me by surprise. Many of Baba's well-wishers have said publicly that he is a hundred and twenty-six years old, though it is a matter of common knowledge that some of the same well-wishers were among the celebrants of his hundredth birthday in 1962, and that some of these 1962 celebrants, even as they fêted him in their centennial tributes, put his age at a few years short of a hundred. (In an essay in the centennial collection—one of whose entries is entitled "A Hundred Years of Dedicated Effort"—His Highness Brijnath Singh confidently gives Baba's birth date as 1869.) In India, of course, this sort of confusion cannot be cleared up by anything as simple as recourse to a birth certificate; such records were unheard of here until quite recently. Anyway, one of the centennial well-wishers has told me, "The point of a centennial is not to count years but to honor a great man, and great men are legends. Baba is such a legend. Everything about his life is grist for the mill. Just as Baba improvises on an ancient *raga*, so everyone, including Baba, improvises on Baba's life. For all anyone cares, Baba could be a hundred and fifty. What difference does it make?" Now, as I talk on with Baba, I come to feel the force of these remarks, hearing in them overtones of the fate of Esmiss

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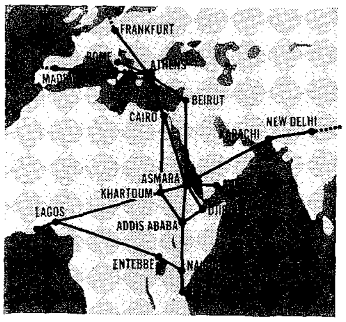

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"A hundred and twenty-six," Baba repeats, as if to impress his age upon me, and then, walking with quick, jaunty steps, he takes me inside his cottage and into his bedroom, a corner room with green walls, on which hang pictures of Beethoven, Yehudi Menuhin, and Ali Akbar Khan, along with snapshots of Baba's three daughters and a framed certificate naming him Padma Bhushan. Beside the pillow of a wooden single bed stand, side by side on a shelf, a Koran, a Ramayana, and a few books of Bengali music. Baba insists that I take the only armchair in the room and he himself sits on the bed.

I remark that I have just seen His Highness Brijnath Singh.

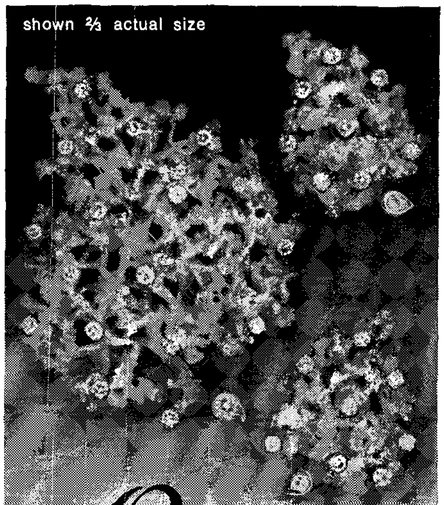
"His Highness is constantly after news of me," Baba says happily. "Whenever he comes to Maihar, he makes his obeisance to Sharda Devi and pays his respects to me; we are both devotees of Sharda Devi. Sharda Devi sometimes blesses me by visiting me in my dreams. Though I am a Muslim and she is a goddess of Hindus, I worship her just as I do Allah. When I was younger, I used to climb the five hundred and sixty steps up the hill to her temple seven times a day. When I was young, I used to get up at four o'clock in the morning and, fearless of the stalking lions, begin my first climb."

"What stalking lions?"

"The lions who used to roar under my window. When I first came to Maihar, this whole place was a jungle. I had never heard of Maihar—in those days no one had. But then a delegation of Ministers arrived in Calcutta with His Highness of Maihar's compliments."

"I thought the Ministers came from Gwalior and found you in Rampur," I say, recalling the Maharaja's account.

"They came from Maihar and I was in Calcutta," Baba says, in the manner of a man who is not accustomed to being contradicted. (Apparently, just where and by whom Baba was summoned is more grist for that mill.) "I came to Maihar with the delegation and was established in a small house near the palace. One day, His Highness asked me to play for him. It was five-thirty in the evening. I sat down with my *sarod* for an evening's playing, but I had hardly begun the *alap* when His Highness stopped me. I thought: What is the point of playing for a man who lacks the patience to listen to me even for five minutes? But



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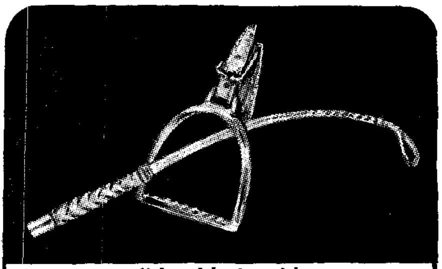

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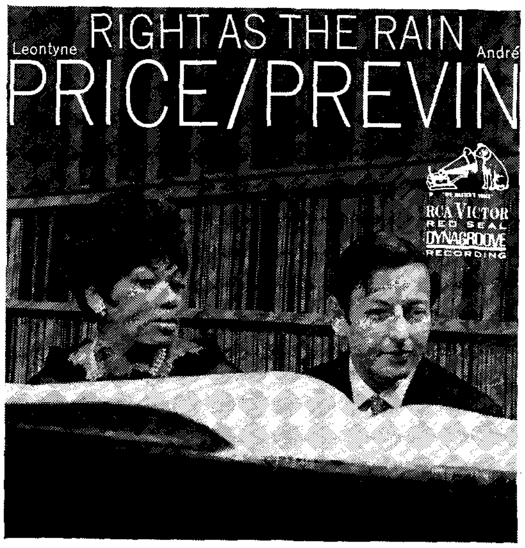
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when, as a matter of protocol, I stood up, His Highness said, 'I have recognized what a great *ustad* you are. Music is true wealth, and I would like you to add to my wealth. I would like you to be my *guru*.' I tied a thread around his wrist and His Highness presented me with a woollen sherwani, woollen shawls, gold coins, and a basket of sweetmeats. His Highness started paying me about two hundred rupees a month, and in those days I could buy forty pounds of flour and sixteen pounds of ghee for two rupees. Their Highnesses of Kashmir, Patiala, and Jodhpur asked me to come to their states, at much bigger salaries, but I refused to go, because I had eaten the salt of the Maharaja of Maihar."

Baba continues, talking a sonorous language of his own, made up of Hindi and Urdu, with occasional Bengali words, "And just the other day His Highness was here in my house, sitting right where you are and crying over our separation. Once, when I was teaching His Highness, I struck him with a hammer and broke his thumb."

"A book," I murmur.

"A sledgehammer," Baba says imperiously. "I hold with the old idea that beating and teaching go together."

Baba's wife comes in to serve us tea. She is a lady of short stature and serene maternal expression, and is dressed in a simple white hand-spun cotton sari. The tea is spiced, and Baba takes his with lots of milk and sugar. Soon after Baba's wife leaves, I ask Baba when and how he first discovered music. According to one account, he was playing practically from birth; according to another, he became a musician through a series of miraculous incidents, like running away from home at the age of four and being adopted by a succession of benevolent *ustads*. Such contradictions are common in the plethora of stories about Baba.

"In the little village of Shivpuri, in the princely state of Tripura, near Bengal," he begins, like a storyteller, "I was born. Almost the whole village belonged to one landlord. He was called Guru Singh Chaudhari, but our village was called Shivpuri, after its temple of Lord Shiva. My father was called Sadhu Khan. I had an elder brother and sister and many younger brothers and sisters. My father and my elder brother both played the *sitar*, and so from the beginning I was inclined toward music. I used to sit in my mother's lap and clap in time to the *sitar* when I was a month old. And my elder brother took lessons

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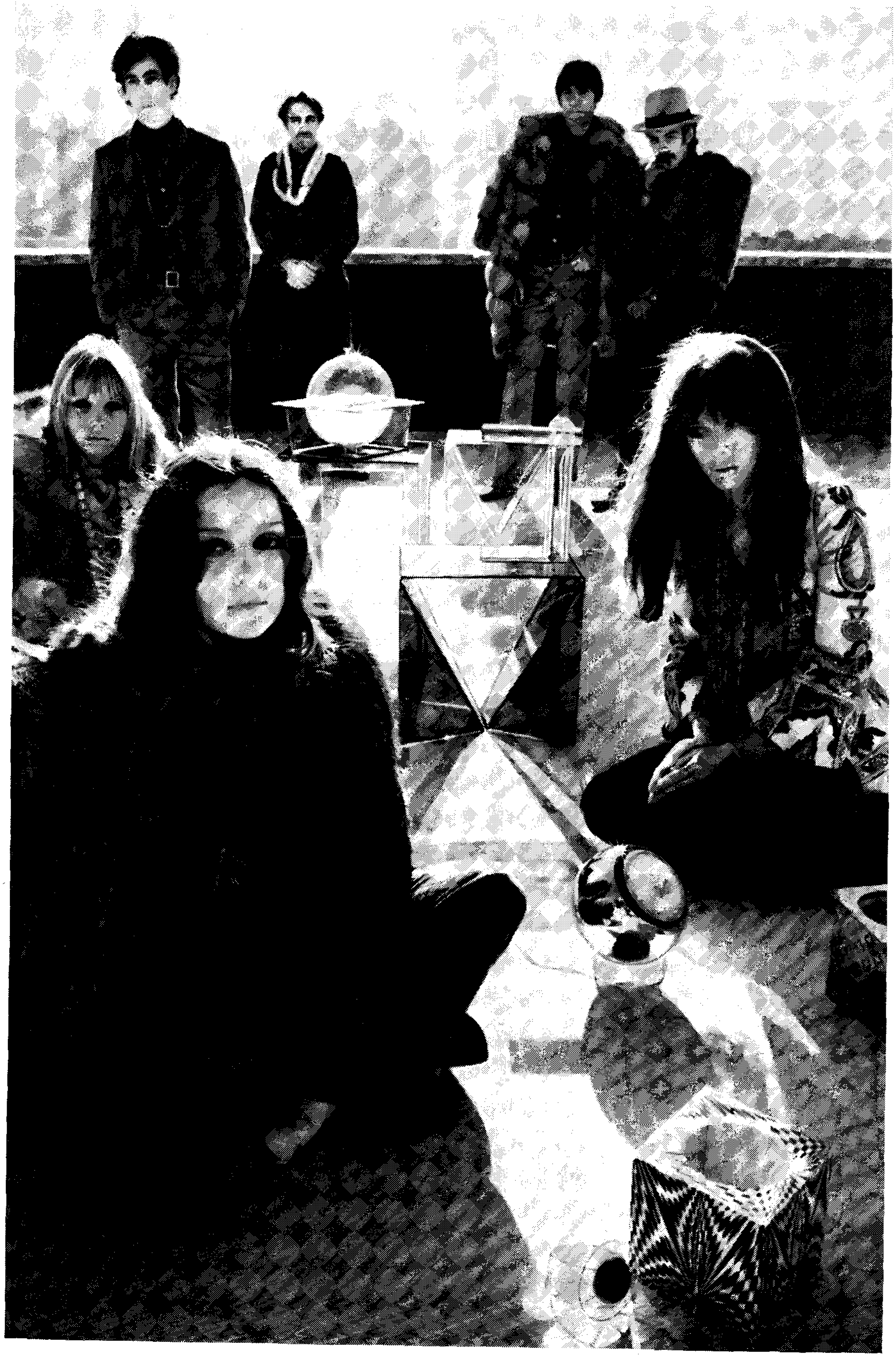

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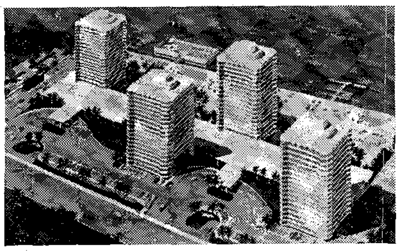

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from Ustad Qasim Ali Khan, the court musician of the King of Tripura. I was admitted to a school called Nab Kishore Chaudhari, whose headmaster was named Mohadev Chandra Bhattacharya. But I did not like to go to school. On my way there, I would stop at the Shiva temple instead and listen to the *kirtana* [Hindi for "chanted hymns"], or I would go behind the temple to look at the carvings of serpents on the well. One day, Mohadev Chandra Bhattacharya complained to my mother, and I told my mother that I would never go back to school. My mother was beside herself with anger. She beat me and tied me to a lamppost and left me there without food for two days. But I was firm. Finally, my elder sister came and released me and took me to her home. I was very happy with my elder sister and decided not to return to my mother. But my mother was unable to sleep for worry. So I gave in and went home. But she now made me sleep in her bed."

His voice quavers, and I remark that perhaps he should rest. He insists that his voice will return. He takes some tea, and, indeed, soon he is talking in his earlier strong tone.

"One night, when my mother was sleeping, I undid the little knot at the corner of her sari where she always kept her keys and money," he resumes. "I took a handful of rupees and left home in search of my destiny. I was six years old. I walked for the whole night. I was cold and hungry. I had nothing on except a thin loincloth. At eight o'clock in the morning, I arrived by the side of a steamer. I had never seen or heard of a steamer, but I got aboard. I was a stowaway. I didn't mind being hungry anymore; I was drunk with my adventure. Two days later, the steamer put me down in Calcutta. I walked along Harrison Road until I came to the bank of the Hooghly, the tributary of Mother Ganga, where I found some men from Orissa cooking *puris* [wheat cakes] and potatoes. I gave four annas to the *puri*-wallahs, and, for the first time in days, I had something to eat. I bent down and drank some water. It was muddy and tasted bad, but it was the water of Mother Ganga. I lay down on a nearby bench—for a year sidewalks and benches were to be my beds in Calcutta—and fell asleep. When I woke the next morning, I discovered that all my money was gone. I had been robbed in the night. I bathed in the water of Mother Ganga and walked along, and I came to Nimtala Ghat, where the dead

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were being cremated. A sadhu stopped me and asked me why I was crying. I told him my troubles. He gave me a pinch of ashes and told me to bathe in Mother Ganga and then eat them. I did, and, for good measure, drank five handfuls of the sacred water. Then I walked along and I came to a temple where a Brahman was feeding little children. He took pity on me. I ate out of his hand every day for six days. It was while I was at that temple that I first heard the sound of a *sitar* in Calcutta. I followed the *sitar* to a window of a house. From then on, nights I would sleep by Mother Ganga and days I would stand at the window to catch every last note of the *sitar*. After a while, I made the acquaintance of Vireshawar Babu, whose sweet hand at the *sitar* I had come to know so well, and of the chemist Vaise Chandra Chatterji, who recognized me as a fellow-Tripurian and gave me shelter in his shop, and I got to know Habul Dutt, the brother of Swami Vivekananda. But Western music I learned first from Robert Mem-sahib and then from Robert Sahib himself."

Names are coming thick and fast, as if Baba were reciting a calendar of saints. Earlier in his reminiscences, I was struck by such improbabilities as the age of the fugitive and some other circumstances of his flight, but now I want to interrupt for complete hagiographies of Vireshawar Babu, Vaise Chandra Chatterji, Habul Dutt. I do not, for I am in the presence of an extraordinary storyteller. I sometimes think I detect in Baba, in addition to the vanity of the members of that brotherhood, an old man's fear of losing the thread of his narrative. Then I am afraid that any interruption at all, like his wife's return to collect the tea things, or a knock at the door by some other visitor, will distract him and cut the story short, leaving me to cherish, as it were, a few tantalizing pages of a book never really to be read. Sometimes even the rustling of the leaves outside the bedroom windows makes me start. But now I am reassured by the determined voice of Baba as, full of emotion, he continues to recount his experiences in Calcutta.

"Every morning, I used to leave the shop of Vaise Chandra Chatterji and go for my rounds of lessons. Habul Dutt would teach me to play Hindustani *ragas* on the clarinet, and Amrit Lal Dutt would teach me violin. It was through my violin that I met Robert Sahib and his mem-sahib, which is a heartrending story in itself. I was at the Eden Gardens, beg-

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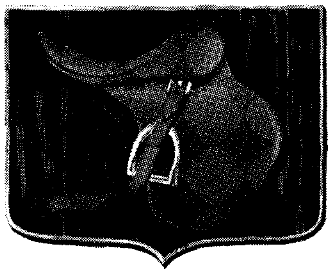

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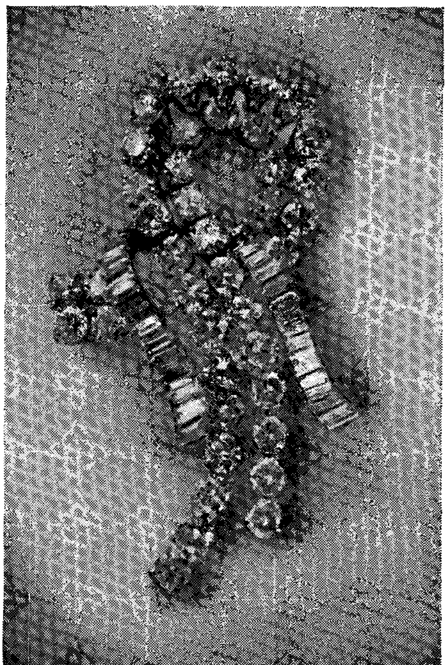
ging at the roadside by playing a little violin, when I heard the beautiful sounds of a piano. I followed them to a window. The person at the piano was a mem-sahib, Robert Mem-sahib. She noticed me at the window and asked me to come in and play the violin for her. I did, and when I finished, she complimented me on my sweet hand. That day, she taught me how to play Western music and also how to read notation. She used to give me lessons in the morning, when Robert Sahib was out practicing with his brass band—he was a bandmaster. One day, he caught us at a lesson. He was beside himself with anger. He scolded his mem-sahib for teaching a 'blackie.' Yet Robert Sahib himself was a Negro, though the mem-sahib was white. But then I played a little for Robert Sahib and he was beside himself with joy. For four happy years, both Robert Mem-sahib and Robert Sahib taught me Western music. Time passed, and I felt myself to be an *ustad*. Jagat Kishore Maharaj, the landlord of Meman Singh, used to hold music competitions. I decided to enter a competition. When I called on Jagat Kishore Maharaj, I had a clarinet case in one hand and a violin case in the other, but he asked me what I wanted. I told him that I was an *ustad* and wanted an opportunity to play for him. He laughed and asked me to come back the next day. When I did, I found myself at a great musical conference, for his house was filled with hundreds and thousands of people, and Ustad Ahmad Ali Khan, of the princely state of Rampur, was playing a *raga* on the *sarod*. When I had heard only a few notes, I was dumfounded. The *raga* lasted for four hours—from seven o'clock in the morning to eleven. For all that time, I could not check the flow of my tears. I cried and cried with joy. I was delirious. When Ustad Ahmad Ali Khan finished, I fell down at his feet and told him that, compared to him, I was an ignoramus. I pleaded with him to let me be his servant, be his slave for life. He agreed, and how I learned from him is a heartrending story in itself. He lived in Guj-Danga Mohalla, under the patronage of Puri Chand Marwari. Daily I massaged the Ustad's arms and legs, daily I cooked for him, and daily I tried to emulate his sweet hand at the *sarod* by practicing secretly while he was out of the house. He was out of the house every morning until lunch, visiting two renowned courtesans, Goharbai and Malkabai. While he was out, I was supposed to prepare his lunch, which I did speedily, so that



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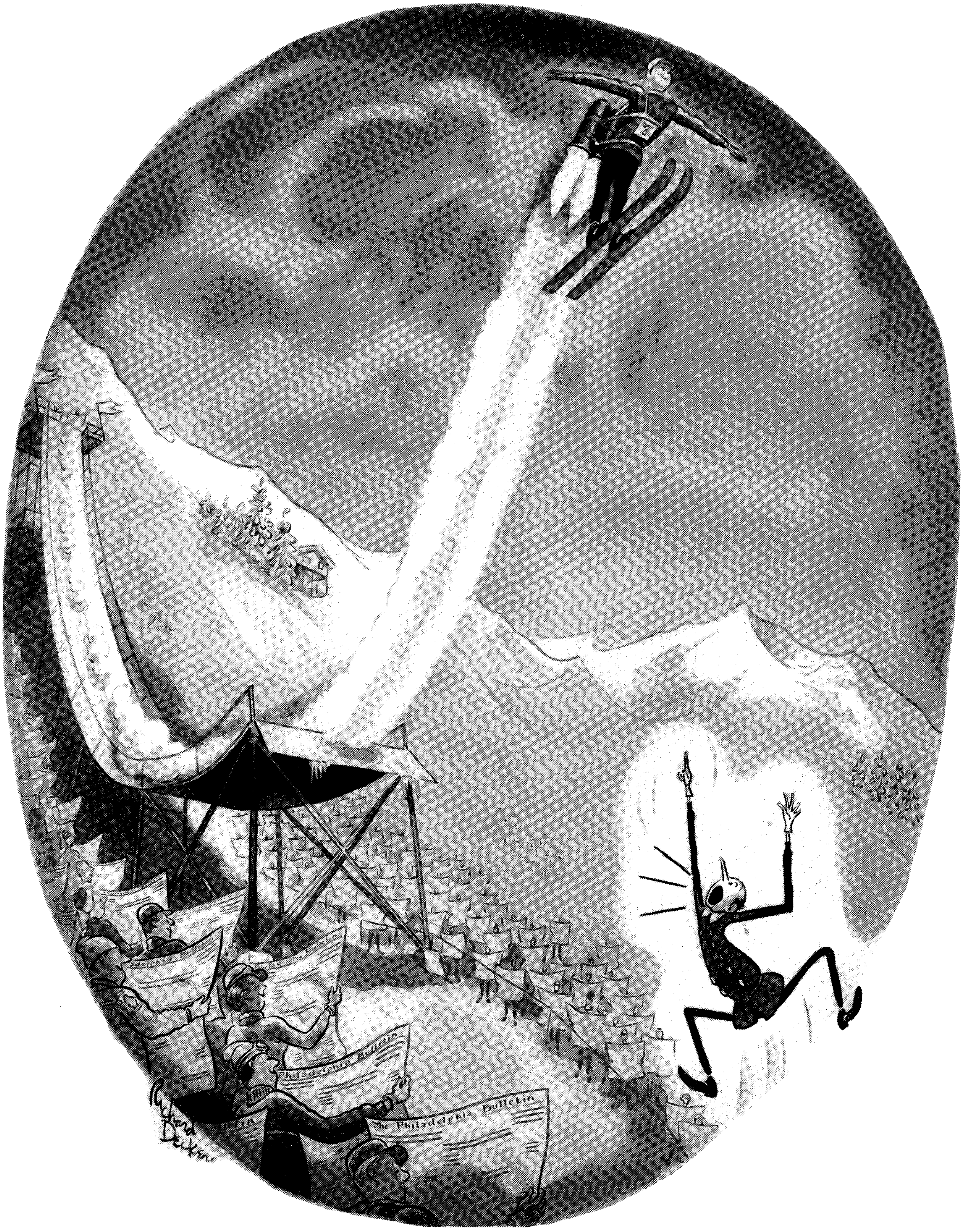
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I would have plenty of time to practice. I always knew when he was returning, because he always hired a coach and eight horses to pay his calls upon Goharbai and Malkabai. When I heard the thunder of the returning coach, I immediately wrapped the *sarod* up in its cloth and stood it in the corner where the Ustad kept it, and busied myself in the kitchen. Six years passed in this way. But one day he heard me at the *sarod*, because he had returned early and on foot. He was beside himself—like one possessed. He cried out that I had undone him, that I had stolen his music, that I was a demon who had charmed his knowledge out of him, that I was now an *ustad* equal to him. He bound me hand and foot and dragged me through the streets to his parents' house. His father, Abid Ali Khan, asked me to play for him. When I had finished, he embraced me and called me *ustad*. He said I was a second Ahmad Ali Khan. He told his son to be grateful and to praise Allah. At this moment, I presented Ahmad Ali Khan with ten thousand rupees. Now, when I started serving Ahmad Ali Khan, I was as poor as a mouse. Since he was too much taken up with the courtesans to go to the bazaar himself, he used to give me the money to buy his vegetables and ghee. I saved the change. Over the years, it added up to ten thousand rupees. Abid Ali Khan embraced me again and said he had never seen or heard of a more honest boy. I was now sixteen and as good as Ustad Ahmad Ali Khan. Ten years had passed since I had arrived at Calcutta, and no one from my family had been able to find me. But now my brother Aftab Uddin, who had been looking for me for all those ten years, at last found me, and he took me back to Shivpuri and my mother, who had been crying for ten years without ceasing. She decided to have me married immediately, so that I would feel tied down and stay in Shivpuri. One day, my mother came up to me, put some red coloring on my hands, and sat me down in a palanquin. She put a veiled bundle next to me and told the bearers to take the palanquin to the house of a relative. Then my mother told me that the bundle was my wife. I unveiled her face. She was a pretty little girl, eight years old; in those days, after the ceremony the girl returned to her parents' home until she was grown up. I had got used to my free life of grandeur, so as soon as everyone was asleep that night, I ran away from home a second time."

Baba's voice again seems on the verge of giving out. I stand up to take

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leave of him. He asks me to visit him the next day, before I depart from Maihar—an invitation I readily accept, since the saga of the runaway *ustad* has brought its hero only to the age of sixteen.

ALAUDDIN KHAN has said, "My last wish is that my school and my band should survive as long as there are stars in the sky." Early on my second morning in Maihar, I go to see his school, and I discover that it consists of three dilapidated resthouses that once, as part of the network of British law and order, quartered civil servants on tours of duty. The school is deserted at this hour, except for a ghost of a man who is sweeping the road in front of the bungalows with a long bundle of twigs. It is a familiar Indian landscape. To repeated inquiries from me about the hours of the school, he mutters, without looking up, something about my checking at the hostel nearby.

As I approach the hostel, which resembles the school bungalows, a young man in pajamas and undershirt is brushing his teeth on the veranda. He greets me, and I call to him, "When does the school open?"

"The men are just getting up," he says. "They have gone to get water. It can sometimes take an hour to get water."

"The well must be very far," I say.

He chuckles and says something indistinct through his toothbrush. A few minutes later, he dons a *kurta*, identifies himself as one of Baba's students, and walks back with me to the school. On the way, he tells me a little bit about himself.

"I did nothing before I came to Baba's school," he says. "I used to just roam about the village—to roam about with one or two friends and act out the verses from the Ramayana. Baba gave me shelter after seeing my act. I lived with Baba for many years. He really is the head of the school still, and if he makes me a master here, then I will get a salary of a hundred and sixty-five rupees a month." He goes on to tell me that the school follows traditional Indian lines, and that the students, the masters, and the peons attached to the school are all housed either in the hostel, which has eight rooms, or in the school, its few rooms being used to absorb any overflow from the hostel. Each resident, however, must make his own arrangements for food and water. This has turned out to be a blessing since the recent outbreak of the second Indian-Pakistani War, when, as a part

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of the emergency, which still continues, government rationing was instituted. The lack of communal eating arrangements has allowed each resident to make what he considers the best use of his small ration, which sometimes amounts to no more than one good meal a day. For some students, even this meal is in jeopardy, because a monthly stipend of twenty-five rupees allotted by the government to each student was suspended at the beginning of the emergency and has not been resumed. Their future looks bleak, particularly since the full course for even those students who have come to the school after completing their secondary education covers a five-year period—three years for an Intermediate degree in music, and two more years for a Bachelor's degree in music.

We arrive at the school, and my companion goes into one of the classrooms. Other students are beginning to straggle in, and soon each classroom, its door ajar, is humming with the sound of a different instrument, the sounds echoing and clashing all around the school. I pause in the doorway of the violin class. The master plays a phrase and a couple of students repeat the phrase after him, copying exactly not only his intonation but also his bowing. The fragments, it soon becomes clear, are from a *raga* with a sombre, devotional atmosphere. No words are ever exchanged, and the violin class gives the impression of a Zen pantomime. So do the other classes I visit. In the *tabla* class, the master is teaching half a dozen students rhythm by imitating the sound of the instrument. He demonstrates a phrase orally, his voice now ascending, "Ghi ghi ghi ghi *ghi*" (the students, in chorus, repeat after him, "Ghi ghi ghi ghi *ghi*"), and now descending, "*Ghi* ghi ghi ghi ghi" ("*Ghi* ghi ghi ghi ghi").

I walk back to the hostel to visit Baba's band, which nowadays is a dozen strong. All the members are sitting cross-legged on the floor of a small, shabby room that serves them as practice room, stage, and hall—it being understood that if there should be an audience, people will listen to the band from the outside—and in this room they are continuing the tradition established when Baba formed and led his original, forty-piece band at court. The Maharaja and Baba have wrung out of the government another kind of small stipend for the band members, to earn which they must assemble for a few hours a day six days a week—Friday, the Muslim sabbath, being excepted, out of deference to Baba's ori-

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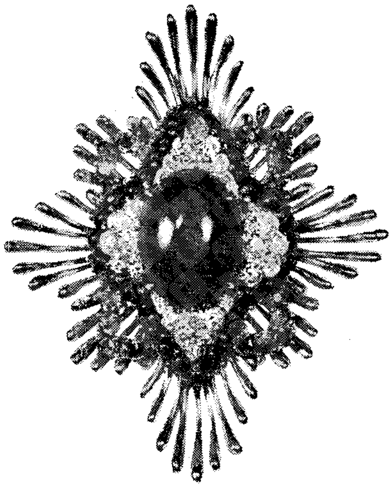

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gins. This income in no case exceeds thirty rupees a month. The band is apt to convene late and adjourn early, probably because almost all the members hold full-time jobs—they are flower sellers, betelnut sellers, or farmhands. The fact that they play gives pleasure to Baba, for Baba and his wife have been foster parents to most of the members almost from their birth.

The band is playing frenetically, filling the room with the music of a vocalist, harmoniums, *tablas*, a *shahnai*, a clarinet, a *sarangi*, a mouth organ, and two instruments of Baba's invention, one of which is a cross between a *sitar* and a *sarod*, and the other—the noisiest part of the band—a contraption of gun barrels of different sizes struck like a xylophone. In accordance with the dictates of Indian music, every *raga* is played in unison, a melody at a time. Because all the instruments have identical musical parts, and some, by the nature of things, are louder than others, the more delicate instruments try to make up for their inherent weakness with a little cheating, starting ahead of or trailing behind the others during the rests, as if to remind the listener that playing in ensemble is almost as new in India as Baba's gun-barrel xylophone. But this musical Darwinian struggle does not extend to the three harmonium players, two of whom pump their instruments gently in order to set off the harmonium playing of Jamuna Prasad Chauriha, the "in-charge" of the band. (Chauriha, who is addressed respectfully by one and all as "Maharaj," works at two jobs—as a farmhand and as a laborer in a limestone quarry—and supports a wife and five children, his father, and, in part, a brother and the brother's family, with all of whom he shares a small house.) The band begins by playing the *raga* "Tilak Kamod," worked out and named by Baba. Then it plays a sort of hybrid *raga*, combining Indian and English motifs, and then an indeterminate *raga*, performed at such a brisk tempo and with such sound and fury that one thinks it should be called "Prestissimo Fortissimo." Now the group is in the middle of a slow, traditional *raga* called "Bhairavi," with the single, bleak repeated refrain "I have abused my love for nothing. I have abused my love for nothing." (And I have to think twice to get the meaning.) Throughout the session, Chauriha continually shifts his glance from the band to the open door, as if haunted by a private phantom. "Baba!" he suddenly shouts over the music. All the members look to their instruments,

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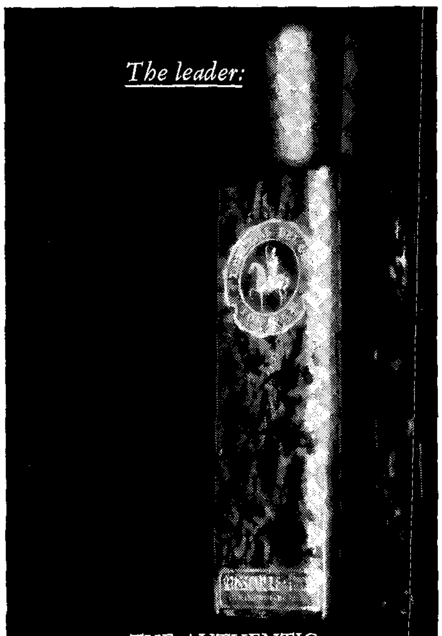

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and the gun-barrel player engulfs with his thunder even the sound of Chauriha's harmonium. But soon the storm abates. The sounds become scattered and desultory, and then the music comes to a halt. Chauriha explains to me that these days Baba hardly ever stops by at the sessions but that the mere invocation of Baba's name serves to help him, Chauriha, run a taut ship.

LATE on my second morning in Maihar, when I pay my second call on Baba, he receives me in his living room, which is larger than his bedroom but equally bare. He pauses before a picture of a suited and booted gentleman. "This is a picture of me," he says proudly. "It was taken when I went abroad with Uday Shankar's troupe." He goes on to catalogue the countries he visited and the highlights of his travels—apparently at different times—as if monologue were his natural way of speech. "I have seen the pyramids of Egypt," Baba declaims. "I have met the Jews of Palestine. I have been to France and Italy and Yugoslavia and Switzerland and Belgium. I have been to Kabul and complained to the King about the food. When I met the King of Afghanistan, he gave me dried fruits and fresh grapes and said, 'I hope you like our food.' I said, 'I like everything in Afghanistan except the food,' and since I take no meat and that was all they served in the hotel, I asked him if he would arrange for boiled eggs, boiled potatoes, and boiled milk for me. I made the hajj; Nehruji, who had great regard for me, had written to the Badshah of Saudi Arabia, and when I arrived, the Badshah declared me a state guest. I met the Kaiser in Germany, and I told him that I considered the entire world to be one. He introduced me to *Kuchen*. In Germany, I bought *Kuchen* with abandon and fed them to the whole troupe. His Majesty King Edward of Britain asked me if I was comfortable, when we met in London. And on the tour, whenever I played, the halls were so silent that you could hear a pin drop. Whenever I finished a program, I heard"—here he speaks English—" 'Once more! Once more!' "

Baba leads the way to the bedroom, which opens off the living room. Once again he proffers me the armchair. Once again he sits on the bed.

"I stay in Maihar because of Sharda Devi," he says. "I have the greatest respect for her, because all my prosperity has come from her, although, like a good Muslim, I recite the prayers of the Koran five times a day. I

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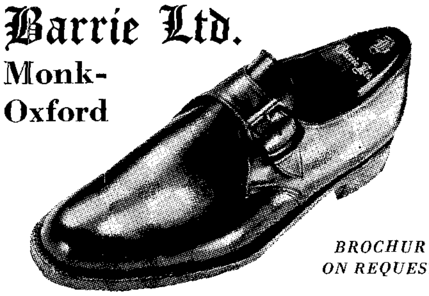

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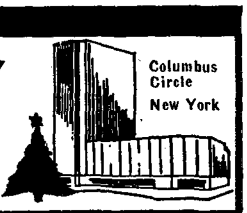

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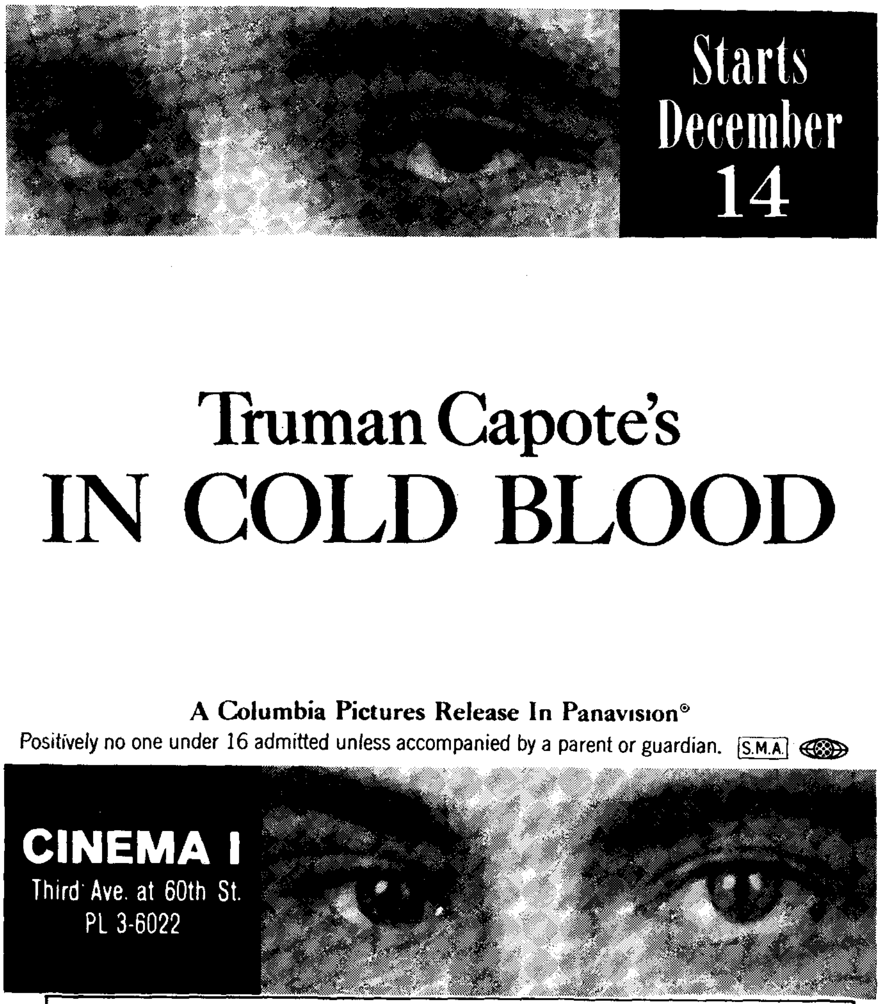
take twenty-one thousand six hundred breaths in saying them—one breath for every word. If you say these prayers every day, mind and body stay well. My *guru* Ustad Wazir Khan was a Shia Muslim, but I have the greatest respect for him, though I was born a Suni and think of myself as a Muslim-Hindu."

I ask him to tell me something about Wazir Khan, and, to my delight, this launches him on the story of his turning fugitive for the second time, at the age of sixteen. It is as though he had never left off the saga—as though the saga were one long *raga*.

"From my birthplace in Shivpuri, in the princely state of Tripura, I ran away a second time," he says. "I ran away from my marriage to meet Ustad Wazir Khan. Ustad Wazir Khan lived in the princely state of Rampur. Rampur had five hundred musicians, but the *ustad* of *ustads* was Wazir Khan. When I reached Rampur, I discovered that Ustad Wazir Khan was too grand for someone like me to meet. I tried to see him by meeting the Nawab of Rampur. The Nawab of Rampur, as patron of the arts in his state, was the employer of Wazir Khan, but it was impossible to get past the Nawab's bodyguards. So I started taking lessons from another *ustad*—not so great a one as Ustad Wazir Khan, of course, but greater than Ahmad Ali Khan. This *ustad's* name was Mohammed Hussein Khan. To pay Ustad Mohammed Hussein Khan, I got a job in the Rampur band. At first, the bandmaster didn't want to grant me an audition, but after I played for him he was beside himself with joy. He admitted me to his band at the high salary of twelve rupees a month. I gave half my salary to Ustad Mohammed Hussein Khan; I lived on the rest. I practiced on the *sarod* far into the night. Some Pathans who lived across the road would throw stones through my window to make me stop—yes, I have seen days when people threw stones at great *ustads*. But, undeterred by the stones, I practiced night after night; in six months I had learned all that Ustad Mohammed Hussein Khan could teach me. I had become a second Ustad Mohammed Hussein Khan. I was more desperate now than ever to prove worthy, one day, of the turban of the great Ustad Wazir Khan. But I had lost all hope of seeing him. I bought two rupees' worth of morphine to put an end to my misery. I went to the mosque to say the namaz for the last time. The mullah asked me why I looked so crestfallen. I told him. The



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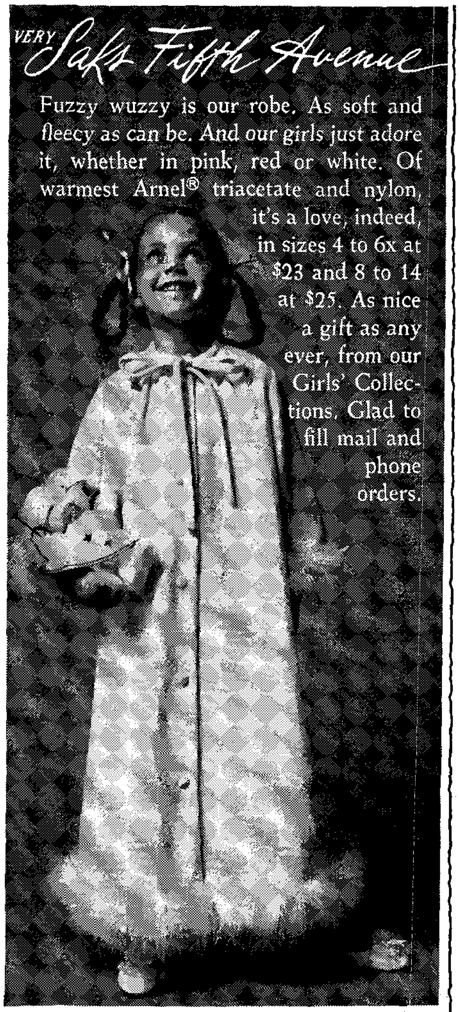

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mullah counselled perseverance. The mullah told me that Allah helps those who help themselves. The next morning, inspired by the mullah, I made my last attempt to see the Nawab. Every morning, the Nawab used to take the air in his huge carriage, drawn by more than a dozen powerful horses. I threw myself in front of the carriage. The horses reared and the carriage lurched to a stop. Several of the Nawab's bodyguards jumped out to pick me up. They had no choice but to present me to the Nawab. I told the Nawab that if he wouldn't arrange for me to meet Ustad Wazir Khan I would die. The Nawab thereupon took me in the carriage to Hamid Manzil, where Ustad Wazir Khan lived, and summoned the Ustad. Ustad Wazir Khan came running up to the carriage, and I was presented to him as his new *shagird*. The Nawab also made arrangements for my board and lodging, and gave me clothes, ornaments, and sweetmeats such as became my high station now. For thirty-three years, I studied with the great Wazir Khan. At the age of forty-nine, I went to Calcutta for the greatest music conference of the century. Ustad Karamat Ullah Khan and Ustad Imdad Khan were in attendance. They dismissed me as just another Bengali who ate fish and wore a loincloth. But when I played the Puriah *raga*, which lasted for four hours, on the *sarod*, Karamat Ullah Khan, Imdad Khan, and everyone else were beside themselves. The hands of those who were fitting *pans* into their mouths were paralyzed. The hands of those who were smoking cigarettes froze in midair—at the end of the Puriah *raga*, they discovered that their fingers were burnt. Listeners fell unconscious. The president of the music conference was Manind Nandi, of Qasim Bazaar. Manind Nandi declared me to be the best *ustad* at the conference. The newspaper reports of the music conference gave my family the first news they had had of me since I ran away from my marriage thirty-three years before. Once again, I was taken to Shivpuri, where I found my first wife patiently waiting for me. I learned that after my flight her parents had tried to get her remarried but that she had defied them by a fast of eight days. Her parents never broached the subject again. We consummated our marriage. It was then that I came to Maihar."

For some time, I have been aware of the hushed sounds of guests arriving and paying their respects to Baba's wife. Baba now jumps up and rushes

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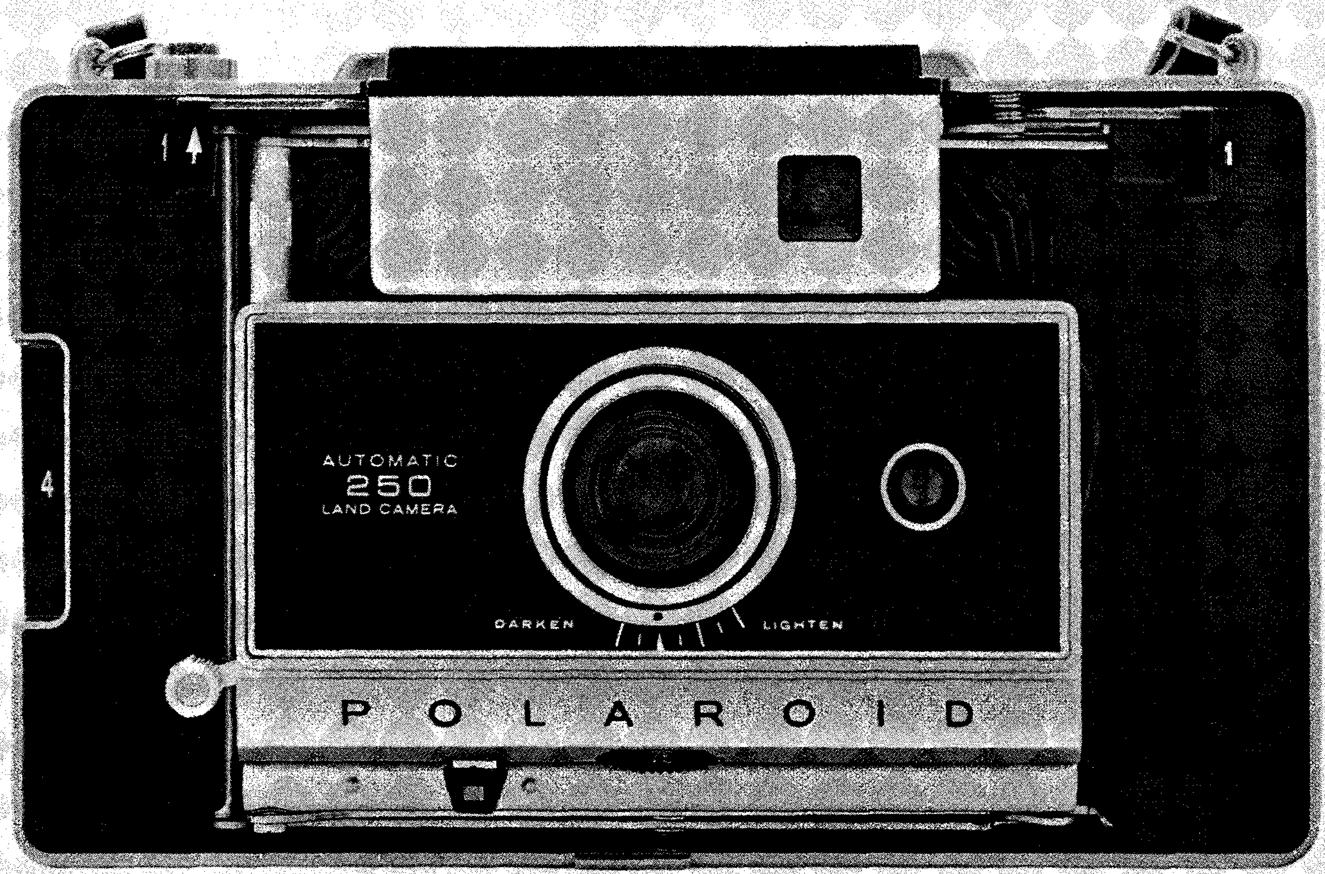

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WHITE SATIN
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into the living room. I follow. The band members, the school staff, the students—everyone I've met in Maihar, it seems—are gathered in the room. A dark-skinned, black-bearded man of unfathomable age, wearing a saffron-colored loincloth, spots me as a stranger and comes over with Chauriha. Chauriha introduces him to me. "This is One-oh-eight Raj Raj Shri, Naga Deo Anand Giri, Badri ka Ashram," Chauriha says.

This sounds to me more like an address than a name, and I inquire about it.

Chauriha explains that our bearded companion, who is looking on with the happy expression of a man in a Buddhist drawing, has taken the path of Nirvana and done away with such ordinary human frailties as a name. Instead, he goes merely by the address of his monastery. "One-oh-eight Raj Raj Shri, Naga Deo Anand Giri, Badri ka Ashram has been in Maihar now for about a month," Chauriha continues. "He is going to Allahabad, on a pilgrimage to Purna Kumbha Mela [the greatest of the Hindu festivals], and he has been holding a nightly *kirtana* for all of us. Baba has heard him and has accepted him as a *chela*."

"Wherever I go, I shall repeat the name of my new *guru*," the ascetic says.

Baba claps once, and everyone sits down on the floor. Baba's wife fetches a basket of sweetmeats. The ascetic intones a few words over the sweetmeats. Chauriha hands Baba a piece of thread. Baba ties the thread around the wrist of the ascetic, who immediately sets about dabbing everyone's forehead with vermilion paste. Baba's wife passes the blessed sweetmeats around. Baba, raising his hand for attention, says, "One-oh-eight Raj Raj Shri, Naga Deo Anand Giri, Badri ka Ashram, I am very grateful to you for enlarging the circle of my *chelas*."

"I am very grateful to you, Baba, for accepting me," the *chela* responds.

Chauriha hands Baba a *sarod*, and everyone begins coaxing Baba to play.

"I haven't touched a *sarod* in six years," Baba says reticently.

The entreaties multiply, and Baba, sitting down, starts picking the strings with his left hand. (He is left-handed.) He plays a few measures of something resembling a Victorian music-hall song, says, "Robert Sahib taught me that," and lays down the *sarod*, to a burst of applause. Everyone deferentially gets up to go, and Baba escorts his guests as far as the garden. During the leave-taking, Baba breaks into a song, his

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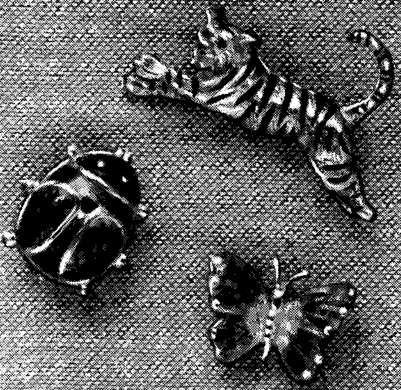

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voice supple and perfectly pitched. It is an invocation: "O Sharda Devi, Giver of Knowledge, Giver of Pleasure, give us now blessings. Goddess who plays the *vina*, please put your hands on us and give us your blessings."

"Please put your hands on us and give us your blessings," the guests respond, in chorus.

"O Sharda Devi, Giver of Knowledge . . ." Baba and the chorus sing together, repeating the invocation.

"Victory to Sharda Devi!" the *chela* cries out, and everyone takes up the cry.

Baba turns majestically and goes into his cottage.

THE SACRED HANDBOOK OF THE ARTS: "Natya Sastra," a handbook of the arts, whose origin is uncertain, regards dance—not music—as the consummation of all the arts. (Seven chapters out of thirty-six in the handbook deal with the subject of the dance.) The dance is given this exalted place because, according to "Natya Sastra," the dancer, among other things, must respond to rhythm and melody like a musician, to drama like an actor, to form like a sculptor, and to line like a painter. According to the handbook, Indra, the god of the sky and storms, complained to Brahma, the Creator, that the four Vedas, which sum up all existing knowledge, were not really comprehensible to common men. Indra pleaded for the creation of a fifth, easily accessible Veda, and Brahma created the Natya Veda ("*natya*" is Sanskrit for "dance"), which he resolved would illustrate the principles of art and morality and bring together the teaching of all the holy books. In fact, the account goes on, Brahma wrought the Natya Veda out of the contents of the Rig, Atharva, Sama, and Yajur Vedas, which are, respectively, intellectual, emotional, musical, and what might be called expressive, and did so by epitomizing all the Vedas in the dance. To impart the dance to mortals, Brahma taught it to a minion called Bharata, and at one point, for the benefit of Bharata, expatiated, if in a rather haphazard fashion, upon the new art, saying that it depicted virtue, play, profit, peace, laughter, battle, love, and slaughter; that it yielded to the obedient the fruits of righteousness, discipline, and pleasure, and served as a restraint to the unruly; that it endowed the weak with vigor, the warrior with zeal, the ignorant with wisdom, the scholar with learning, kings with sport, sufferers with endurance, the ambitious with profit; that, in fact, the dance

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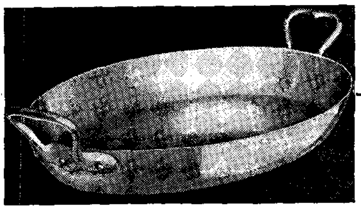

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represented, through its varied moods and situations, the deeds of mankind. In Brahma's words in "Natya Sastra":

> This drama [of dance] shall be the
> source of all counsel. . . .
> It shall serve as a timely resting-
> place for those who are
> grieved, weary, unhappy, or engaged
> in an arduous discipline—
> bestowing righteousness, renown,
> long life, fortune, increase
> of reason. . . . That which is not
> found herein is not
> knowledge, nor craft, nor wisdom,
> nor any art, nor
> application, nor deeds.

Narayana Menon, in an extravagant essay on "Natya Sastra," remarks that this celestial dialogue catches exactly the intellectual, philosophical, and moral view of the dance in India, where, religion and art being identical, the dance is a way of realizing God, and the spectator's capacity for delight does not depend primarily on the accomplishment of the dancer, because both are seeking religious fulfillment, and in that search the dancer's gestures, steps, and songs and the spectator's knowledge of the dance are both irrelevant, for dancer and spectator are ultimately incapable of attaining religious fulfillment for each other. Menon quotes a medieval theoretician's definition of religious fulfillment as "intellectual ecstasy devoid of conceptual contacts . . . [the] summit of being . . . impossible to analyze and yet in the likeness of our very being." According to Menon, these high ideals, having withstood the profanation of time (because, one supposes, they are too fine to be violated by the mortal world), are considered to govern the country's various present-day schools of dancing: the Kathakali, of Kerala; the Kuchipudi, of Andhra; the Odissi, of Orissa; the Manipuri, of the northeast; and the more widely practiced northern Kathak and southern Bharatanatyam, the last school being perhaps the purest expression of the ageless tradition. In a companion essay—this time photographic—Menon offers evidence to prove that Balasaraswati, a woman who was born in 1918 and who lives in Madras, is today the purest exponent of the purest school of dance. Even aside from the philosophical ramifications, I ask myself, what can dance in India, performed mostly solo, without costumes, on a bare stage, and consisting of minute gestures, many of them improvised, have in common with balletic choreography, presented with the help of sets and costumes—that is, with classical dance as it is understood in Europe?

Today, to meet Balasaraswati, I am

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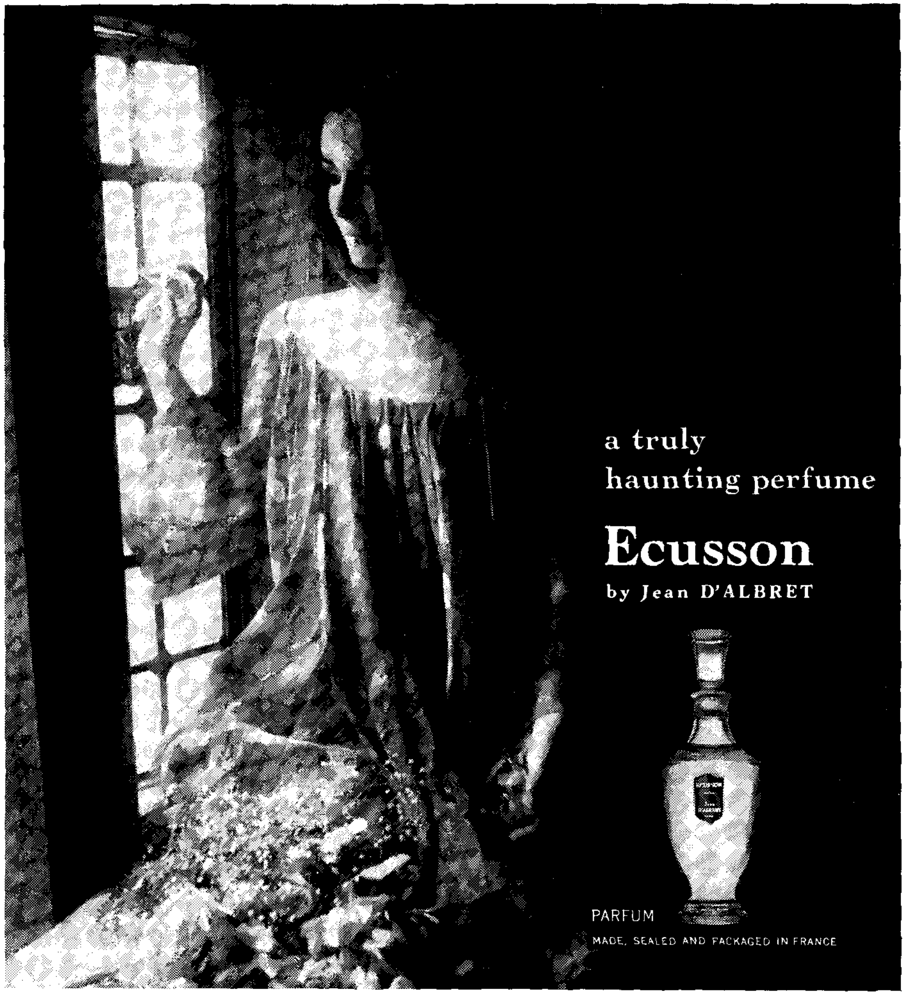

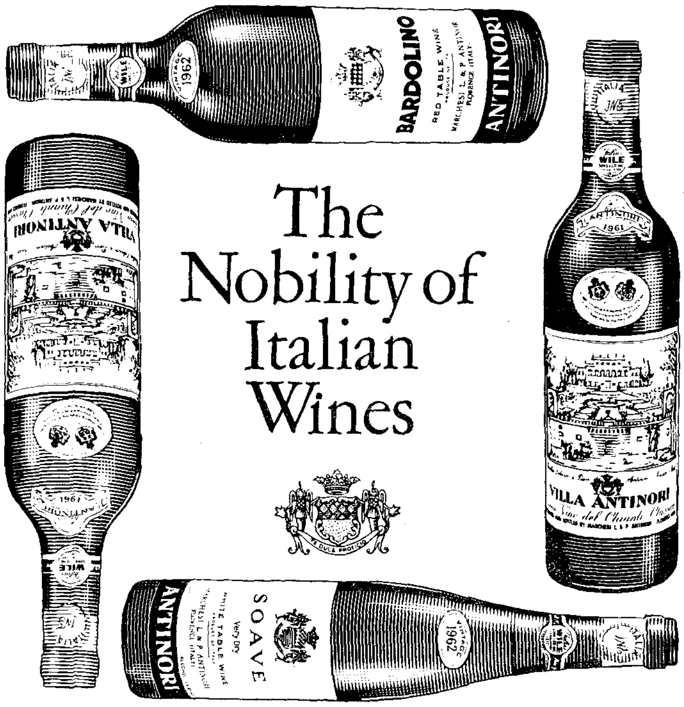

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back in Madras, where it is so hot that the sun seems to be falling down with the sky. "There are only two good months here, when the climate is bearable—December and January," a Madrasi tells me. "We Hindus say that the universe has a *pralaya*, a death—a period of withdrawal for rest. We Madrasis have our *pralaya* all the time."

Balasaraswati turns out to live in a big two-story house, which is so new that some of the windowpanes are still not in. A workman shows me into a living room, whose total furnishings are a small red carpet, a sofa and two matching armchairs, a cuckoo clock, a couple of instruments swathed in their cloths and leaning against a wall, and a tall, elaborately carved glass-fronted cabinet in which is an old *vina* and over which hangs a delicate painting of a woman playing the *vina*. The room, like the outside of the house, suggests a place that has not yet been lived in.

Balasaraswati comes in shyly, her hands pressed together. Belying the notion of a southern lady of means, she wears a plain white sari with little embroidery, a white *choli*, or blouse, no jewelry, and, except for the inevitable kohl on the eyelids and a red mark on her forehead, no makeup. Her figure is full and her manner matronly, but her firm, supple body identifies her as a dancer. She sits down in one armchair and I in the other.

I ask her how she happened to take up dancing.

"My family have all been dancers and musicians," she replies, speaking a mixture of Hindi and Tamil. "On my mother's side, we have been musicians and dancers for seven generations, and"—she turns toward the *vina* case and the painting—"we always called my grandmother Dhanam 'Vina Dhanam,' she was so famous for her playing of the *vina*."

I ask her about the present state of dancing in India.

"That is a delicate question," she replies, a little uneasily. "I am still a professional, and the matter is a very delicate one to talk about. Whoever gets involved in dancing puts much work into it. It is not easy to pass judgment. Dancers are like venders; they specialize in different things. Some dancers specialize in Kuchipudi and some dancers in Odissi; some dancers mix everything up and get an adulterated dance form. The techniques have become well known, but their quality I am doubtful about. The point is that nowadays when you announce you are going to dance, people expect a

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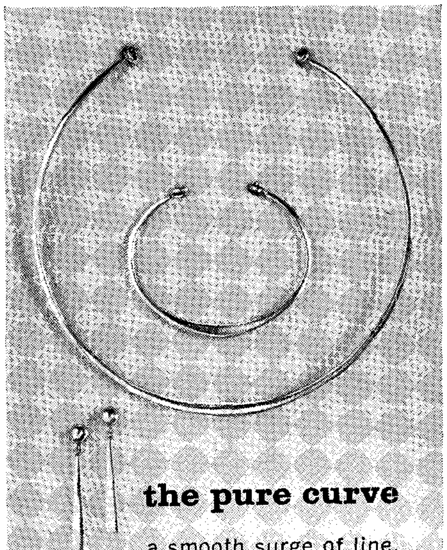
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film star. Since I started dancing, so many dancers have come and so many dancers have gone—I am like a milestone. Dancers have their ups and downs, but I myself have had mostly ups. I love the art and have always been happy with what acclaim I received. Kamala Laxman, Vyjanthimala, Yamini Krishnamurthi, Rukmini Devi, Indrani Rehman—all at one time or another have received good hands from their audiences. Uday Shankar may be the best known of all. He is a very imaginative artist and has very good taste, but Uday Shankar is a Kathakali dancer. That is a masculine dance form. There are some gestures that are common to Kathakali and Bharatanatyam, a feminine dance, but Kathakali is too vigorous for women. Bharatanatyam is more ladylike."

"You've always specialized in Bharatanatyam?"

"Yes, Bharatanatyam is the true dance of India, though it is south Indian. Some people say it comes from the second century B.C., and some say from the fourth century A.D. It may date from sometime in between. Some people say it was created by Bharata. Others say there never was a Bharata. But it is all set down in 'Natya Sastra,' by Bharata—or whoever he was. I've read only a little of the treatise, in Tamil translation—the treatise is a very big volume—because I started dancing when I was four, and I knew nothing about the treatise then. I learned by imitation. Bharatanatyam is a solo dance, and its theme is usually love. We Hindus always exalt love into love of the gods, so in Bharatanatyam my lover may be Lord Krishna, or Lord Shiva, or his son, whom we Madrasis call Subramaniam. The songs that accompany a dance indicate his identity. The big love-affair songs last for ten minutes. Short love-affair songs may last for only five minutes. The songs are interpreted through facial expression and gesture. The movements of the dance are angular, and it relies mostly on mime. I don't think one comes across such miming in any other dance culture. Of course, the program of the dance includes many things besides love songs."

"What kinds of things does the program include?"

"It begins with *alarippu*, which is a purely rhythmic, non-verbal invocation. It is a drum item, without music. The dance begins with that, and goes on to *jatiswaram*. This adds melody to the rhythm, but it is a song without a text to illustrate. Then comes *shabdam*, which adds mime to rhythm

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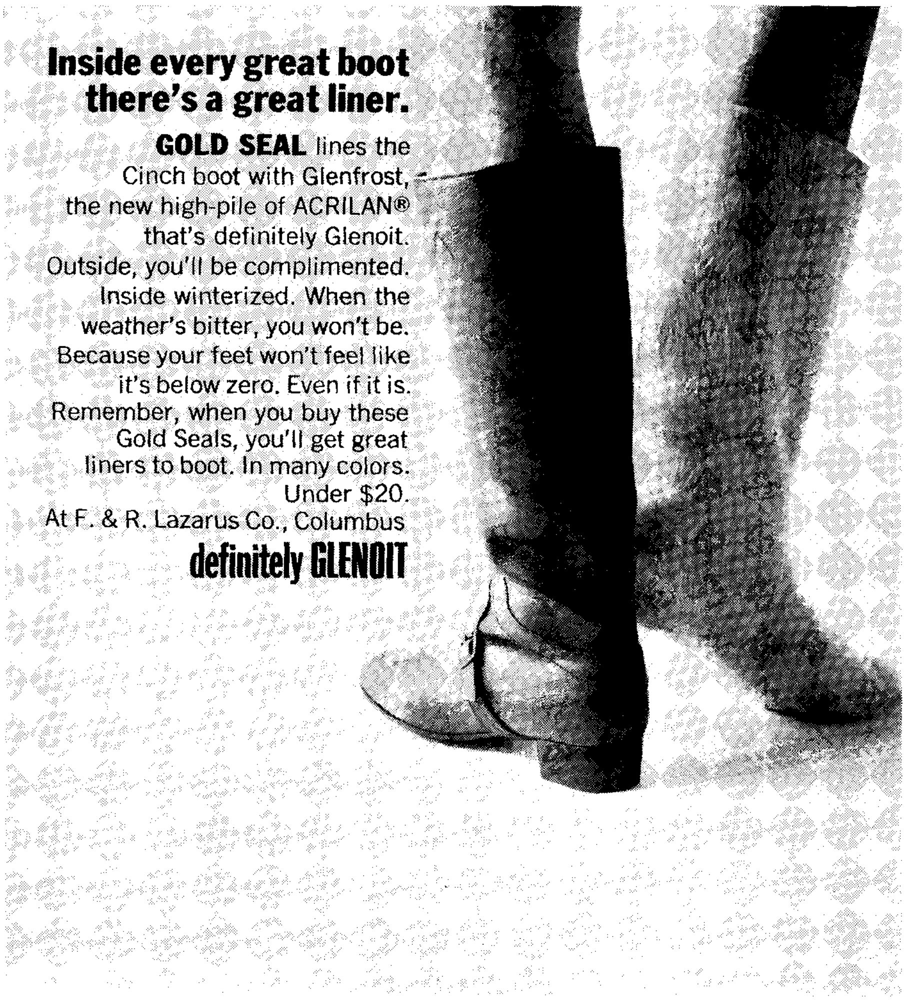

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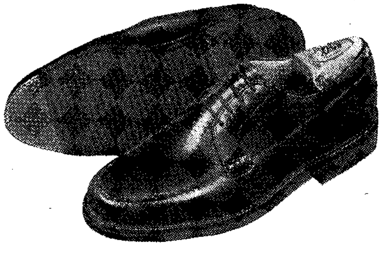
and melody. *Shabdam* has a text, and the theme, when it is not about a love affair with the gods, may concern honorable maharajas, or wise men described in the ancient books. But *alarippu*, *jatiswaram*, and *shabdam* are all only an introduction to the *varnam*, which combines all the elements of the others, and lasts for an hour or an hour and a half, depending on the mood of the artist and the response of the audience. The buildup is gradual, but the *varnam* is very strenuous, so the program calls for an interval, after which there are the *padams*—those love songs—plus *javalis* and a *tillanam*."

"Doesn't the program ever change?"

"A Bharatanatyam dancer always sticks to this program, but different performers give different interpretations. *Shabdam* may have a line about the dancer's falling in love with Shiva. The text may say, 'You have fallen in love with Shiva, the Great Lord.' But a dancer may conjure up Shiva destroying demons, Shiva with ashes smeared all over his body, Shiva holding up a trident, Shiva with a half-moon over his head, Shiva with a necklace of snakes. Or a dancer may conjure up Shiva wearing Mother Ganga on his head—like this." Still seated, passive and reverent, she extends one hand over her head and parallel to the ground, and moves her arm in a wide arc with a wavy, rippling gesture, her hand rolling gently back and forth. "There are so many ways of re-creating Shiva," she goes on. "I have been learning them since childhood."

She now tells me how as a child she danced and sang from six in the morning until bedtime, and she talks about her first public performance, at the age of seven; about her dance teacher Kandappan, who taught her from the time she was four until she was twenty-three; about his son, who, after Kandappan's death, in 1941, started working with her and her troupe of musicians. She talks about her only child, a daughter named Lakshmi, who has never shown any interest in dancing, and who has just taken a degree in history at a university; about her own mother, Jayammal, who was noted as a singer; and about her several brothers, who are employed in such disparate occupations as building construction, music teaching, and airline work, and how they all live together in the new house. "I still keep a clarinettist in my troupe of musicians," she remarks. "In ancient



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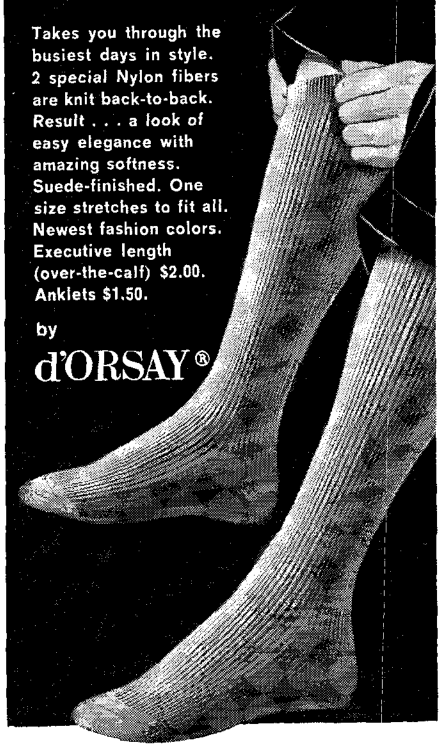

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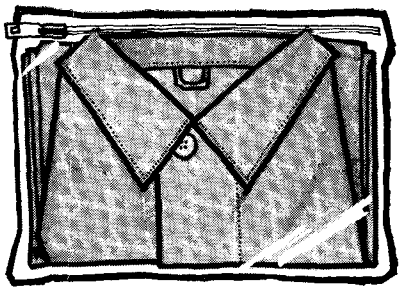

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days, in Bharatanatyam, they had male singers in the first half of the program and female singers in the second half. The *vina* has always been the favorite instrument for Bharatanatyam, but it did not project well enough to accompany the males, so they used bagpipes and clarinets. In the old days, they did not have microphones."

Jazz in Bombay: I have become good friends with Asha Puthli and Vivan Sundaram, whom I recognize as spiritual kin to some of my friends in London and New York, though neither Asha nor Vivan has been abroad. Asha is a beautiful, mercurial girl, just out of the university, who has applied for a job as a B.O.A.C. air hostess simply in order to go to London and hear a real jazz vocalist, and perhaps become one herself. Vivan, who was educated at the Doon School, the most expensive public school in India, with a reputation for turning out very self-assured young men, nevertheless has a gentle, unassuming manner. I first met them when I went with a friend to a party that Vivan gave to celebrate his having been granted a finalist's interview for a Commonwealth Fellowship to study painting in London. The party was in New Delhi, at his parents' house, which was full of paintings by his aunt, the late Amrita Shergil, and also held some of Vivan's own. One of Vivan's paintings—a very large Pop affair, hanging over the mantel—was made up of patches of Indian costumes and masks thickly daubed with paint. Vivan's paintings have something of the naturalness and simplicity of nursery sketches, and connoisseurs agree that they show much originality, though Vivan himself acknowledges the influence of Robert Rauschenberg. Asha, Vivan, and I have now all met again in Bombay, where Asha is studying classical Indian music with a pundit while she awaits the outcome of her job application, where Vivan is trying to arrange an exhibition while *he* awaits the verdict on his Commonwealth Fellowship, and where I have happened to stop over in the course of my peregrinations.

Today, we go to their favorite haunt, a restaurant called the Venice, in the run-down Hotel Astoria, to listen to jazz, which is having its first stirrings in India—of course, in this avant-garde city, which, psychologically and geographically, lies closer to Europe than any other Indian city does, and, together with nearby Goa, which was a Portuguese colony for over four hun-

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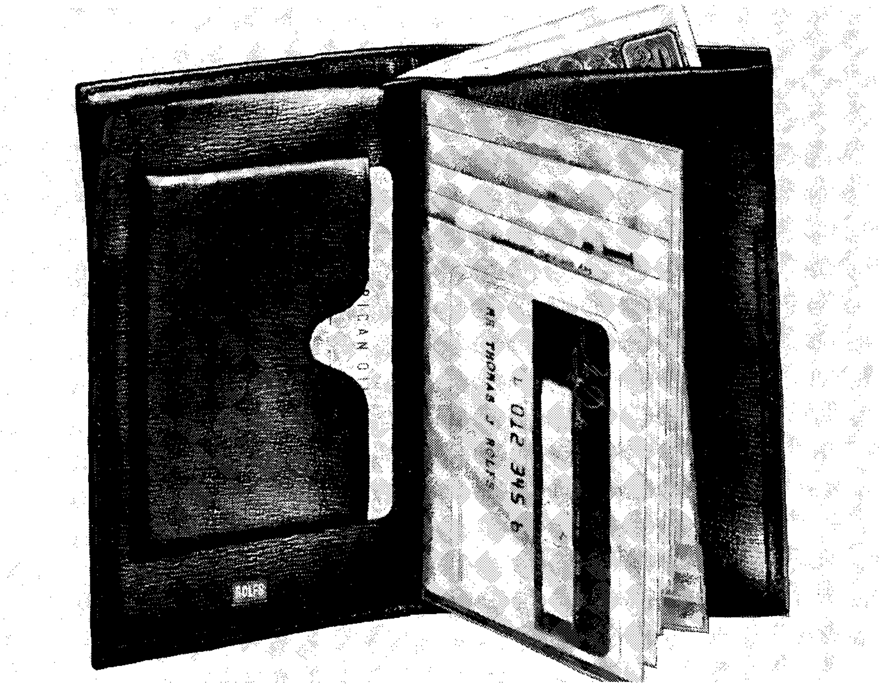

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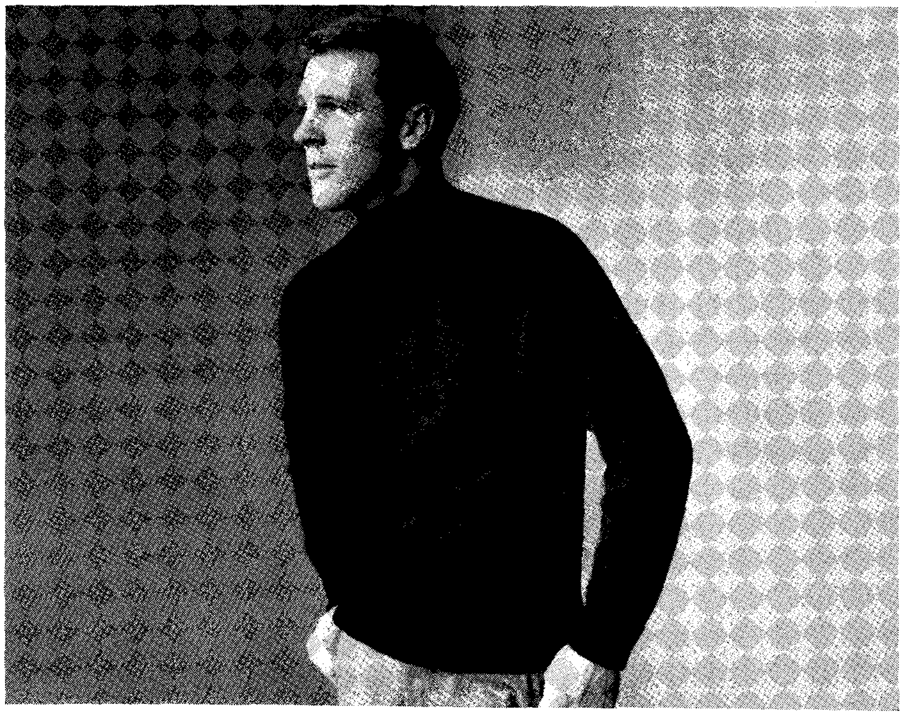

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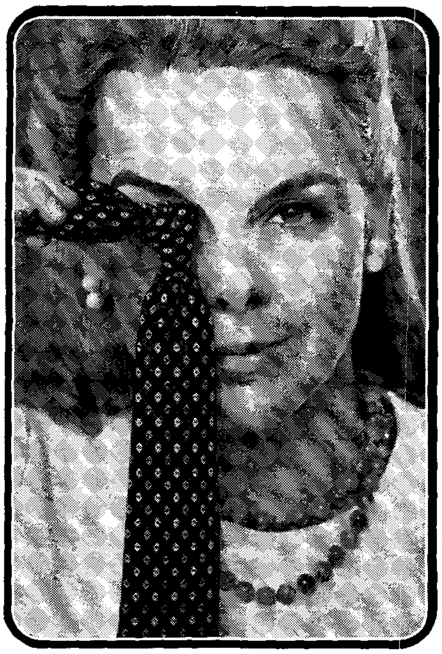

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dred years, is the chief remaining bastion of Western influence in the country.

For what might be called formal relaxation, city people here in India seem to do one of three things: they go to cultural events, on the order of the Sangeet Sammelan; they go to clubs, which, with their swimming tanks and polo grounds, resemble the typical country club elsewhere; or they go to Western-style restaurants, such as the Gaylord and the Volga in Delhi, the Blue Fox in Calcutta, and, in lesser cities, the local Kwality. Following the custom of British days, most of these restaurants have small dance floors, with bands playing Western music continuously from morning to night, whether or not anyone is dancing, or even listening. They play such old standbys as "Greensleeves" and "Green Eyes" and such current favorites as "Lemon Tree." At the moment, the rage is a number called "Mamma Loves Papa, Papa Loves Mamma." These Western-style restaurants, unlike most of their Indian-style counterparts—and also unlike most offices and private houses—are air-conditioned in the summer. They provide a refuge for students, housewives, government officials, and businessmen alike, though the groups seem to patronize them at different times of day—housewives coming for elevenses, government officials and businessmen for lunch, and the student crowd for tea and a little dancing. In the evenings, there is a similar cycle of attendance, beginning with husbands bringing their wives—or wives their husbands—for dinner, and ending with students in mixed groups, who arrive later in the evening for coffee. At their best, these restaurants give one the illusion of being in Europe; at their worst, they suggest a barricade set up against the sights, sounds, and smells of the India outside.

Some of the owners of Western-style restaurants in Bombay are now permitting their old-time bands to play jazz, and without question the best of the jazz combos is a quintet made up of piano, alto saxophone, tenor saxophone, bass, and drums that holds forth at the Venice. The jazz here is as pure as any—though the restaurant tries to capture the atmosphere of its namesake city with a seedy décor of gondolas and canals, and the bearers serve "sahib-and-mem-sahib" food, such as roast mutton and boiled vegetables, with the hauteur usually found in aspirants to metropolitan Indian chic. Starting at six-thirty, the quintet first plays, in shirtsleeves, for the student crowd,

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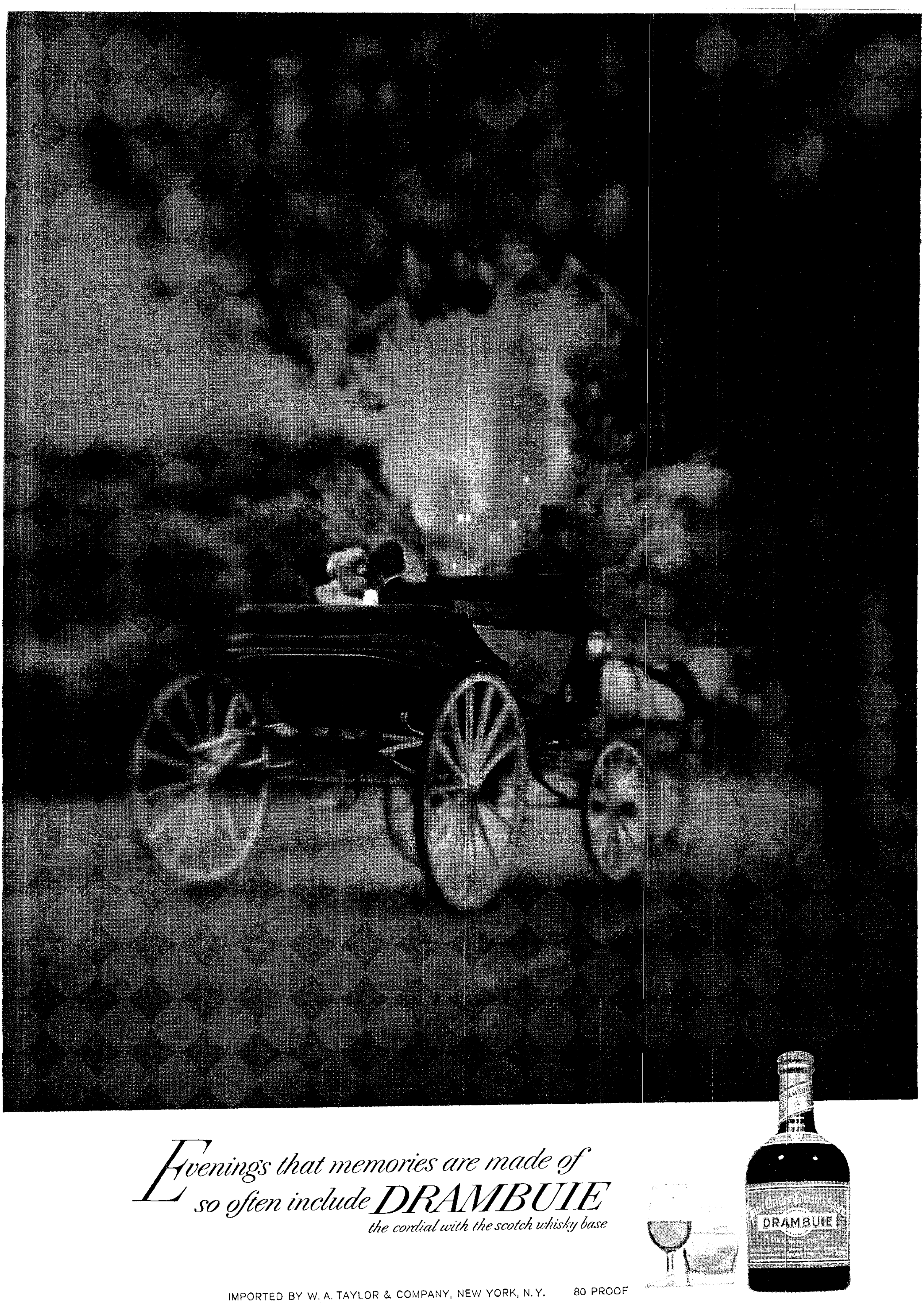
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The quintet plays "The Dove," "The Pond," and "Karim Blues" (Karim was the owner of a Bombay speakeasy), all composed by Braz Gonzalves, the quintet's leader and alto saxophonist. As the musicians play, they throw glances at Asha, who blows kisses to them. Presently, the professional crooner having just departed, Gonzalves calls out to Asha to take the stage and sing. She goes up without fuss but stands facing the musicians, with her back to the tables. "She always sings with her back to the audience," Vivan tells me. "I suppose, like other jazz musicians here, she just doesn't feel comfortable with people. The state of jazz in India is such that when musicians really play and sing, it is only for themselves."

The quintet swings into the opening bars of "My Funny Valentine" with a huge bang, and then subsides as Asha's voice, at first muffled and distant, takes over. Soon Asha is belting out her song in a very un-Indian way. "My funny valentine. Sweet comic valentine. You make me smile with my heart. Your looks are laughable"—her voice suddenly slurs up through an octave—"Unphotographable. Yet you're my favorite work of art." Her voice slurs up a couple of octaves, as if she were struggling to break out of the Indian mode of singing that imprisons the voice in the larynx. The words give way to scatting, and the melody shifts into another key, into another tune, and back again. Asha and the quintet take turns improvising and embellishing, as if they had been working together for years. Bearers look on, puzzled but admiring.

Asha returns to the table, followed closely by Casmiro Lobo, the tenor saxophone player; Wancy de Souza, the drummer; and Dinshaw Balsara, the bass player. (Gonzalves and the piano player, Xavier Fernandes, have

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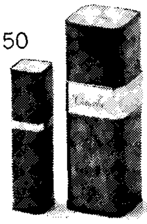

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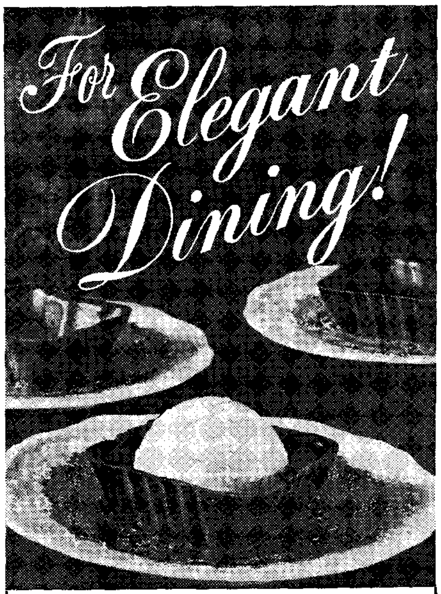

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stepped out for some air.) They surround Asha at the table.

"Whew, Asha! Boy, that was good!" Balsara says.

Asha says apologetically, "All my singing is copied from records. I've never heard the real thing." Then she compliments herself by adding, "But I'm the most advanced singer in India."

"You should record it and send it to the United States," Balsara says. "A voice like that—where wouldn't it reach? You are the best crooner in India." Balsara—or Balsi, as he is nicknamed—is a short, stoutish Parsi, and, like the other members of the quintet, is showily dressed, down to his pearl cufflinks. He talks to Asha with impressive emphasis while Wancy, who is a little taller, and Casmiro look on with awe.

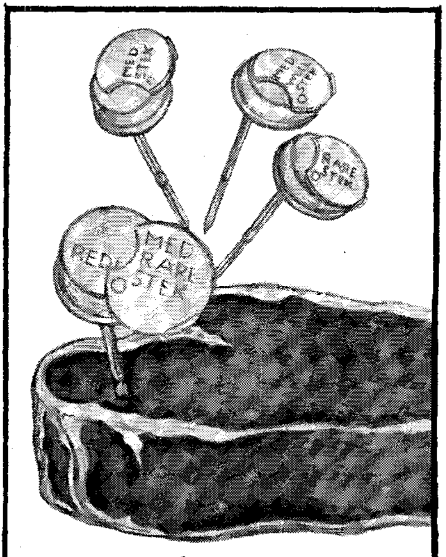
Asha listens, and then, a little embarrassed, remarks, "I've never been taught to sing jazz. I just sing because I like it." She goes on, "Anyway, Balsi, this is the best jazz place in India—the only place where jazz is played seriously at all."

"Good crooners are impossible to find in India," Balsi says. "But, Asha, I would never let you sing professionally here in Bombay. I would rather die than have you sing where there is no respect for music."

A serious Parsi girl whom I met once or twice in Cambridge, Massachusetts, when I was studying at Harvard is at the Venice, I discover. She spots me, comes over to our table, and soon embarks on a lecture that makes me nostalgic for the cafeterias around Harvard Square. "So nice that you've discovered the Venice," she says to me, and then informs the table judicially, "Bombay is a bourgeois intellectual desert. I haven't found anybody in this country who is thinking. Middle-class Indians today are more grossly Philistine than any other people. They are three times as materialistic as any American, and they are twenty times as guilty as any American. If I were sentencing an American for being materialistic and grossly Philistine and living in a bourgeois intellectual desert, I would give him one year, because he had no chance to learn better, but if I were judging an Indian, I would give him twenty years, because he has the culture and philosophy of the Vedas and the Upanishads and the puranas."

"It *is* a desert," Casmiro says.

"Now that they have good jazz at the Venice, they should do away with the food and with a cover charge, and just have an *espresso* bar," Vivan says. "Then people could buy a cup of coffee



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for a few annas and simply sit and listen to jazz. We are trying to ape the Americans in every other respect, so we should have a place like the Village Gate."

"You know about the Village Gate?" I ask.

"All the Village places are very well known here in Bombay," he replies. "*Down Beat* now has the largest circulation of any American magazine in Bombay."

"*Down Beat* once mentioned Braz," Balsi tells me. "A customer walked in and showed Braz the magazine and said, 'See, Braz, you are in *Down Beat*.' Braz had never heard of *Down Beat*, but he played beautifully that night. Do you read Nat Hentoff or Barbara Gardner?"

"Sometimes," I say.

"Braz is the greatest musician anywhere," Balsi continues excitedly. "He's the best. He's terrific. No one in the world is better. If he went to New York and had a good promoter, he would be more famous than Miles Davis."

"Braz *is* the best," Wancy says. "He's the best."

"He's terrific," Casmiro puts in.

"Balsi, you're the best bass player in Bombay, and I mean it," Wancy goes on, patting Balsi on the arm.

Balsi returns the compliment: "And you, Wancy, are the best drummer now in Bombay." Then, changing the subject, he complains, "But every bearer, every hanger-on at the Venice thinks *he* is our manager."

"I tell Braz, 'Stick up for us. You are the leader,'" Wancy says. "But he's gentle and never gets angry unless he's had a drink or two."

"And then—whew!" Balsi exclaims.

"You are right, Wancy," Casmiro puts in.

"We all have other jobs during the day," Balsi tells me. "From nine-thirty to five-thirty I work as a commercial artist, and at six-thirty I have to start playing at the Venice. We get some rest at seven-thirty, though, when our interval for dinner starts. We begin playing again at nine-thirty and play on till one. I don't mind playing late, but no one—no one—understands the music at all. There is no respect for music here."

"You are right," Casmiro repeats.

"And, Balsi, you get only four hundred rupees a month, so unimportant is the bass considered to be," Wancy complains. "For my drums I get twice as much."

"A cabaret dancer gets two thou-

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sand rupees a month," Balsi continues. "And cabaret dancers who bill themselves as Egyptian or Persian are usually just Bombay suburbanites. Most people come to the Venice only for the cabaret. There is no respect for musicians in this country, no respect."

"Absolutely no respect," Casmiro echoes.

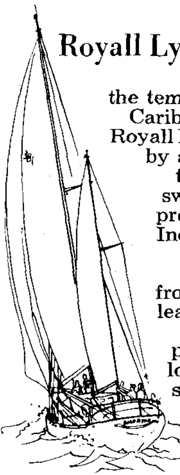
The three musicians invite all of us upstairs to their room for a drink. Bombay, the stronghold of Indian prohibition and prohibitionists, has many rules—more often transgressed than observed—about who may serve drinks to whom. In any case, there are no drinks to be had in the Venice, and Asha, Vivan, and I immediately accept the invitation. The serious girl declines and goes back to her table.

Balsi leads the way—through the restaurant, up countless flights of stairs, down a hallway, and into the room, which, being near a pantry, is thick with the smell of stale curry. It seems little larger than a train compartment. The impression is reinforced by clothes that, hanging from pegs, jut out into the room from all sides, half concealing the wooden beds under them. The furniture of the room consists entirely of four beds, which have somehow been fitted in at right angles to each other, leaving a narrow passage to the door. The floor space between the beds is taken up by a pillow and a large bath towel. On one of the beds a man is sound asleep. "This is the Venice telephone operator," Balsi says nonchalantly, pointing to the sleeping figure. "Edward, the Venice steward, also lives here." After telling me that Braz and Xavier do not live in the hotel, he continues, "Edward used to sleep on the towel, but one night a rat woke him up by jumping over him, and he couldn't sleep for the rest of the night. I gave him my bed, and now I sleep on the towel."

We all sit down on a couple of the beds, pushing against the clothes hanging at our backs to make ourselves comfortable. From under a bed Balsi brings out two quarter-pint-size whiskey bottles filled with Goan moonshine. He explains that the whiskey empties are picked up at the thieves' bazaar in Bombay, taken to Goa, filled with moonshine called Cashew or Phani, and smuggled back into Bombay for sale. (The point of the whiskey bottles, apparently, is to add a touch of class to the illicit trade.) He pours us each a thimbleful of Cashew and says, "Bottoms up! Cheerio!"

We drink. Cashew, made out of the fruit of the cashew tree, smells to me

The Magic of the Islands



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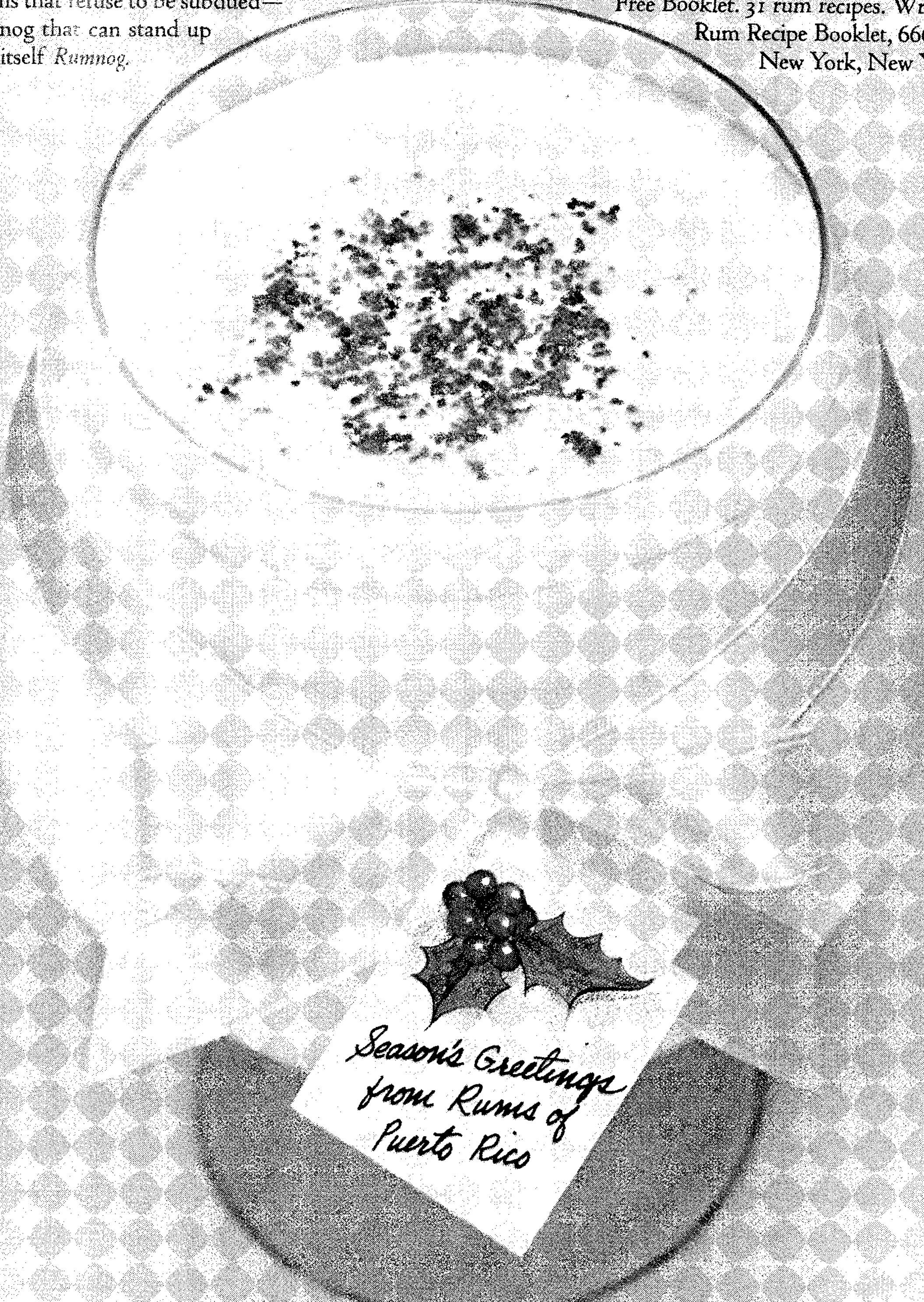

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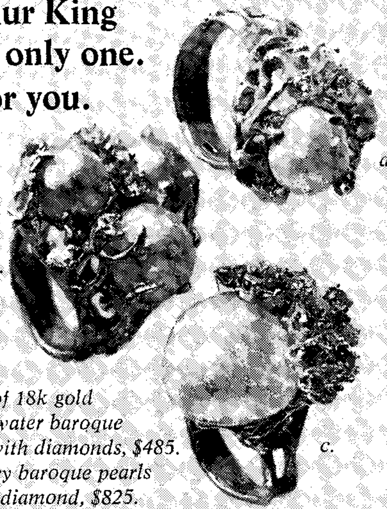
like vanilla extract but tastes a little gluey and sour, like milk that has been kept too long. After that, I'm content not to sniff or taste Phani, a coconut extract, but simply hold my breath and toss it down. Drink follows drink, and, to help Asha, Vivan, and me make a pretense of keeping up with the three musicians, Coca-Colas are produced from under the bed. (In spite of our noisy drinking and talking, the Venice telephone operator sleeps on, perhaps taking us for figures in a dream.)

"I may be leaving for America soon," Balsi says, settling down with another round of Phani. "I have a motorbike. It is my only worldly possession, and I hope to sell it for ten thousand rupees. I would then use five thousand rupees to buy a plane ticket to New York. The other five thousand I would give to a man I know. He is the father of a friend of mine who has already emigrated to America. I would try to get my friend in America to give me the equivalent of five thousand rupees in dollars when I got there. In New York, I'd work as a commercial artist during the day and play bass at a place like the Village Vanguard in the evening. In America, they appreciate good music."

Balsi quizzes me about jazz in New York. Asha and Vivan talk about what they will do once they reach England. Wancy—with nods of approval from Casmiro—talks about Goa as if it were a Riviera, dwelling on its singular history, which allowed the Portuguese settlers and the Goan natives to intermarry freely and adopt each other's customs, and describing its resortlike beaches, its climate, and its festive atmosphere of constant drinking, partying, and musicmaking.

When we come downstairs, there isn't a bearer in evidence. The restaurant seems all but closed for the night. Braz is sitting alone on the stage working out something on his sax, and while Asha, Vivan, and I take a table, and Wancy goes in search of coffee, Casmiro and Balsi join Braz. The three men are soon playing together, two accompanying the third as he strikes out on a little improvised jag of his own. The music comes through fuddled and wild.

Wancy returns with the coffee and stays at the table with us. Asha coquettishly snuggles up to him and says, "Wancy, darling, you're the best-looking member of the quintet." As though nothing were happening on the stage, she starts serenading him in a small, whispery voice with "My Funny Valentine," which she sings in a manner



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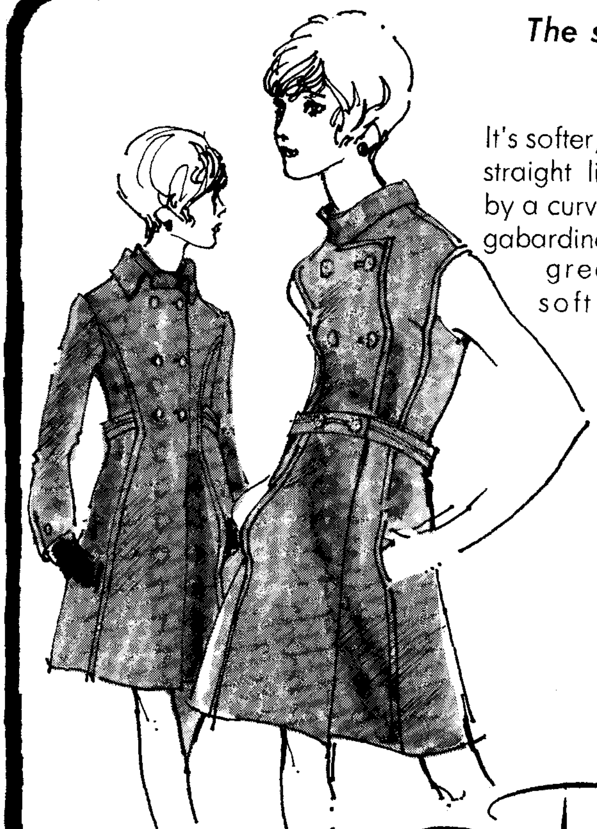

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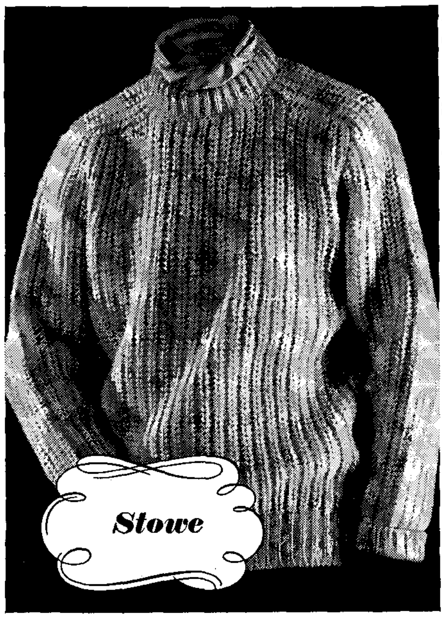

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that exaggerates the song's mawkishness: "My funny, handsome valentine. Sweet, comic, handsome valentine . . ."

While Vivan looks on, amused, Wancy and Asha leave the table and start dancing a few steps. Asha continues her song. The music onstage comes to an abrupt halt. The couple continue to move around the tables, not so much dancing as doing a sort of vaudeville act.

"He's my drummer! He's my drummer!" Braz cries out, his voice cracking with anger. "Asha, I'm sacking Wancy! I'm giving him the sack! He will never play drums at the Venice as long as I am playing here. I will never play with him. You have no respect for the musician if you dance with him. Is it right? Is it right? Is it right that she should dance with my drummer? That she should dance with a musician? Do musicians have no respect? Should respectable musicians dance?"

Asha bursts into tears. Vivan takes her hand. Her crying subsides like a summer storm. Wancy remains fixed in one spot, and makes no effort to defend himself. Balsi tries to pacify Braz, but Braz continues his harangue. He sounds like a betrayed man seeking full revenge. Balsi motions to us to go. I don't understand any of it.

In the taxi, Vivan says to me, "Don't worry. Asha's tears are just one of her nightly routines. It helps soothe her to sleep."

"Has Wancy really been given the sack?" I ask. "What happened to Braz? Every night, he plays for the belly dancer—"

"But a belly dancer's not a musician," Vivan interjects. "Braz just doesn't like the idea of a musician, who should know the value of music, dancing to jazz." He shifts his ground. "Braz's point is that if Wancy is on duty he should not be dancing. If he sacks Wancy tonight, he may be too proud to take him back tomorrow—and Wancy may be too proud to come back." Carefully avoiding any mention of Asha, Vivan goes on to analyze everyone else's conduct. "Since Braz has no opportunity to listen to any other good musicians, he only knows his own little world," he says at one point. "He thinks he is the best, and in that little world he may be the best. But he has therefore got bigheaded. They are all bigheaded."

WHEN Vivan and Asha and I pull up in front of the Venice the following evening, Braz is standing outside smoking a cigarette. Asha, who

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has not eaten all day, sits quite still in the taxi. She conspicuously shuts her eyes, as if making a wish, and then slips out and runs up to Braz.

"Sorry, Asha," Braz says quickly. "I have sacked Wancy, and Balsi has quit with him. I gave Wancy the sack. He will never play at the Venice as long as I'm playing here. I will never play with him."

"Dave Brubeck is always quarrelling with Paul Desmond and making up with him," Vivan says lightly.

Braz starts to say something but stops, takes a drag on his cigarette, and walks away.

Inside, we ask the bearer who shows us to a table about Balsi and Wancy.

"They have moved on," he remarks casually. "Musicians are like that nowadays. You'll soon be able to hear them again. They'll be playing somewhere else."

The musicians take the stage. In appearance, the quintet seems unchanged; in the dark restaurant, two Goans manning the drums and bass could easily pass for Wancy and Balsi.

Asha, with a show of spirit, calls out to the two new musicians to ask whether they can sing. The drummer says he can croon, and Asha persuades him to sing. He does—with the slurred accents of a rock-'n'-roll star. I can make out only one protracted, repeated line: "I wanna a pla-a-ace in your hea-art." When he finishes, Asha goes up and sweetly sings several songs, each more imaginatively than the last, with her large eyes full upon Braz, as if she were a pujari before a graven image.

The end of the evening finds Asha, Vivan, and me plying Casmiro, Xavier, and Braz with drinks in a speakeasy renowned for its undiluted Scotch—at undiluted prices—and the conversation skittishly roaming over every possible subject.

Finally, in the small hours of the morning, Vivan says, "How about it, Braz?"

"I don't like Wancy," Braz says. "He's not a good drummer. He's a no-good drummer. I've never liked him. For a year and a half I have worked with him and I haven't liked him. I am the greatest, and Xavier is next-greatest, and Casmiro—"

"Braz and Wancy have been at each other's throat for a year and a half," Xavier breaks in. "It had to come to a head sooner or later, and his dancing brought it to a head. Wancy was probably just high. Braz, you're very nice, but you have come in high yourself, and I've always said there should be a certain amount of

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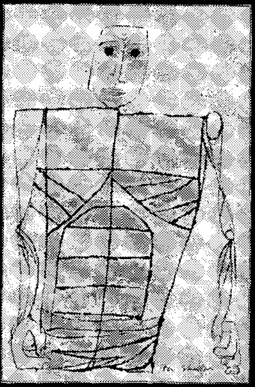

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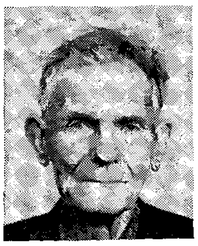

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give-and-take. If only I'd been there last night, perhaps I might have made peace."

"Xavier has made peace dozens of times before," Braz says. "He's the best peacemaker in the world. But this is a question of *respect.*"

ON subsequent evenings, we return to the Venice and we canvass other nightspots, but there is no trace of Balsi or Wancy anywhere. "They may be in Calcutta or Philadelphia," a bearer at the Venice observes. "They may be vacationing in Goa. Who can say? This is Bombay." Another evening, when we drop by the Venice, the same bearer talks in nearly the same vein about Braz and Xavier, who are inexplicably absent from their places. "Xavier? I think he's playing the piano at the Sun 'n Sand, that new hotel a few miles from here, at Juhu Beach. Braz went to Delhi to the Gaylord—or is it the Volga? He has a job there." It isn't important to know which, I think as we wave to Casmiro and leave. At either the Gaylord or the Volga, Braz would be playing "Lemon Tree" or "Mamma Loves Papa, Papa Loves Mamma"—not jazz.

Asha gets her job, and she flies away to London for her training. Vivan gets his Commonwealth Fellowship and is to follow Asha to London, but not until the beginning of the academic year, in the autumn. Meanwhile, he plans to travel around India and paint.

—VED MEHTA

(*This is the second of a series of articles. The third will appear in an early issue.*)

•

John had been quite gracious, I thought, in granting me an interview, he having only recently taken on his new and greater responsibilities. Far less busier men have turned me down.—*Bill Colvin in the Manhattan (Kan.) Mercury.*

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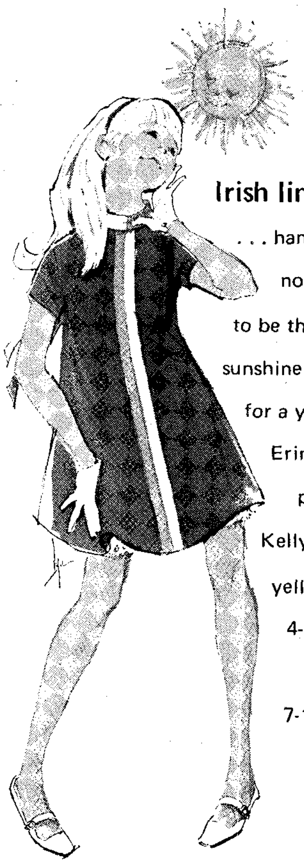

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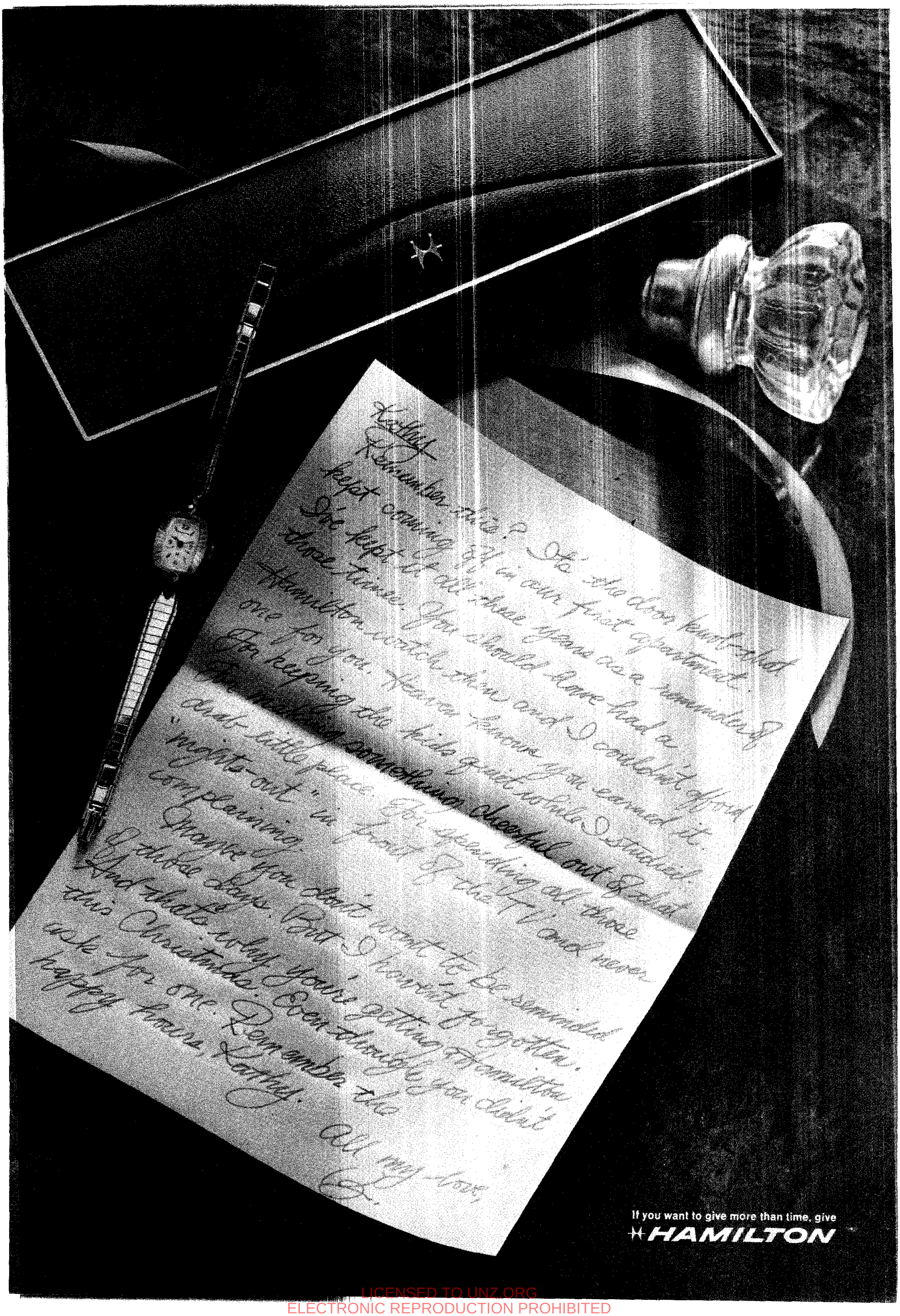

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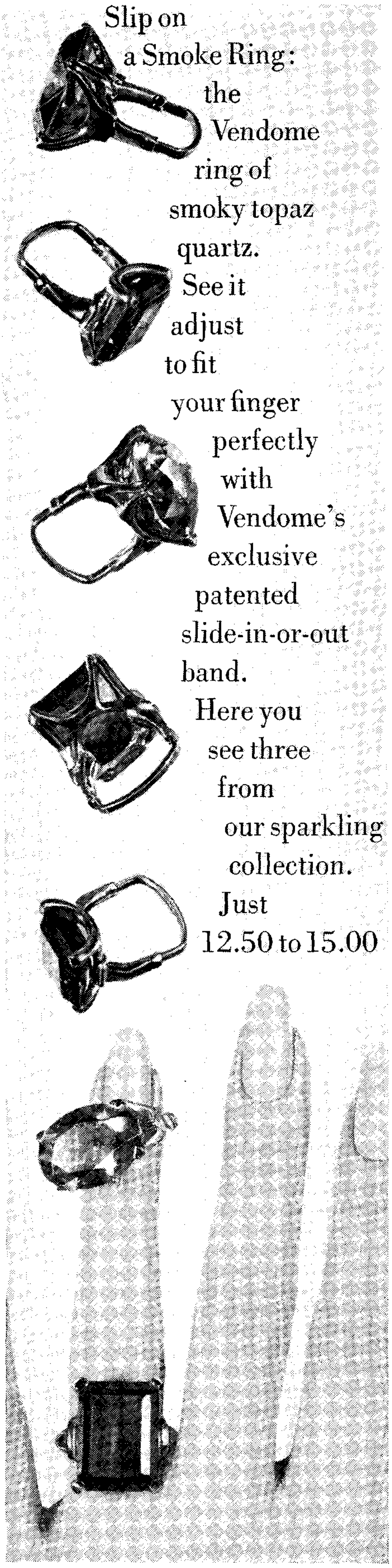
MUSICAL EVENTS

Checkup

KNOWING Herbert von Karajan to be one of the most unpredictable of conductors, I returned to the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday night of last week to take another look at the new production of "Die Walküre." This time all was in order. Mr. von Karajan led a superb performance of the score, and the spotlights fell in the right places with the right intensity, relieving the gloom more effectively than they had the first time around. On this occasion, I happened to be sitting in a box at the rear of the auditorium, and had a somewhat different view of the stage. The ring, which is the principal scenic element in Acts II and III, was obviously designed by Günther Schneider-Siemssen to be seen from above. I could not see the props that held it up, as I could when I sat in the parterre. From my new vantage point, the ring seemed to be floating in space, and the effect was quite striking. The singers, too, sang much better than they did on opening night, possibly because a more relaxed atmosphere prevailed. Birgit Nilsson—wisely, I thought—eliminated the spectacular scoops that she had introduced into Brünnhilde's "Ho-yo-to-ho!"s in the first performance. It was interesting to hear them once, but they do not really fit into the Wagnerian scheme very well. She sang magnificently, and Jon Vickers sounded more like a *Heldentenor* than he had before. In considering these singers, however, one must not be unfair to history. The present cast is—aside from Miss Nilsson—not in any way comparable to those of the Gatti-Casazza and Edward Johnson regimes, when, in addition to Flagstad and Melchior, one was likely to find Emanuel List as Hunding, Friedrich Schorr as Wotan, and either Marjorie Lawrence or Helen Traubel as Sieglinde. But that was when the Metropolitan could easily claim to be he foremost Wagnerian house in the world. The present group is, at any rate, acceptable by today's standards. Walter Berry was the Wotan this time. He makes a somewhat less majestic igure than Thomas Stewart in the ole; in fact, his Wotan was a ather tired and defeated fellow. But he sang well, and, considering that he had ust arrived here and had not had much rehearsal, his acting was excellent. Christa Ludwig was again a good Fricka; Gundula Janowitz was better than before as Sieglinde, disclosing a voice of some power; and Karl Ridderbusch was again a satisfactory Hunding, though his large voice lacks the dark color that is ideal for this role.

LAST Wednesday night, Mr. von Karajan appeared in Carnegie Hall in a different capacity—a capacity difficult to define. Presumably he was appearing as a conductor, in the first of three evenings devoted to the "Brandenburg" Concertos and a few other Bach items. But he did precious little conducting. Some twenty members of the Berlin Philharmonic had been flown in from Germany to perform these works, along with an excellent harpsichordist named Hedwig Bilgram and some other soloists. There were two electronically amplified harpsichords on the stage. Mr. von Karajan's duties seemed to be to wave a hand occasionally at the group, to plunk out the *continuo* at the second harpsichord, and to turn pages for Miss Bilgram. Otherwise, he was a mere ornament, though, to be sure, Mr. von Karajan is unquestionably ornamental. The performances were, as might be expected, of the most cultivated and eloquent kind. There was a solo flutist named Karl-Heinz Zöller who produced a large tone and sustained it in a prodigious manner in Bach's Suite No. 2 in B Minor, Miss Bilgram shone brilliantly in the Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto, and the ensemble in the Third "Brandenburg" Concerto was precise and vigorous. The whole idea of this concert seemed to me slightly silly, however, especially at a ten-dollar top. Any group from the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Boston Symphony, the Cleveland Orchestra, or half a dozen less famous ensembles could have performed these works just as beautifully. No need to send all the way to Germany. And, as I have said, although Mr. von Karajan's name and presence lent glamour to the proceedings, he might just as well not have been there as far as the musical result was concerned. Moreover, the "Brandenburg" Concertos are performed here frequently and well, and are broadcast



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over WQXR almost every other week. In this situation, I found the harpsichords the most interesting feature of the evening, and I went backstage after the concert to talk to Mr. Rolf Drescher, a man who is promoting them. This was the first time they had ever been heard in Carnegie Hall, and the principles of their construction are quite interesting. They are not the first electronically amplified harpsichords in the world, but they are the first to have an extremely elaborate system of amplification, in which each group of fifteen notes has its own independent transistors. The result avoids the distortion that ordinary amplification would produce. The idea, of course, is to make the harpsichord powerful enough in sound to be played effectively in large auditoriums and with large ensembles. I learned from Mr. Drescher that the degree of amplification was fixed at half its full potential the other night—which seemed entirely adequate. No doubt at full throttle it can enable a harpsichord to compete with a full symphony orchestra. The instrument is manufactured by the firm of Kurt Wittmayer, in Wolfratshausen, near Munich.

LAST Tuesday evening, the American Ballet Theatre opened a season at the City Center that will probably produce a great deal of worthwhile ballet. The opening number, called "Concerto," choreographed by Kenneth MacMillan, seemed to me a little under-rehearsed, but it is obviously a good conventional abstract ballet, somewhat in the Balanchine manner, and has such scintillating figures as Lupe Serrano, Sallie Wilson, Royes Fernandez, and Bruce Marks among its soloists. The second number was Antony Tudor's "Undertow," an item that is not new, though it was unfamiliar to me. It has a fine score by William Schuman. Like much of Mr. Tudor's output, it deals with the theme of loneliness. Its hero—he is called the Transgressor—is a young man who is neglected by his parents and who goes out into the wide world and discovers to his surprise that women are sometimes evil, and that these evil women are often pursued by pretty nasty fellows, to whom they succumb just as readily as they would to fine upstanding ones. This situation further deepens the Transgressor's trauma (the worst of it is that evil women are often attractive), and he finally winds up not being interested in women at all. At least, that is the impression I got from the final backdrop, which depicted a woman flying away on a winged horse.

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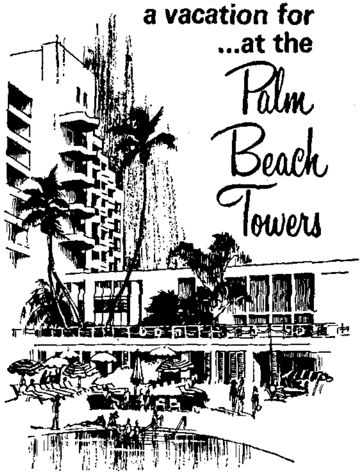

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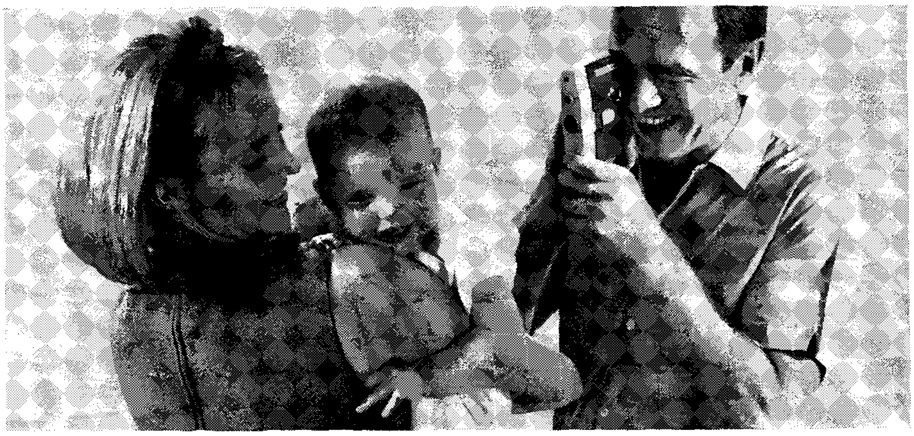
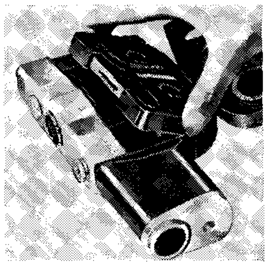
Steven-Jan Hoff danced the principal role ably, getting across the requisite atmosphere of alienation, and he was backed up by a large group of elaborately costumed characters. The ballet was, in effect, a sort of Rake's Non-Progress. Next came "Harbinger," choreographed by Eliot Feld to Prokofieff's Piano Concerto in G. It is another abstract ballet—one that has a quite distinct and original quality of movement. Mr. Feld himself danced one of the roles. The hit of this ballet, though, was the toccata in which Christine Sarry danced with particular brilliance. The program wound up with Frederick Ashton's familiar "Les Patineurs," in which Ted Kivitt, as the Boy in Green, was especially notable.

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ is becoming practically a legendary personage. A couple of hundred years ago, there would have been rumors that he had sold his soul to the Devil in return for a magic keyboard. Once a season, this personage announces—only a few days before the event—that he will come out of retirement and appear in Carnegie Hall. Immediately, all the conductors, musicians, and connoisseurs in town rush to buy tickets and come to hear the great pianist. Exactly fifteen minutes after the announced time for the beginning of the concert, Mr. Horowitz appears onstage—a long, dark, hawk-nosed man who is, however, growing a little thicker around the middle—and the concert begins. So it was a week ago Sunday afternoon. I did not think that the great pianist did full justice to the musical values of Beethoven's Sonata in A Major, Opus 101. The interpretation was not deeply thought out. But the technical side of the performance was absolutely crystalline. Mr. Horowitz played a single wrong note in the middle of a left-hand scale passage, and it stood out like a minute flaw in a diamond. In Chopin's Barcarolle, Opus 60, Nocturne in F Minor, Opus 55, and Polonaise in F Sharp Minor, Opus 44, he played ravishingly, and his fingerwork in the last of these items was of almost unbelievable accuracy and fluency. Then there came the usual group of Scarlatti sonatas, Schumann's Arabesque, Opus 18, three Études-Tableaux by Rachmaninoff, and a good many encores, including his own fantasy on themes from "Carmen"—pretty trashy, and done with a knowing grin, but full of fireworks and memorable just for its sheer speed and virtuosity.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT





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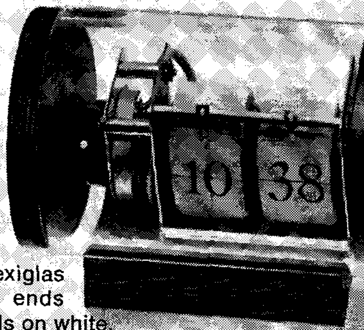

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

Ooty Preserved, by Mollie Panter-Downes (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95*).

A report on Ootacamund, in the Nilgiri Mountains of southern India, where remnants and souvenirs of the town's past as a British hill station still gently intrude on its bustling, vital present. Miss Panter-Downes reconstructs the Victorian, Edwardian, and neo-Georgian "little patch of England that each exile discovered it to be" from her own observations and from conversations with the sprinkling of "Europeans" who chose to stay on after Indian independence.

Lady in the Shower, by Peter Arno (*Simon & Schuster, $4.95*).

An album in which Mr. Arno's imperishable characters, their heartiness intact, can be seen taking part in a number of up-to-the-minute activities with no perceptible signs of strain.

The Smithsonian, by Geoffrey T. Hellman (*Lippincott, $5.95*).

A Profile of Washington's magpie institution, including a history from its founding, in 1846 (on an inexplicable bequest left by an illegitimate son of a Duke of Northumberland), up to the present. On the side, Mr. Hellman provides portraits of its eight Secretaries, nearly all of them men whose eccentricities neatly balanced their dedication to the "Octopus on the Mall."

Snow White, by Donald Barthelme (*Atheneum, $4.50*).

The theme of this novel appears familiar; the variations are anything but. The distractions include lantern slides, Chinese baby-food recipes, lessons in equanimity, and a manual on the care and keeping of the American horsewife.

Animal Gardens, by Emily Hahn (*Doubleday, $6.95*).

A report on animals in captivity, though not necessarily incarcerated behind bars, in public and private zoos on four continents. Miss Hahn does not neglect those members of the genus *Homo sapiens* who own or study or take care of the animals and keep their best interests at heart.

The Chosen One, by Rhys Davies (*Dodd, Mead, $3.95*).

Passions spin the plot of the seven short stories in this collection, shattering the placid routine of their characters and often causing them considerable surprise. The settings are England and the author's native Wales.

The Village of Ben Suc, by Jonathan Schell (*Knopf, $3.95*).

In January, 1967, Ben Suc, a Vietcong stronghold thirty miles upriver from Saigon, was destroyed, and its inhabitants resettled, by the United States Army. This moment-by-moment report, much of it told in official and unofficial conversations (via interpreters), records the effects of the operation.

All Thumbs, by W. Miller (*Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95*).

Cartoons in which men and beasts from legend, history, and all over the map obligingly snap out the catch phrases and act out the fly-by-night notions that fill the air around us. This album is Mr. Miller's first collection. Introduction by Whitney Balliett.

Speak, Memory, by Vladimir Nabokov (*Putnam, $6.75*).

Mr. Nabokov has added some new material and a scattering of family snapshots to this volume of brief memoirs, which originally appeared, under the title "Conclusive Evidence," in 1951.

Yma, Ava; Yma, Abba; Yma, Oona; Yma, Ida; Yma, Aga . . . and Others, by Thomas Meehan (*Simon & Schuster, $4.50*).

Parodies and other casual essays by a humorist who herewith makes his hardcover début in today's film-oriented society. The title piece describes the panic (recollected in tranquillity) of a host whose guests at an imagined cocktail party happen to include a Miss Sumac, a Mr. Eban, a Mrs. Chaplin, and other celebrated vowels.

A Comprehensible World, by Jeremy Bernstein (*Random House, $5.95*).

A quote from Albert Einstein—"The eternal mystery of the world is its comprehensibility"—provides title and theme. In clearing up some of the mysteries that beset us today, Mr. Bernstein, himself a physicist, reports on various scientists at work, many of whom, when the atomic bomb exploded, were forced blinking from their classrooms into the new world they had helped create. He has also included discussions of science fiction and, in a brief memoir of a summer he spent on Corsica, a glimpse of a certain scientist at part-time play.

The French Girls of Killíni, by Arturo Vivante (*Little, Brown, $5.95*).

Twenty-one contemplative, reminiscent short stories. They are set in Italy, Canada, and other places on this continent and in Europe, where the author quite often found himself in love or in danger, or both.

Through the Great City, by Anthony Bailey (*Macmillan, $5.95*).

An environmental report on the stretch of Eastern seaboard from Boston to Washington (one-fifth of our population living on one-fiftieth of our land), based in part on first-hand observations of the cities and the big and little towns and villages that Mr. Bailey drove through in his Jeep, and in part on his talks about urban and other matters with an assortment of people he met en route.

Poems 1957-67, by James Dickey (*Wesleyan, $6.95*).

Mr. Dickey has selected these poems from his four previous anthologies, adding a sizable handful of poems that have never before appeared in book form.

Delinquent Chacha, by Ved Mehta (*Harper & Row, $3.95*).

A novel about the misbehavior of an innocent abroad. The hero is an Indian gentleman—charlatan, crook, and elusive improviser in a tight spot—the setting is mostly London, and the misbehavior is all for the love of a lady. The lady is Britannia, erstwhile Raj.

People in Glass Houses, by Shirley Hazzard (*Knopf, $4.95*).

Connected episodes dealing with obscure tragedies suffered by persons of imagination and good will within the vast bureaucracies of today. The setting is a global institution with headquarters in this city.

Los Angeles, by Christopher Rand (*Oxford, $5*).

A Profile of the sprawling and, to a large extent, man-made oasis on the Pacific edge of the California desert, where motion pictures, which used to be *the* industry, barely get by as *an* industry, having been demoted by the technologists, businessmen, and philosophers of aerospace. Making his rounds of the neighborhoods and suburbs of "the ultimate city," Mr. Rand sorts out its special qualities from those it holds in common with other American cities.

The Goodbye Land, by Jose Yglesias (*Pantheon, $4.95*).

An account by an American writer of a journey he took back where he had never been—to the mountains of Galicia, in Spain—in order to find out the circumstances of his father's death, and, once there, to discover his relatives and strengthen his roots.

The Shorebirds of North America, by Peter Matthiessen (*Viking, $22.50*).

This report opens at Sagaponack, Long Island, and moves, along with the birds, as far afield as South America and the Northern tundra. Mr. Matthiessen concedes that the objects of his affection (and of his ornithological inquiry) rate low on brains, but the fact that so many of them have managed to survive the depredations of nature and elude the birdshot of men almost belies him. Technical appendix by Ralph S. Palmer, and many handsome illustrations in color by Robert Verity Clem.

Oranges, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50*).

A dissertation—historical, geographical, botanical, and anecdotal—on the juicy fruit through the ages, combined with a report on a pilgrimage that Mr. McPhee made to Florida (an all but hopeless quest for a glass of fresh-squeezed instead of frozen), during which he met and talked with orange growers and exporters and processors. There is a glancing reference or two to California.

The Great Dreadnought, by Richard Hough (*Harper & Row, $4.95*).

The biography, from launching (Newcastle upon Tyne, 1913) to dismantling (Newcastle upon Tyne, 1922), of H.M.S. Agincourt, née Rio de Janeiro. In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, she became the largest battleship in the British Navy during the First World War, and acquitted herself well at Jutland.

American Jews in Israel, by Harold R. Isaacs (*John Day, $5.95*).

A sociological study of a sampling taken from thousands of pioneers in a new land, many of them known, to even their own confusion, as "Anglo-Saxons." Mr. Isaacs covers their occupations and problems and the complex feelings they must deal with as they clip their ties to such spots in the Old Country as Baltimore, the Bronx, Boston, and Pittsburgh.

Oomingmak, by Peter Matthiessen (*Hastings House, $3.95*).

A study in courage—the courage to resist capture, the courage to endure, and the courage to die—in the form of a report on the noble musk ox and on an expedition to Nunivak Island, in the Bering Sea, where the author joined a group of hunters whose purpose it was to bring a few members of the breed back alive.

A Prelude, by Edmund Wilson (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.50*).

A portrait of the critic as a young man, from the age of thirteen to the age of twenty-four, in entries from the first volume of his journals, with emendations, footnotes, and comment by the critic at seventy-one. Included are a sampling of verses he wrote at school and at Princeton, a couple of early short stories, and photographs of friends and relations.

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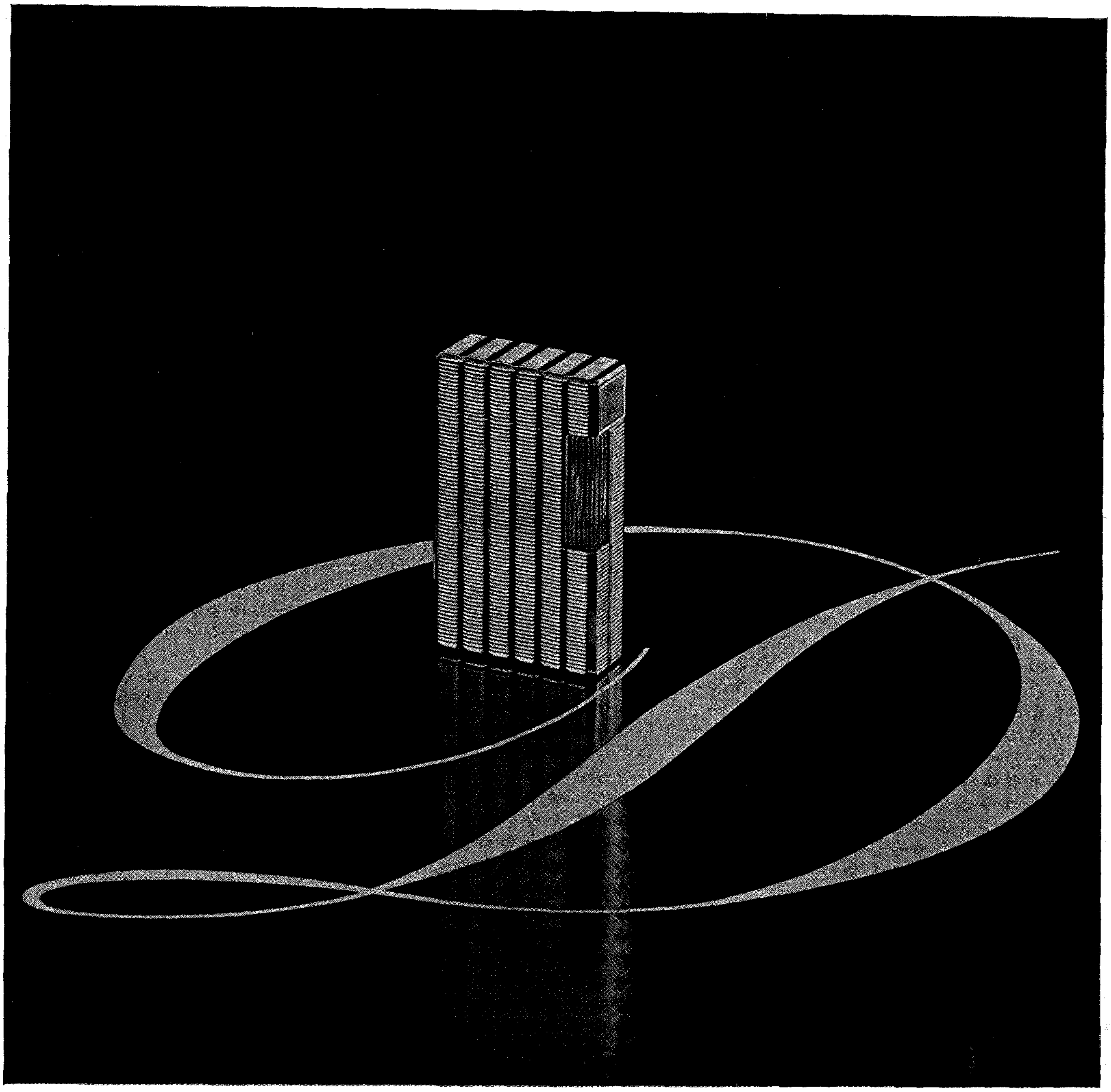

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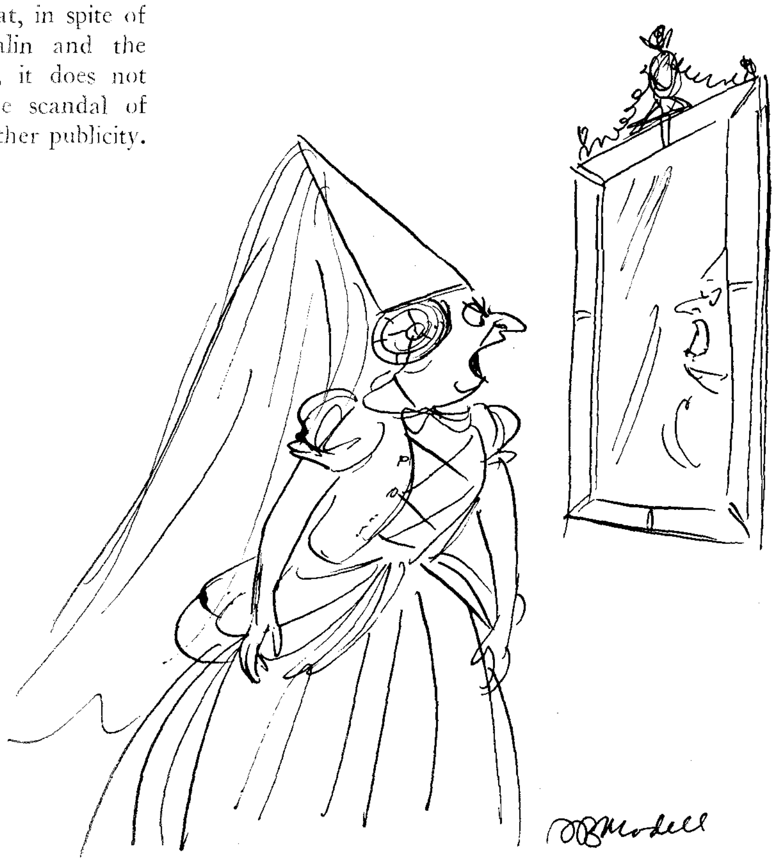
BOOKS

Two Soviet Households

TWO years ago, there appeared in Paris, under the imprint of the Librairie des Cinq Continents, the Russian text of a short novel called "Opustely Dom," by Lydia Chukovskaya, the daughter of Kornei Chukovsky, the well-known translator and critic and a pioneer in Russia of the English kind of nonsense rhymes for children. The Chukovskys seem today to occupy a unique position in Russia. Chukovsky, now eighty-five, has managed to survive the purges and to maintain his high reputation. He has recently published an amusing book on the deterioration of language in Soviet Russia—both by way of increasing vulgarities of usage and by way of the official bureaucratic jargon from which the Russians, it seems, have come to suffer as much as we Americans do. His daughter has recently distinguished herself by her courage in addressing to Mikhail Sholokhov an indignant open letter in which she denounced him for his rabid attack on the writers Daniel and Sinyavsky, whose sentences to hard labor and banishment he seemed to think too indulgent. The government has refused publication of her novel, which deals with the cruelties of the purges, on the ground that, in spite of the downgrading of Stalin and the pardoning of his victims, it does not for the present want the scandal of those years given any further publicity. The book has, however, been published in French and has now been translated into English under the title "The Deserted House" (Dutton). It was written just after the events it describes, in the winter of 1939-40, and is a remarkable exercise in incisive and disciplined narrative. I should not be surprised if it became a Russian classic.

"The Deserted House" is the story of the widow of a Leningrad doctor, who has been living, as accommodations in Russia go, in comfortable circumstances, although since her husband's death, not long after the Revolution, she has had to share her apartment with other people. They have elected her, however, apartment head. She has learned to type and found a job in one of the publishing houses, where she is now at the head of the typing department. She takes great satisfaction in her work and is animated, like so many others, by devotion to the service of the Soviets. She believes what she reads in the papers, and her son, her only child, is even more single-mindedly dedicated. Kolya lives with his mother until he is sent away to the Ural Engineering Works. She misses him but is made very proud when someone shows her his photograph on the front page of *Pravda*. He has invented a new kind of cogwheel cutter. But then, after the murder of Kirov, the progress of Soviet improvement seems to be going wrong. Two old friends of Olga Petrovna's are inexplicably arrested. What could they have had to do with this murder? "Everywhere there is more and more talk of Fascists, spies, terrorists, and arrests. . . . Just think, these scoundrels wanted to murder our beloved Stalin. It was they, it turned out, who had murdered Kirov. They have been causing explosions in mines and the derailing of trains. And there has been hardly any establishment in which they have not placed their henchmen." The director of the publishing house—whom she had thought such a nice man—suddenly disappears, and the papers in his office are rifled.

What follows is the gruesome period of terror, suspicion, and informing that continued through the late thirties. Olga Petrovna loses touch with her son, and though she waits for hours and days in queues and applies to various officials, she cannot find out anything about him. She is hard put to it to think up explanations, and she is naïve enough to write to Stalin. At last she is told that her son has confessed to being a terrorist and has been exiled for ten years. Her best friend, who has been fired from the bureau, poisons herself with veronal. She had been charged by the Party Organizer, who is the watchdog in the office for the secret police, of having blasphemed against the Red Army by writing, through a slip in typing, *Krysinaya* (Rat) instead of *Krasnaya* (Red) *Armiya*. At a meeting of denunciation, Olga Petrovna calls attention to the fact that her friend did not write *Krysinaya*, the adjective from *rat*, but actually only *Krysnaya*, which meant nothing—on account of these two vowels' being close to one another on the typewriter. She had already been under suspicion on account of her father's having been a colonel in the old army, and she had therefore been excluded from the Komsomol. But the lame and sullen Party Organizer, who is now immensely enjoying himself, will not accept this explanation. (Having thus given up his colleagues, he is soon arrested himself.) And now Olga Petrovna is dismissed from the bureau for having spoken in defense of her friend. She is sunk in despair; by the people in her flat she is treated now as a pariah. She has a hallucination in which she thinks that her son has reappeared. But at last he does succeed in getting a letter out to her. He explains that he had confessed



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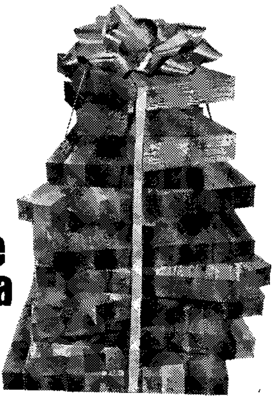

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because he had been beaten into it; he has lost the hearing of one ear. A friend whose husband has been deported and who is now being deported to a different place, with no prospect of making a living there, tells Olga for God's sake not to make an appeal to the authorities: it would get both her and Kolya into worse trouble to report that he has been beaten into a false confession! All she can do is go back to her room and immediately burn the letter. There is no hope of rescuing her son, no way out of her own ostracization.

It is bound to occur to the reader that Olga Petrovna, for an educated woman, has been rather remarkably obtuse, and it is clear that certain of her friends have had a more bitter reaction and a glimmer of comprehension as to what has been going on, but they would hardly dare to talk about it. Yet may there not in the Soviet Union have been many such Olga Petrovnas? Harrison Salisbury, in an article in the New York *Times*, tells of a literary woman, Galina Serebryakova, both of whose husbands were liquidated—one a former Ambassador to London—and who spent twenty years in prison camps without ever suspecting that these men had not been guilty of the crimes of which they were accused. How many of our Soviet sympathizers continued for long to believe in the plots that Stalin was supposed to be punishing? Who could imagine, in the West and among Westernized Russians, that so important a ruler as Stalin could not only have gone insane but could have proceeded, with no restraint, to make so wholesale a holocaust of millions of people who opposed or were suspected of opposing him?

AND what about the household of the despot who was causing all this torment and terrified chaos? You had here, also, disappearances, suicides, and incomprehension as to what was happening. Those revelations of Stalin's daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva, which can be used for arresting headlines, are already pretty well known through the excerpts from her memoirs which have been published in the *Times*. The two installments in *Life* did more justice to the family story, but it is a pity that these memoirs should first have appeared in this scattered and fragmentary form. Many people found them disappointing and neglected to read the book, but it is only from the full text, "Twenty Letters to a Friend," now published by Harper & Row, that one can get any real impression of the life

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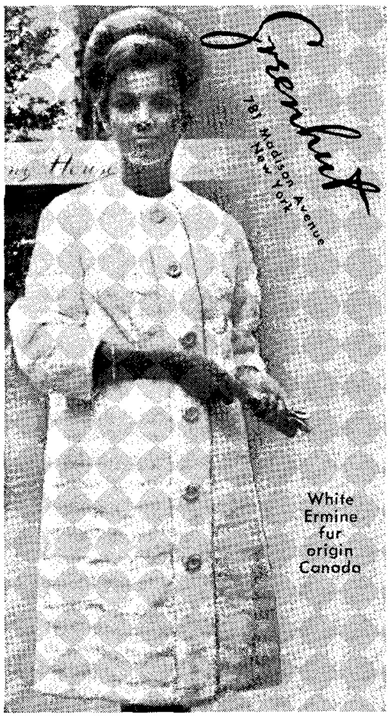

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and personality of Svetlana. The childhood that she spent at Zubalovo, an estate which had once belonged to a rich oilman against whose operations her father had at one time led strikes, does not in some ways seem so much different from the life of a well-to-do family under the old regime. The children had governesses and tutors, though they were not supposed to call them so, and they were made to learn foreign languages. There were rides along fir-planted drives and the gathering of mushrooms in a birch grove that seems to be inevitable in Russian memoirs. The relatives of her mother's family and the family of Stalin's first wife were always in and out of the house, and her father's official associates are made to seem extremely genial: Bukharin, who brought them pet hedgehogs, as the young princess in "The Idiot" did Myshkin; Budyonny, who played the accordion and sang Russian and Ukrainian songs, in which Papa Stalin joined; Ordzhonikidze, whose wife became a great friend of Svetlana's mother. There were picnics with Yenukidze, Mikoyan, and Molotov. There was the classic figure of the Russian nurse who remained with the family all her life—a prop of common sense and devoted love, enduring through all vicissitudes. In a passage which has unaccountably been left out of the English translation, Svetlana declares that "In our century of momentary changes and precipitate metamorphoses it is exceptional and gratifying to find constancy and strong family traditions—when they have somewhere been preserved." This sentence is significant, since it emphasizes the difference between the conditions of Svetlana's childhood and those after her mother's suicide, when her father abandoned the family and the government employees descended on them.

But the original difference from the old regime was that everybody, like the family in Chukovskaya's story, was working for the Revolution. That some of her relatives were Chekists would not have disturbed the young Svetlana, because, from the point of view of the milieu in which she grew up, they were brave fighters against the class enemy. And her grandfather, the father of Svetlana's mother, was an electrical engineer who built the Shatura power station; her uncle Pavel was a military attaché to a Soviet trade mission in Germany; her mother, still a young woman, was a student at the Industrial Academy at the same time that she kept up her music and French. They belonged, in fact, like most of the Com-

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munist leaders, to the more or less cosmopolitan and very well-educated intelligentsia who had mainly made the Revolution—that group to which Stalin had never belonged and which he envied, came eventually to hate, and did his best to exterminate. Stalin's first break with this group as represented by his wife's family occurred in 1932, when Svetlana's mother committed suicide. She had been treated by Stalin with much rudeness at a banquet in celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the October Revolution. She never drank, because alcohol was bad for her, and Stalin roughly ordered her to drink. Nadya left the table and went home and shot herself, leaving, as Svetlana was eventually told, a letter of indictment against him—political as well as personal. She had been married only seven years. Her Aunt Anna later explained to Svetlana that her mother and father had begun to quarrel as early as 1926 and that her mother had wanted to leave him. But at the time of her mother's death, Svetlana had been only told that her mother had died suddenly of appendicitis, and she did not find out what had actually happened until, very much later in life, she read in some magazine published in the English-speaking world that her mother was a suicide. After this, for the first time, she began to dare to doubt her father. She now believes that he was shocked and bewildered at having thus been betrayed by the defection of his wife, whose loyalty he had taken for granted. He did not go to her funeral and would not visit her grave. He ridiculously blamed her death on that "filthy book," Michael Arlen's once-fashionable "Green Hat"—but it is hard to see what Party worker Nadya could be thought to have had in common with Arlen's heroine of the dissipated twenties, the promiscuous Iris March, though the latter did kill herself. Could Stalin really have read Michael Arlen? He also became suspicious of Nadya's brother and sister, who he thought must have set her against him, and this suspicion of her family grew. He came rarely now to Zubalovo, and the family no longer got on well together. The atmosphere of old Russia faded. The servants were dismissed and the place was taken over by state employees, who, in an effort to convert the old-fashioned estate into a replica of another place which Stalin had now made his home, pulled up the bird-cherry and lilac bushes and covered the sandy roads with gray asphalt. They behaved "as if we did not exist. Most

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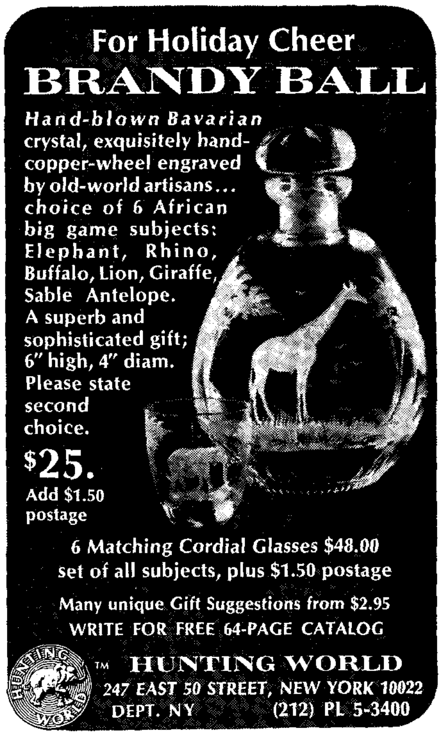
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of them were often changed; we never had time to get used to them nor did they get used to us, and feeling that the 'Master' lived apart from the family and did not evidently care much about them, the 'helpers' were not at all amiable."

Having decided that Nadya's family and his first wife's family were against him, Stalin now had Nadya's brother-in-law shot, and the brother of his first wife, who had stubbornly refused to "confess," first exiled—upon hearing which his wife fell dead—and afterward executed. Yenukidze, Nadya Stalin's godfather, disappeared, denounced as "an enemy of the people;" Ordzhonikidze shot himself; Bukharin was executed. Svetlana, who wants to do her best for her father, has convinced herself that Beria was the demon who led him on into the ever-expanding suspicions that brought on the proscriptions of the purges. No one in the family, she says, had ever liked Beria; her mother had not wanted him in the house. She suggests that it was he and not Stalin who, to settle an old score, had Kirov assassinated; she is unable to bring herself to believe that her father should have had this old friend killed. But, as other reviewers have pointed out, there had already been Yezhov and Yagoda as head hangmen for the secret police before Beria came up from Transcaucasia. Svetlana prints the curious letters that were written to her by her father and accompanied by pineapples and tangerines—in which he whimsically calls himself her secretary, makes her give him orders, and replies to her, "I submit"—and she tells of her grief at his death, at which she was summoned to be present. But she says that in her father's last years she found it very hard to get to see him and that when she visited him at his dacha she found it extremely painful because it was so difficult to talk to him. She does not see how he could have taken seriously the apotheosis that became official. She thinks that it was all "the system, in which he himself was held prisoner, in which he himself was stifling, from lack of companionship, from loneliness, from emptiness."

THERE is so much more of interest in these memoirs, and they have already been so much written about, that there is no point in trying to summarize the whole story. Alliluyeva is particularly interesting on the attitude of her father toward his Georgian origins. Her mother's family were also mainly Georgian, and they took their Georgian background for granted and were very

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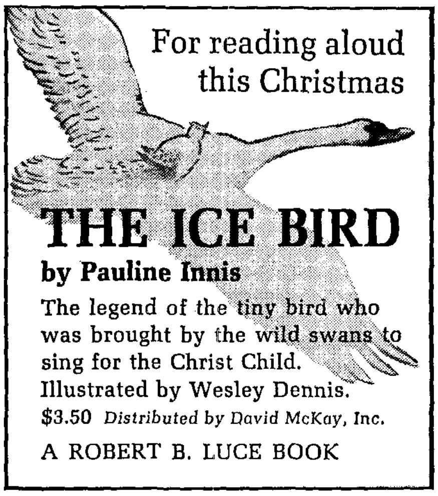
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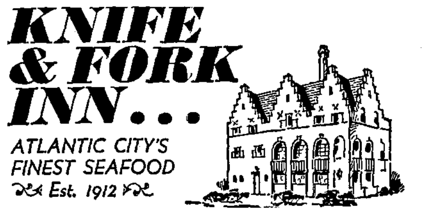
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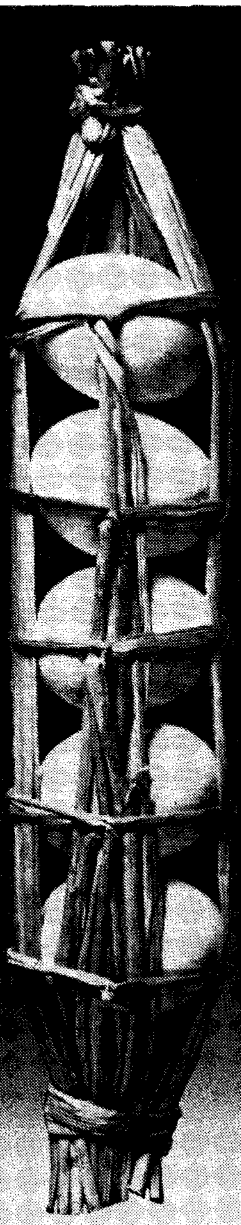
much attached to their old Caucasian home. But her father, the ruler of Russia, wanted to be known as a Russian. It will be remembered that his conflict with Lenin, just before the latter's death, was provoked by the problem of the treatment of the minority peoples in the Soviet Union, whom Lenin wanted to handle with tolerance but whom Stalin insisted on dragooning. He would be furious when delegations from Georgia arrived and, according to Georgian custom, presented him with magnificent gifts. One of Svetlana's brothers said to her, when they were children, "Did you know that Papa used to be a Georgian?" The novelist Leonid Leonov, according to Harrison Salisbury, thinks that Stalin was actually afraid of Russia because he felt himself an alien there. I happened to be in Moscow in 1935, when Stalin gave his first broadcast. It was awaited with much curiosity and received with dissatisfaction. He may have deferred it so long for the reason that he feared this unfavorable effect. He did not seem to the Russians one of them, because he still had a lisping Georgian accent.

POOR Svetlana has been subjected to an all but overwhelming vulgarization, which is a disgrace to the Western press and television, eager for exploitation of what they regard as the sensational aspects of the case, and to the Soviet public-relations departments, perhaps at this time more anxious about the "image" of themselves to be foisted on their own people than about even that of the Soviet Union to be projected abroad. One of the highest-ranking Soviet agents, Victor Louis, has been sent out to Western Europe peddling a version of Svetlana's text, which she had left behind in Russia and which she has subsequently somewhat cut before allowing her memoirs to be published. The reason for dispatching Louis to try to get the uncut version published is apparently, in accordance with the traditional Russian strategy of deliberately confusing any question which is likely to become embarrassing, to neutralize the imagined hostile efforts on the part of the non-Communist world to throw cold water on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the October Revolution. The Russians have been assuming that the publication of the memoirs was to come as a climax to these efforts, and have attempted to bring pressure on our government to get this publication delayed. Though there is nothing in the memoirs that is critical of the Revolution it-



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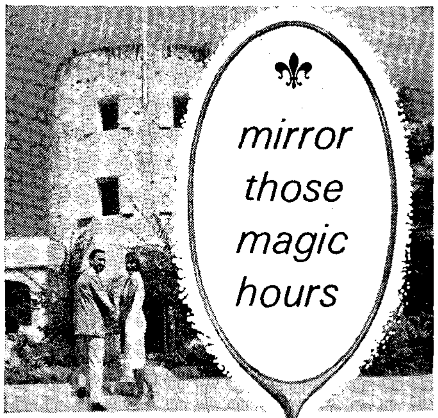

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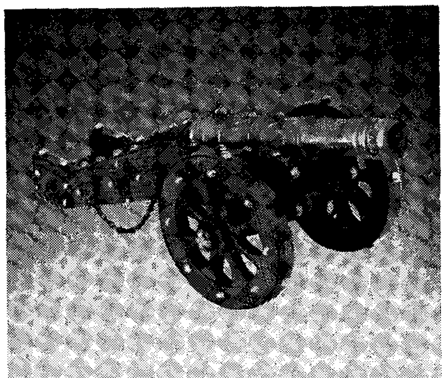

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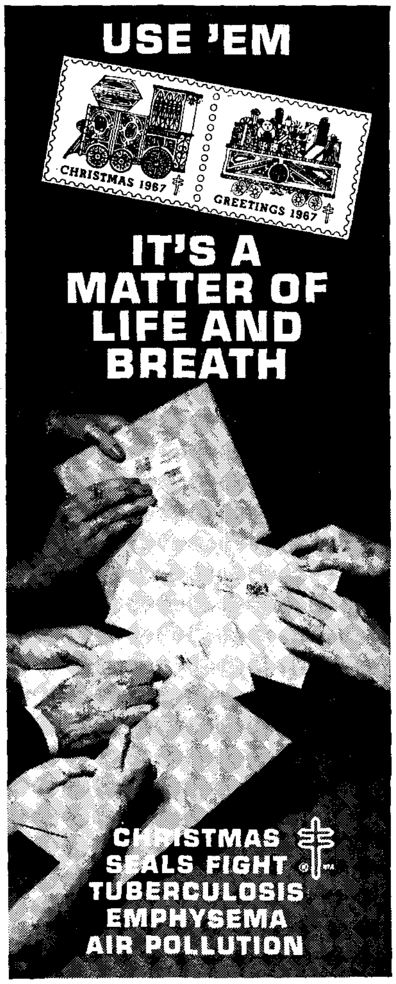
self, Svetlana is an outspoken defector, who has declared, since she has been in the United States, her disapproval of what she calls "the system." But the British and American and German papers which had bought her self-edited text have been in a position legally to prevent Louis's customers from printing the other text, and what have appeared in these latter periodicals are unsigned résumés, which in Germany, at any rate, have been presented in such a misleading way as to cast doubts on Svetlana's veracity. Svetlana, in one of her interviews, has declared that these contain statements which she herself has never made. The first installment in *Stern* is headed *"Mein Vater war ein guter Mensch,"* though Svetlana has amply acknowledged the cold-blooded brutality of which her father was capable. The second, reporting an interview with Khrushchev, is headed with what purports to be a quotation from him (*"Hier irrt Svetlana Stalin"*) and makes him refute an assertion never made by Stalin's daughter—that her father had a great love of nature—by declaring that he had never looked at nature except in the films, where the kolkhozes were prettified for propaganda. What she had really said was no more than that, at Zubalovo, he had shown a peasant's interest in having his orchards and vegetables well cared for. The third of these installments includes an interview with her children which contains no actual denials but is headed *"Mutter ist ein bisschen durcheinander."*

All these articles are illustrated by photographs, some of them not very attractive, which have been confiscated by the Soviets from family albums and sold not only to *Stern* but also to *Life* and the *Times*. The American television interviews with Svetlana—a strikingly handsome woman in perfect possession of herself and quite able to parry questions in English—seemed tainted by a kind of hostility, by an impulse to degrade their subject. A popular line had been that she was doing it all for money—though the contract with Harper & Row had apparently been made by her lawyer without her knowing much about such matters—and this cynicism has been shaken only by the announcement that she has now given, as she announced she was going to do, large sums to organizations for the relief of exiled Russians. The low point of the degrading process has been reached by an article in *Esquire*, which is announced on the cover by a huge photograph of Svetlana painted with Stalin's mustache like a befouled poster in the subway and which, under an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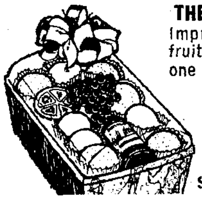

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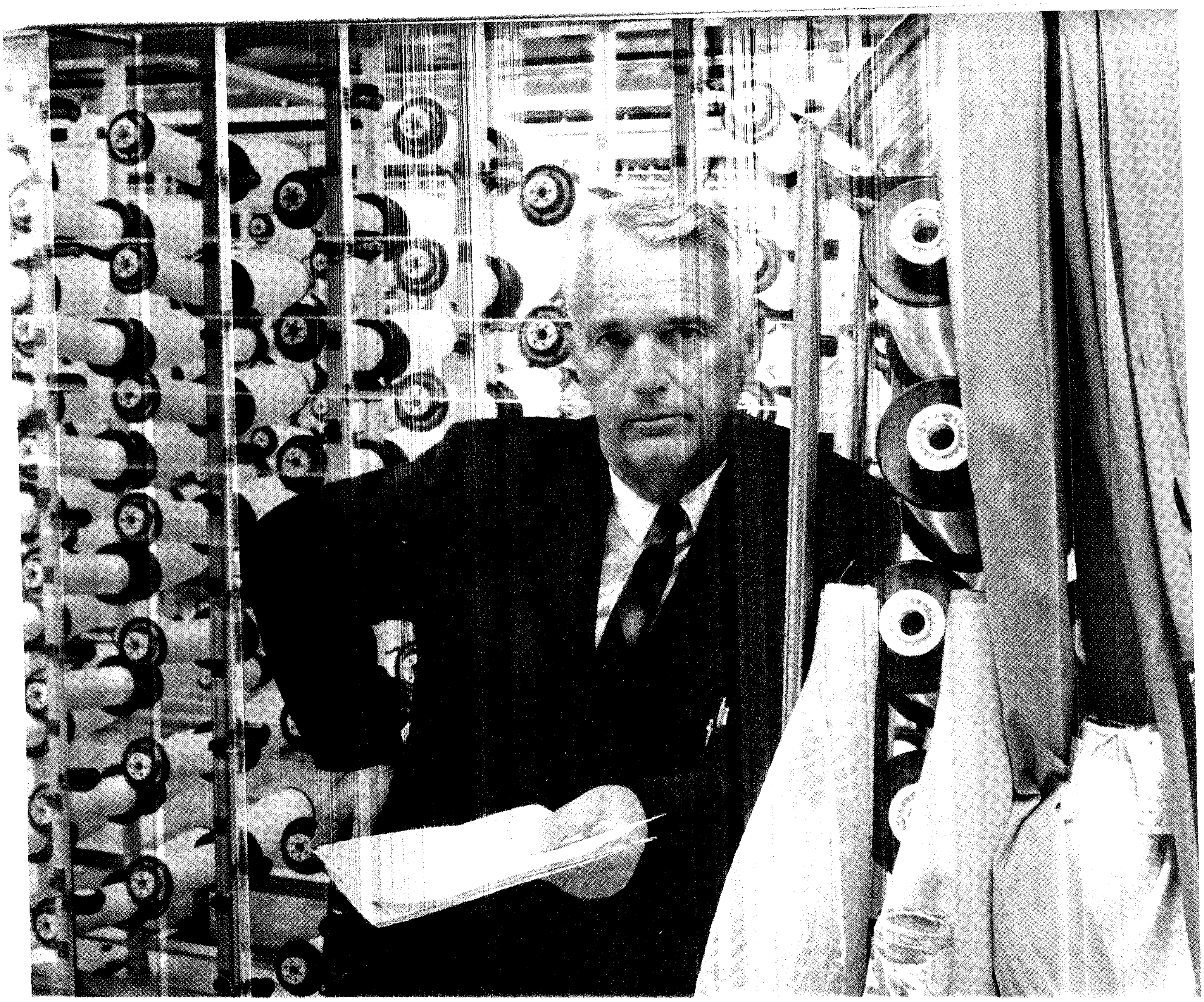

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Thus America has exploited Svetlana and at the same time accused her of exploiting herself. The Soviets denounce her as a traitor and a tool of the United States, and intimate that she is off her head, while the more fantastic White Russian émigrés, who do not want to believe that the daughter of Stalin can have anything good about her, declare variously that her sojourn in Switzerland was for the purpose of collecting money that her father had stashed away there and that her interest in religion is an impudent pretense, since she is really a Soviet spy. The last idea that any of these critics seems to be able to entertain is that her religious convictions are sincere and that she may have left the Soviet Union with something like a sense of mission—to repudiate her father's "system" and to try to make amends to the world for his crimes. No one seems to ask himself what it would be like to be Stalin's daughter, brought up on the gospel of the class struggle and later a witness to the horrors that this gospel was made to produce, and at the same time to find oneself a serious, affectionate, and spiritually minded woman—I cannot find any better phrase for a non-Hindu adherent to Buddhism—in an officially atheist country dominated by Marxist cant, whose government hampered her movements and tried to curb the expression of her thought. Why are the motives imagined for her so often only sordid ones?

And I regret to report that the vulgarization to which she has been subjected has hardly been mitigated in the English translation supplied by Mrs. Priscilla Johnson McMillan. I was in doubt, when I began comparing passages of this with Alliluyeva's Russian text (also published by Harper & Row), whether the trouble was that Mrs. McMillan did not know Russian well enough; but I soon came to realize that what threw everything off was that the translator had simply no literary sense—no sense of tone, phrasing, language. Hence low-grade English and off-track inaccuracy where Svetlana is dignified and perfectly clear. "My mother for some reason went to Karlovy Vary" appears as "One time my mother went to Karlovy Vary." "I keep on living, as I did ten years ago, outwardly one life, inwardly quite another." The last phrase is rendered by Mrs. McMillan as "something quite

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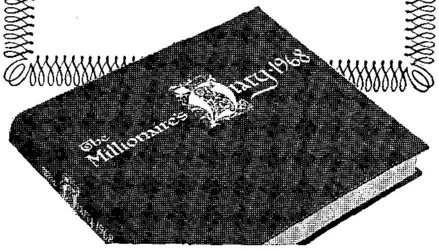

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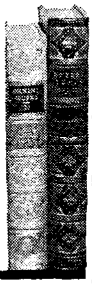

else again"—all right for a Broadway columnist but not for a literate woman. One paragraph in the translation is made to begin as follows—"My mother, on the other hand, refused to go to the Academy in a car or even let on to the other students who she was" (Russian: "Mama was embarrassed to drive in a car to the Academy, she was embarrassed to say there who she was")—and to end "She did her best to adhere to these standards because they suited her, her parents and the other members of her family and because that was how she'd been raised" (Russian: " . . . because they were close to her own, to her family, to her relatives, and to her upbringing"). The abominable phrase "picked on" is used first for what would be better translated "*persecuted;*" then, in speaking of Stalin's treatment of his son, "and in general *behaved like a pigheaded brute*." The important incident of the banquet which resulted in her mother's suicide is made to seem somewhat more violent than it is in Svetlana's account. Translation: "And when the spring uncoiled at last, it did so with ferocious force. What caused the spring to give, the immediate occasion, was trivial in itself, so trivial one would have said it happened for no reason at all. It was a minor falling out at a banquet in honor of the fifteenth anniversary of the October Revolution. My father merely said to her, 'Hey, you. Have a drink!' My mother screamed, 'Don't you dare "Hey" me!' And in front of everyone she got up and ran from the table." There is nothing about screaming or running in the Russian, which would be better translated: "The spring was to fly apart [there is nothing about its being coiled, which would hardly be an appropriate metaphor for the kind of pressure applied] with terrific force [why "ferocious"? Nadya was not ferocious]. This is how it happened. The occasion was not in itself important, and it did not make upon anyone any special impression—the kind of thing of which one would have said [or, of which it was said] that it happened 'for no reason at all.' It was merely a small enough spat at a banquet in celebration, etc. . . . My father merely said to her, 'Hey, you, drink!' [The occasion for this was undoubtedly one of those tiresome innumerable toasts that one is forced to drink at Soviet banquets. He would hardly have said, "Have a drink!"] And she merely burst out, 'I'm not "Hey" to you'—and, in the presence of everyone, got up from the table and left." Mrs. McMillan invariably writes such colloquial contractions

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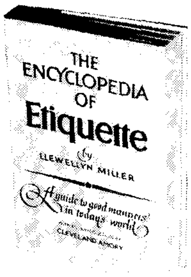

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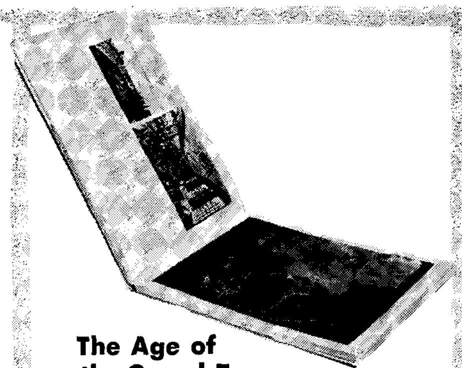

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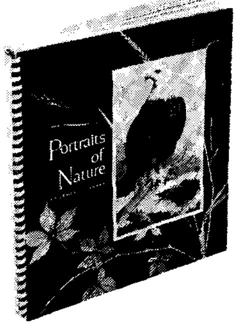

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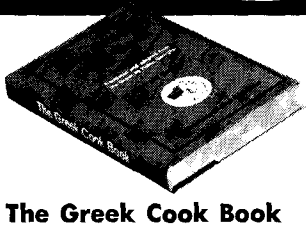

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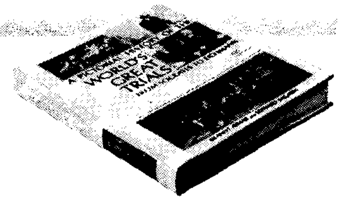

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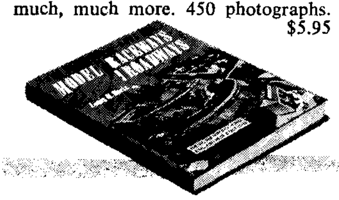

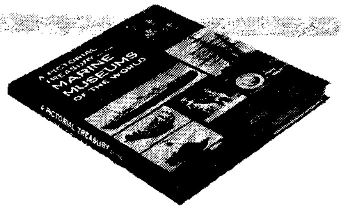

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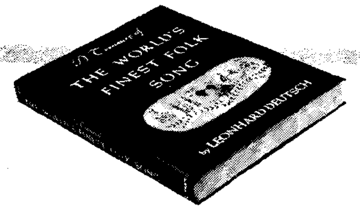

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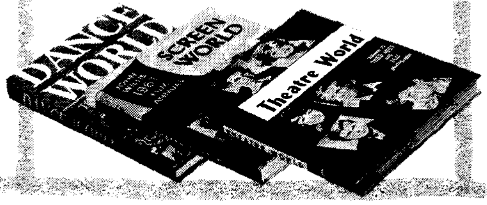

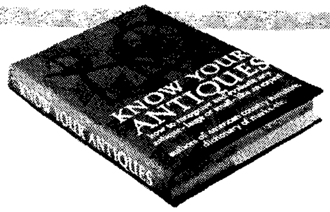

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as "don't" and "that's" and "weren't," which have no equivalents in Russian and let down the sobriety of Svetlana's style. The worst of these contractions is "it'd," which no literate person would write, or even say in conversation. And she deprives the Russian relatives of their nicknames and patronymics in a way that makes the description of an intellectual Russian family sound rather odd. It may be added that since the book is a historical document and the chronology is somewhat confused, an index should have been provided.

The translation by Aline B. Werth of "The Deserted House," on the other hand, is neat and clear and accurate—although she, too, writes contractions which are out of place in literary narrative—and fills in for the foreign reader some of those boring abbreviations, such as *Partog* and *Uralmash,* that may otherwise present him with blanks.

—EDMUND WILSON

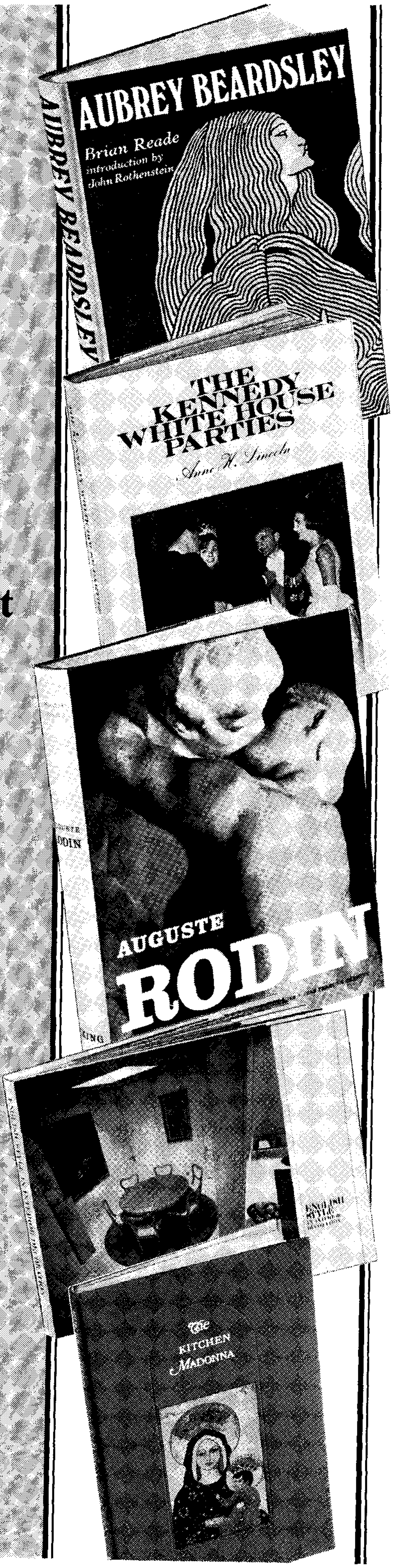
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A HAPPY ENDING, by Jean Detre (Simon & Schuster). This first novel about an aged man who finds happiness through the affection and respect he feels for a woman half his age is very believable as long as Mrs. Detre keeps her story in Clearwater, Florida, where wealthy Mr. Isadore Rose, a widower, spends his winters in ill health and ill temper in a villa with servants, tormented by his well-meaning but domineering sister-in-law, who has her own villa not far away. A companion, Mrs. William Sweet, is found for Mr. Rose, and his life changes, pleasantly but not very believably, as he sets out to travel for the first time in his life, ending up far from home among Bedouin tribesmen, who show him that there is more to dying than just lying down and closing one's eyes.

GENERAL

DELMONICO'S: A CENTURY OF SPLENDOR, by Lately Thomas (Houghton Mifflin). The author, who has also written an excellent biography of Sam Ward, the American lobbyist and gourmet, tells the story of the first great restaurant in the United States—a family business that was founded, like so many of the world's five-star establishments, by a Swiss (in New York City in 1837). The first Delmonicos, as foreigners, appreciated far more than did native Americans the abundance,



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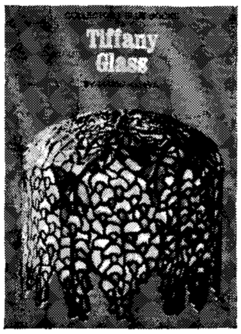

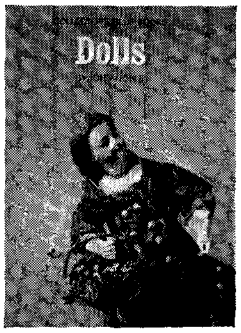

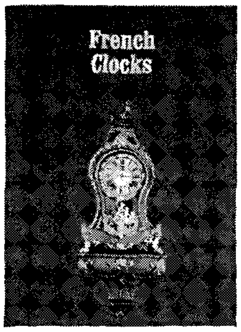

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TIBET, by Giuseppe Tucci, translated from the Italian by J. E. Stapleton Driver (Stein & Day). A beautiful big picture book on Tibet, with an authoritative text by Professor Tucci, an Italian Orientalist who has made eight visits to the country he calls "a kind of miraculous medieval survival." Along with giving an extensive account of Tibetan history, religion, and the amazingly decorative and overblown art, Professor Tucci answers questions that we might not have thought to ask, such as what modern Tibetans do in the evening (the rich play dice or dominoes, the poor ask each other verse riddles). Superb photographs by Wim Swaan, Edwin Smith, and others, many in color. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE AGE OF THE GRAND TOUR (Crown). A gift book with a vengeance, the vengeance being that the book measures, when fully opened, almost thirty-eight inches across—too big for one set of knees, and perhaps even for two. Nevertheless, the book's cumbersomeness is justified; the opulent scale on which it has been produced is ideally suited to its purpose, which is to provide a series of brief, playful, and yet instructive glimpses of the Age of the Grand Tour, as seen through the eyes of such exemplary Grand Tourists as Sterne, Smollett, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Boswell, Gibbon, Hazlitt, Mme. de Staël, Byron, and Stendhal. Their entertaining accounts of the Age (whose limits have been arbitrarily fixed at 1720 and 1820) are accompanied by an exceptionally diverse assortment of maps and odd sketches, and by paintings—printed full-page and mostly in color—by Tiepolo, Watteau, Bel-

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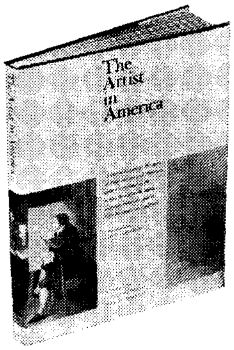
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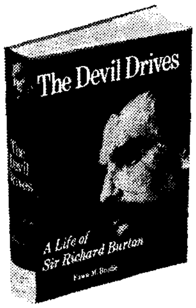
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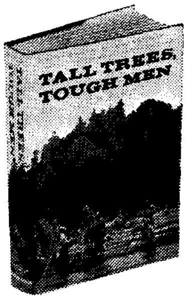
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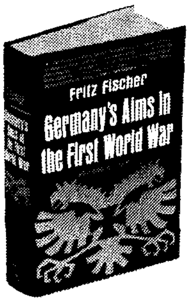
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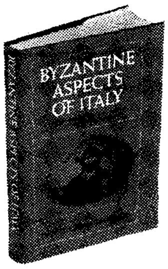
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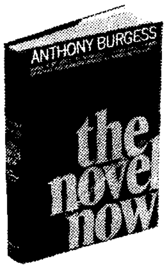
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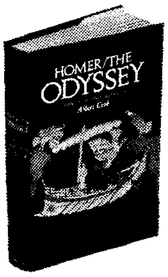
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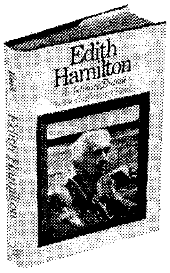
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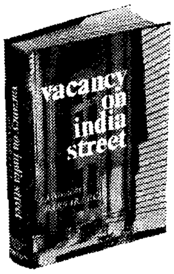
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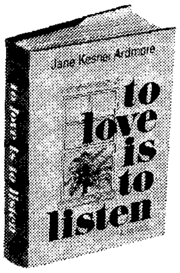
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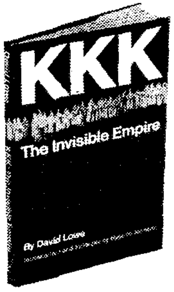
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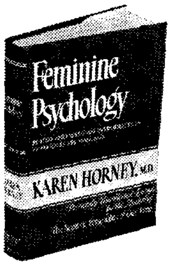
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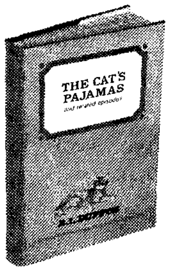
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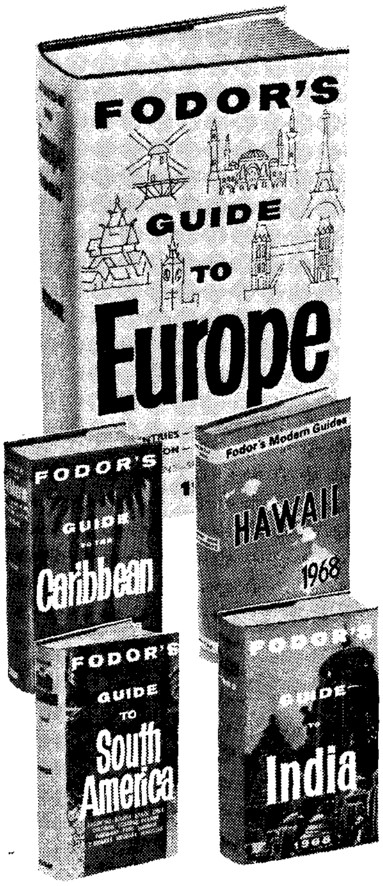
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lotto, Canaletto, and Zocchi, among many others. Anthony Burgess has contributed a characteristically racy historical introduction (on the subject of Voltaire's willingness to speak English, Boswell turns out to be better informed than Burgess), and Francis Haskell learnedly places the painters for us. Francis Watson, Director of the Wallace Collection, has served as the artistic director of the book. Thirty dollars, which only a Smollett would find dear.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE VISITOR, by Anthony Gilbert (Random House). Alfred Samson, *a horrid-looking man with a threatening leer on his face, arrives at* Mrs. Margaret Ross's attractive flat at eight-thirty one morning and announces that he is there to blackmail her. Alfred's pretty young wife has been carrying on with Margaret's nineteen-year-old son, a university student, and Alfred has incriminating letters and, he claims, an incriminating photograph of the guilty couple. Margaret manages to scrape up two hundred of the five hundred pounds Alfred is demanding, but when she goes to his sinister little hideaway in Maygate Street she discovers him dead. One thing leads to *another, and Margaret soon finds* herself enlisting the aid of Arthur Crook, the famous shady lawyer who has never yet allowed himself to become ruffled by any human problem. This is an English story, set in London for the most part, and Anthony Gilbert and Arthur Crook are both in top form.

THE DRESDEN GREEN, by Nicolas Freeling (Harper & Row). A new thriller by the creator of Inspector Van der Valk, in which that interesting man does not appear. His absence is a disaster. Van der Valk's engaging personality and his dark, humanistic brooding would seem to be essential to Mr. Freeling. Here, without that central energizing force, Mr. Freeling's intelligence, his inventiveness, and his polish all fail him, and he gives us a mild-mannered simultaneous interpreter who forcibly acquires a famous diamond (known as the Dresden Green) and at once becomes the object of a villainous pursuit through the streets and alleyways of humbug and coincidence.

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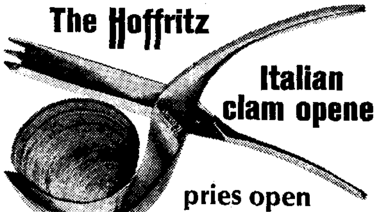

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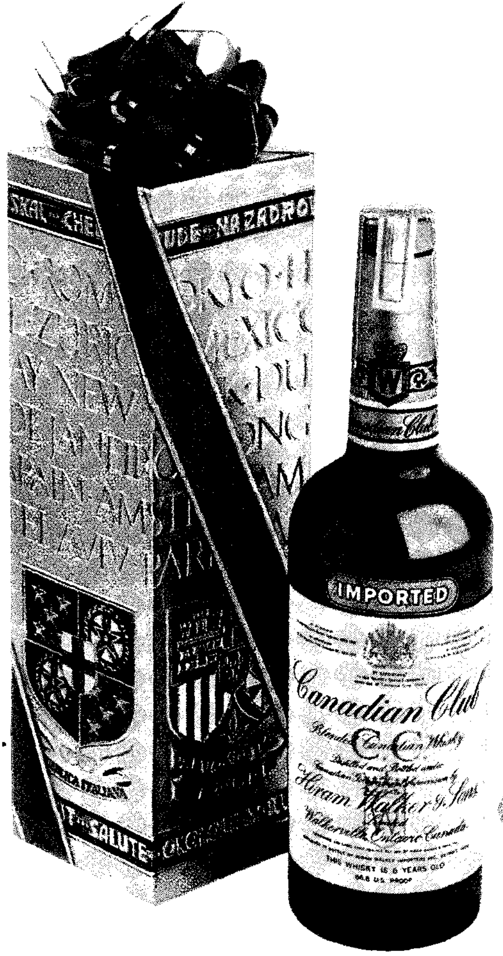

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